The Stirling News-Argus.

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THE
Stirling News-Argus
Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by
JAMES CURRIE.

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Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

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TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk.

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, &c., - - - Stirling.
OFFICE—Opposite Milne & Clute's Store.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.
6 PER CENT YEARLY Money to Loan on Farm Security. 6
MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve., April 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P. O. block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.55 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.55 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.46 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	11.03 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	11.19 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	11.35 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.45 "	4.55
Peterboro'	6.42 "	12.31 p.m.	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.44 "	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.50 p.m.	3.20 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	11.29 "
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.0 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.52 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.
For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

FARM FOR SALE IN SIDNEY.

HOUSES & LOTS FOR SALE IN STIRLING

Timber and Lumber for Sale

Sixty acres land in the 8th Con. Sidney. Good House and Barn. Well fenced, and in good state of cultivation. Possession immediately, if required.

Brick House and Lot on Front Street, Stirling.

Grout House and about 2 acres Land on Marmora Road, Stirling.

A Lot of Timber and Lumber of an old Frame House and Barn for sale.
For Terms see
CHAS. CRAIGE & BRO.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to
M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,
Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

THE ARCADE!

Marmora Cash Store.

I would announce to the Public that I have commenced Business in the
VILLAGE OF MARMORA
WITH A COMPLETE STOCK OF
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY,
AND
READY MADE CLOTHING,
Which I am determined to sell at as close prices as any house in the County.

THE BALANCE OF THE
BANKRUPT STOCK,
Of James Strutt, of Tyrone, to be cleared out at
SEVENTY FIVE CENTS on the Dollar.
J. W. PEARCE.
Marmora, Feb. 15th, 1886.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.
After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.
GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.
I OFFER FOR SALE THAT NICE RESIDENCE now occupied by Mr. W. H. Hastings, on Front Street, formerly the late Wm. Martin's residence.
Also to rent, if not sold,
65 ACRES MORE OR LESS,
Being part of Lots 18 and 19, in the 8th Concession of Sidney, lately owned by Bird Vandervoort, lying between the road leading to the Oak Hills from Hart's Mill and John Hanna's place and on the south by the concession line and on the north by the Frankford road and Hart's Mill.
G. A. SKINNER, Belleville
March 23, '86.

HORSE FOR SALE.
A LARGE BROWN HORSE. WILL BE sold cheap.
MILNE & CLUTE.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to
E. CANNIFF, Harold.

M. de Lesseps says the Panama Canal will be completed in three years.

The Lesseps are quite sanguine that the French Government will authorize the issue of the Panama Canal lottery bonds.

Turkish tests of Krupp guns have demonstrated the terribly destructive powers of the weapons, as several have burst and killed the gunners.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.
All our remaining Stock of
FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.
P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.
PARKER & BUTLER.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian **Hair Renewer**
Acts directly on the scalp and on the roots of the hair. It prevents falling of the hair, dandruff, or any disease of the scalp, restores gray hair to its original color, and, where the glands are not decayed, will cause new hair to grow on bald heads. "A diseased scalp caused my hair to fall out. After using a number of preparations, without avail, I tried Hall's Hair Renewer, which caused a new and vigorous growth."—E. J. Adams, St. Paul, Minn.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

Buckingham's Dye
FOR THE WHISKERS
Will color the beard brown or black, as may be desired. It is in one preparation, cheap, safe, convenient to use, and effectual, giving to the whiskers or mustache a permanent and handsome color. The color produced is natural and uniform, cannot be rubbed or washed off, and always gives satisfaction. "I have been using your Whisker Dye for two years, and would not have any other."—B. F. Slade, McLean, Ill.
Prepared by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

After all the indifference here, and active hostility there, shown towards the Canadian Pacific Railway on both sides of the Atlantic, it has at last conquered for itself imperial recognition, and all on its own intrinsic merits. The London *Statist*, a paper devoted to matters financial and statistical, has been giving the public some facts in the case. It says that the imperial government some months ago advertised for tenders for a mail service between Vancouver and Hong Kong, thereby recognizing the route as one that was available and deserving of support on business grounds; for in such matters the postoffice is not influenced by sentiment. The rate of speed for the mail steamers was fixed at eleven knots per hour. The contention of the Canada Pacific Railway company is, briefly, as follows: England wishes to avail herself of this new way of reaching the east, but to utilize it to the full advantage, the proposed rate of speed is too low. At such a rate on the Pacific, and at only the present speed of the Canadian service on the Atlantic, merchants and the public would derive little advantage even in their communications with Japan, while to Hong Kong and China generally, the Suez route would still be the quickest. But place the railway company in a position to establish a really first-class line of steamers—14 to 16 knot boats—on the Pacific and they will then undertake to organize such a through service from Liverpool to Hong Kong as will satisfy the commercial world, and be of immediate advantage to England in other ways. The proposed steamers would in that case be constructed under admiralty supervision, so as to be specially adapted for military and naval purposes; and Lord Harrowby mentioned that the offer included the conveyance of troops, if need arose for their their services, across the continent at actual cost.

Our London contemporary adds some information as to the *time* taken by various routes, which it will be important to take note of. It says that most travellers to the east, unless time is of great object, at present use the long sea route by Gibraltar, but, for purposes of comparison, it is fairest to take the time of the quickest mail route, that *via* Brindisi. The present quickest service from London to Hong Kong is performed in from 34 to 37 days, according to season; to Shanghai in 39 to 42 days; and to Yokohama in 43 to 46 days. By the Canadian route, if the railway company's offer is accepted, the time to Hong Kong will, it is understood, be 29½ to 31½ days; to Shanghai 28 to 30 days; and to Yokohama 24 to 26 days. The matter is, at least, worth some attention, if only on the principle of having two strings to our bow. We have now only one string, and that one is liable to snap at any unexpected moment. Few people, probably, realize the risk involved by trusting so entirely, as we now do, to the Suez canal for our commercial and military intercourse with the east. In time of war it would, of course, be more than likely that the canal would be blocked by the intentional sinking of a vessel; but even in times of peace an unpreventable accident may at any moment bring about the same result and for many weeks demoralize all our communications with the east.

The proposal is now pending that it would be truly serving imperial purposes to be liberal with the new line and start it on the basis of first-class. And we fancy that the sense of how necessary this is will grow upon British statesmen the more the matter is considered. This transcontinental highway of ours is called the Canadian Pacific railway; but it is that and a good deal more when you come to look into it.

The Game Law.

The Caldwell-Badgerow Bill, as amended, is a great improvement on the old law. It defines the close period as follows:—(1) Deer, elk, moose, reindeer, or caribou, between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October. (2) Grouse, pheasant, prairie fowl, or partridge, between the first day of January and the first day of September. (3) No quail shall be hunted, taken, or killed, during the years 1886, 1887, and no wild turkeys during the years 1886, 1887, 1888, and in each case thereafter not between the fifteenth day of December and the fifteenth day of October following (4) Woodcock, between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of August. (5) Snipe, rail and golden plover of all kinds, between the first day of January and the first day of September; (6) swans or geese, between the first day of May and the first day of September; (7) Ducks of all kinds and all other water fowl, between the first day of January and the first day of September; (8) hares, between the fifteenth day of March and the first day of September.

Shooting is to be allowed one hour before sunrise and one hour after sunset.

The clause providing that a portion of the fines should go to the prosecutor was slaughtered and the clause of the old Act substituted. The provisions prohibiting the export of game, except deer of all kinds, and the killing of deer in any lake, river, stream, or other body of water, were also struck out.

The bill, it is provided, will come into effect on July 1st.

Men of Wealth.

Among the richest of moderns is the Czar of Russia, who enjoys from his personal estate an income of £2,000,000. But the richest men in the land of the Czars at the present time are the Noble brothers. They control more petroleum than any other concern in the world. Their wealth is really beyond calculation, though a correspondent thinks that £80,000,000 is not an extravagant estimate.

It is to the Rothschilds, however, that belongs the honor of being richest among men. Their united properties pass even beyond the millions. In the last twelve years they have loaned to certain European governments nearly £90,000,000. Their lordly power is shown in a modern instance. In 1866 the Prussian government demanded an indemnity of £5,000,000 from the city of Frankfort. The head of the Rothschild house in that city sent word to Count Bismarck that if an attempt was made to force the levy he would break every bank in Berlin and Bismarck was compelled to give way. Inferior only to the Rothschilds are the Baring brothers, who have "at instantaneous command" £60,000,000.

There are several noblemen in England who have immense wealth at their command. The Dukes of Buccleuch, Devonshire and Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute have each of them rent rolls of £40,000 per annum. The Duke of Portland, who died recently, left unentailed property of over £2,000,000. The greater part of his palace was constructed underground. His banquet hall, ball room, riding school and a number of superb guest rooms are veritable tunnels, decorated in a fashion so splendid as to seem, when described, like a story of the Magi.

Richer even than any of these millionaires is the Duke of Westminster, who undoubtedly has the largest income of any individual in the world. His fortune is largely in the diametrically opposite regions of London known as the West End and Seven Dials. He owns acre upon acre of the most aristocratic domain in London, and his tenements cover miles in the worst slums in the world. His income is said to amount to £10 a minute.

The Scott Act Association for Northumberland and Durham are raising a fund of $5,000 to prosecute those who violate the Act. The Scott Act comes into force in these counties on the 1st of May next.

The Ontario Legislature.

The Ontario Legislature was prorogued on Thursday last after a very quiet and useful session. A considerable portion of the time of the Assembly was taken up during the session in the discussion of measures of law reforms, some of which emanated from private members, but the most important of which were introduced by the Attorney-General. Mr. Mowat is in his element when he is "improving the law." He has done much good work in this direction during the fifteen years of his uninterrupted tenure of office, and his zest for such work is as keen as ever. The changes made this year, at his instance, are too numerous to specify *in extenso*, but one deserves particular notice. This is a measure which goes a long way in the direction of abolishing the distinction between the manner of dealing with real and the manner of dealing with personal property under the law. Taken in connection with the Torrens system of transferring land, which will very soon be made generally optional over the Province, this new Act will work a quiet but very extensive change in the tenure of and succession to landed property. Several public bills discussed by the Assembly were prompted by a desire on the part of the promoters to improve the social and industrial portion of the working classes.

It may be nothing more than coincidence, but if so, it is a singular one, that the members who show a marked desire to legislate for the artisan represent either purely urban constituencies or constituencies in which there is a large urban element. Some of the changes made this year in the law are far in advance of anything of the kind heretofore attempted. For instance, one statute throws a serious obstacle in the way of importing labor from abroad by enabling the imported laborer to break his contract with his employer, while the employer has no such privilege. Another extends the noon hour on polling days to two hours, and this not at the men's expense. But the most important Act is the Government measure, making the employer liable, under certain conditions, for injury done to his employees while they are in his service, even though he is not the cause of the injury and can do absolutely nothing to prevent it. The suggestion for this law is contained in the English "Employers' Liability Act," but it has been skilfully adapted by Mr. Fraser to the conditions which obtain in this country. It is quite clear, from the tendency of legislation, that the workingman is king, and he is so just because he has now a vote and is worth cultivating for it. It is not unlikely that next year we may have someone trying to secure the enactment of an eight-hour law. Municipal government occupies each session a large part of the time of the Assembly. This year several burning questions were up, some of them being disposed of and some relegated to a future session. Amongst the latter is a proposal by Mr. Dryden, of South Ontario, to substitute for County Councils as now constituted smaller councils elected by the people directly for the purpose. This could be done either by dividing the county into districts, or dividing the Council into relays and electing one relay each year. The object of those who advocate this and other changes in County Government is to get rid of the more expensive and cumbrous features of the present system, and it is safe to predict that sooner or later some change in the law will be made.

The Labor Leaders Speak.

Master Workman Powderly, with great vehemence and some anguish repudiates and denounces the strikes which are running like wild-fire through the country and which are generally instituted in the name of the Knights of Labor, or, at least, attributed to that body. Hurt by a serious accident a day or two since, overwhelmed like Moses of old by being the judge and arbitrator of millions, and worried by daily tidings of folly and tyranny disgracing the name of the association to which he looked for the industrial redemption of the world, he has found it necessary to issue commands that no additions be made to the Order till a clearer understanding of its object becomes general. Mr. Arthur, the next most powerful organizer of labor on the continent, is equally explicit in denouncing the strikes which have been taking place and condemns the Knights of Labor for not having prevented them from the first. The fact is that Mr. Arthur and his organization learned some time ago, while Mr. Powderly and his are only learning now, the illusiveness of strikes and the tyranny and lawlessness which are almost inseparable from them. This epidemic of disturbance is, however, not without great value to the world. It is instructing a whole generation in a number of truths which could hardly be apprehended in any other way. Much is said about the organization of labor, but the fruit that we see is the disorganization of labor. One error is to divide between capital and labor and talk about capital being used against labor. We should thank God that capital can hardly be used at all except in behalf of labor. An employer may use his tongue against his employees, he may even use a stick against them, but unless in a lawsuit, it is very hard for him to use his money against them; all the differences between him and them are on the questions, how much their labor may be jointly or severally worth in the particular employment in which it is employed. The employer cannot get hands unless he pays all they can get elsewhere, and the hands cannot get employment unless they are willing to take what some employer can give them. Another error, almost inherent in labor organizations, is the equalization of wages and the consequent removal of stimulus to excellence. It is too easy in large organizations to count all men alike and too hard to value them on their respective merits and thus give to real superiority its due reward. Labor organizations are all carried on in the interest of the majority and tend to increase this difficulty.

The *World* says:—"Whatever may be the faults of the sparrow, it is clear that he is not altogether responsible for the marked diminution of the numbers of our song birds which has been the subject of much regret of late years. Yesterday brought out a large number of spring hats and bonnets and it was painful to observe how many of them were surmounted by stuffed birds. The taste for such decorations is worthy of a savage race. It is estimated that five millions of songsters are destroyed annually in North America alone to gratify the barbaric vanity of such women as delight in this sort of thing. The pulpit and the press should unite their influences in a crusade against a fashion so cruelly destructive and so scandalously vulgar."

The mystery as to the cause of the loss of the Oregon due to the incredibly sudden appearance and disappearance of the vessel that was said to have caused it promises to be cleared up. A certain three-masted coasting schooner, the Charles H. Morse, is missing, and a boat identified as belonging to her has been picked up and brought into New York. It is supposed that she must have been upset by the collision. Some say that the number of small craft that are run down by ocean liners and never heard of is not insignificant, and notoriously the steamships have little regard for the rights of vessels which are dependent on wind and tide. The temptation of a sailor when angered to claim his rights at the risk of a collision is sufficient to account for some disasters. It is to be hoped that this case will be examined to the bottom as there is no one left from the lost schooner to speak for her navigators.

The Panama Canal.

De Lesseps, who has just returned from an inspection of the progress of the works on the Panama Canal, states that he is perfectly satisfied with the progress of the work and that it will be completed in three years. From fifteen to twenty thousand men are now employed on the work and the worst and most difficult part of the work is now done. The entire cost will be over forty-four million pounds sterling. The Suez Canal cost twenty million pounds, and the Panama Canal is ten times as difficult an enterprise as the Suez was. It will be three times as much benefit to the world's commerce.

There is no doubt it is one of the most stupendous works of the age, and when completed will be a lasting monument to the energy and enterprise of De Lesseps, who has been its chief promoter.

Well-Matched.

A medical paper publishes the following:—"Experience, judgment, theory, faith, chance and patience sometimes have strange encounters and excite a strange admixture of feelings, including wonder, mirth, humiliation, exultation, doubt, confidence, and the want of it, in the parties concerned and those who listen.

John Farnum, his wife and Dr. Lang were very substantial people, book-wise, worldly-wise, well-to-do and level-headed. John managed his affairs so well, and his wife in her domain was like him. Each had their peculiarities and neither allowed them to clash. Dr. Lang was sound in his profession and was a welcome friend as well as the family physician. Mrs. Farnum had an irreconcilable objection to the use of mercurial preparations in any form as medicine, and would not use them or allow their use for herself or her children. John took what the doctor gave him and let his wife have her way. The youngest child, a boy of fourteen, was attacked with dysentery and rapidly ran into danger with it. Dr. Lang desired to use mercury as an alterative in his treatment, but Mrs. Farnum said no. The boy got worse. The doctor tried hard to reason down her objections, but in vain; then he went to John and told him the boy would die unless he was allowed to treat him according to his own judgment and experience. John said he could not help it; he must settle it with his wife. The doctor did his best to convince Mrs. Farnum that her views were erroneous and her objections were only prejudice and would cost her son his life. She did not falter in her own judgment. To save the boy the doctor thought deception justifiable so he said he would do the best he could and be responsible. Then he made his prescriptions and left them with instructions, visited the boy often and watched him with great care, while Mrs. Farnum nursed him. By a hair he turned the corner and began to mend. When he became convalescent and was able to be propped up in bed and eat something Dr. Lang felt that he must unload his conscience for his deception, and prove to Mrs. Farnum how unreasoning her objections were to the use of mercury in every form, and and show that it was the sheet anchor in some cases of disease. So he congratulated her on the recovery of her son, told her he had been giving him calomel and mercurialized chalk, and so had saved his life; and but for that he would have died; that he was justified in his deception by the results, and trusted that she would overlook it and lay aside her unjust prejudice. "So you have secretly been giving him mercury, have you doctor?" "Yes, madam, it is the only thing that saved him." "And knowing how I felt, about it you have been using my hands to do what I would not knowingly let them do by deceiving me?" "Yes, madam. You compelled me to do it for I felt that you had no right to put your unjust prejudice against the boy's life." "And so I would have killed him, and you saved him to me with the deception and the mercury?" "Exactly, Mrs. Farnum, that is all of it." "You feel certain about that? You can't be mistaken?" "I know it Mrs. Farnum. He grew rapidly worse until I decided to give him the treatment my judgment had dictated, and from that time he changed for the better. Of course I know." Mrs. Farnum walked to the mantel and lifted up an ancient vase that stood there as an ornament. She swept off some parcels into her hands, walked to Dr. Lang and told him to hold out his hands; and she emptied the contents of her own into his, saying: "There doctor is every prescription you made, and every powder you left for my boy. I suspected you, and I never gave a dose you left. I took his life in my hands, determined he should not be killed, but if he died he should die a natural death. With such remedies as I knew could not harm, and I believed would benefit, and with careful nursing, my boy came back to me from the shadows. I respect your judgment, I thank you for your earnestness and zeal, and am sorry to mortify you. But I have confidence in my own judgment also. I am sorry you tried to deceive me. I dislike to be suspicious; but in this case it has all worked together for good, and in a measure we have both had our way. All's well that ends well."

A despatch from Winnipeg dated the 25th of March, stated that seeding had commenced in the Brandon district. This is a little ahead of Ontario.

Miss Costello, aged 50, of Beverly township, Wentworth, has brought suit against Andrew Hunter, farmer, aged 43, of the same township, claiming $5,000 for breach of promise of marriage.

A case of Asiatic cholera is reported from Michigan. After being examined into by the medical men of the state board of health, the doctors pronounced it a clear case of Asiatic cholera. The disease is supposed to have been taken from eating raisins packed in Spain when the cholera was prevalent last year.

The Dominion estimates contain the following appropriations for works in this vicinity: Murray Canal, $180,000; Trent River navigation, for construction of locks and the improvement of navigation between Lakefield and Balsam Lake, $113,000; Peterborough Post Office, Custom House, etc., $10,000; Port Hope do., $4,500; Cobourg harbor, $4,000; Port Hope harbor, $1,500.

The great debate on the hanging of Riel came to a close on Thursday morning of last week, when the Government was sustained by a majority of 94. One half of the Grit members from Ontario voted with the Government, including Mackenzie and Cartwright. We have always maintained that Riel should have been hung at the time of the first rebellion and say now that the Government only did their duty in putting an end to the rebel. He had proved himself to be a heartless and unprincipled wretch.

Philanthropists have for years discussed the advisability of substituting some other form of capital punishment for hanging, which is apparently cruel, although medical men contend that it is about as easy a way as any of snapping the thread of life. The question has been brought up in the New York legislature under a bill for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the whole subject of hanging, guillotining, garrotting, and death by electricity, which latter method has many advocates. The difference between these methods is more apparent than real, and has its existence in the feelings of the spectators rather than in those of the victim. It will be a long time yet before we discover any way of killing convicts with kindness.

Massachusetts has a law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors under 16.

Land in Connecticut upon which pine trees were planted a few years ago, is now worth $100 an acre for its timber.

Queen Victoria is delighting London with her many appearances in public. Her Majesty has now given command for all the members of the royal family who can, to be present at the opening of the Colonial exhibition, which it is expected will be a most brilliant affair.

English clergymen are exercised over kissing games and dancing, which have been found to be the leading amusements at Sunday School entertainments, and several of the London papers have devoted columns to discussing the propriety of such games and their tendency.

The Canada Pacific railway company will construct a branch from Algoma to Sault Ste. Marie, there to connect with the new railway to Minneapolis, and by so doing secure the western live stock and grain traffic, the new route being two or three hundred miles shorter than by Chicago.

Three men who have made their mark in Germany will soon pass away. The Emperor William, who completed his 89th year on the 22nd of March, Count Von Moltke, who will be 86 on the 26th of October next, and Prince Bismarck, who on the 1st of April was 71 years of age, are all in very poor health.

The story is told of a clergyman, that after preaching an interesting sermon on the "Recognition of friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said: "I like that sermon, and I now wish you to preach another on the recognition of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

It is asserted that the Grand Trunk Railway company have secured the right of way for their proposed short line from Toronto to Montreal for half the distance between Perth and Ottawa, leaving only about twenty miles yet to be secured. From Toronto to Perth the route of the abandoned Toronto and Ottawa line, now ready for laying the ties, would be used, and the route from Ottawa to Montreal would be *via* the Canada-Atlantic.

The King of Belgium was long regarded as the most personally popular monarch in Europe, but he does not escape unmoved in the labor melee that is going on all over the world. A king whose subjects sing the Marseillaise under his windows, and yield submission only to the bullet and the bayonet, is no longer blest. Since Waterloo, Belgium has been guaranteed against external enemies, but want is a foe that has no respect for treaties or boundary lines.

The Scott Act was voted on in the County of Frontenac on May 21, 1885, but the proclamation declaring it to come into effect was not published until March 20, 1886, although bearing date January 30. As the Act cannot come into force until 90 days after the proclamation, it is now a disputed point whether the date of the proclamation or the date of its publication is the correct date to count from. Evidently there has been bungling somewhere, and it is probable the Act will not be enforced this year.

We are thorough believers in the doctrine that the licensors of the liquor traffic must be held morally culpable as well as the licensees, and we cannot understand how a community that tolerates the liquor traffic for the sake of public revenue can consistently find fault with the individual who engages in it for the sake of private revenue. The licensing of a traffic admittedly dangerous and immoral is a sin and a disgrace; the doing so for the sake of money makes the sin greater and the disgrace deeper. Our Local Legislature and our Dominion Parliament have both declared themselves in favor of prohibition; why then should they so far forget what is prudent and right as to license the liquor traffic?—*Canada Citizen*.

Lampasas Jake, the cowboy revivalist who is shaking up the rude, untutored sinners of New Mexico, is described as a tall, loose-jointed fellow, with a full beard covering sunken cheek, a big mouth, a high forehead, and a voice that might be heard a mile if the wind was right. His mode of operations is as singular as his whole appearance is odd and grotesque. Without education, having an imperfect knowledge of the bible, and holding a great many views which would hardly be approved by theologians, he is nevertheless in dead earnest, and he exercises a power over the men of the plains which is something remarkable. He is entirely ignorant of the existence of other revivalists, has never seen or heard of Moody or Jones, and was never in a regular church in his life.

Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, will visit the Northwest this summer. He will spend most of his time in Battleford, Edmonton, Calgary and the McLeod district, which he was unable to reach last summer. He will be gone over two months.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOST!
ON THE 10th INST., A HAND-PURSE, containing a pair of kid gloves and gold-framed spectacles. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office, or sending to MRS. L. MASSEY, Wallbridge, Ont.
March 22nd, 1886.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.
THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.
JOSEPH DOAK, Executor, Stirling P. O.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE FARM
—IN THE—
TOWNSHIP OF RAWDON.
UNDER POWER OF SALE IN A CERTAIN mortgage from Henry Gibson to the vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, at Bennett's Hotel, in the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, on
Friday, the 16th day of April, A. D., 1886,
At 11 o'clock, a.m., by Charles Butler, auctioneer, the following property, being lot number 18, in the 12th con. of the said Township of Rawdon, containing by admeasurement 200 acres more or less, about 100 of which are said to be cleared and under cultivation, balance timbered. On the premises are said to be a frame house and a barn. This lot is situated in a first class farming and dairy district, and is only a short drive from the C. P. R. and G. T. R.
TERMS—10 per cent. at time of sale, 15 per cent. within one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by a mortgage of the premises for five years, with interest at six per cent. yearly, or such other terms as may be arranged with purchasers at time of sale.
For further particulars apply to the auctioneer, or to
MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Toronto.
Toronto, March 29, 1886.

THE McDONALDS.

A Romance of the Canada Line in 1812-15.

BY T. M. D.

CHAPTER I.—Love.

"Rory, you must not cross the river to see me again. They may settle it, of course, and then all will be right. But now, don't risk it, Rory, don't; for my sake if not for your own!"

"And why for no, Jessie? What's up, any way? What is there to settle? If you mean that any of those young Yankee blades object to my coming to see you, I'll settle them pretty quick!" and the speaker lifted a stalwart arm, and showed a fist that might have felled an ox.

This private and confidential conversation with which our story opens occurred about the beginning of June in the year of Grace, 1812, on the south bank of the mighty St. Lawrence, which then, as now, poured down its unceasing tide in placid lakes and roaring rapids to the salt and sounding sea, to be lost forever in its briny depths.

Where the young people stood was on the United States side of the boundary line, near where the Indian village of St. Regis now stands, where the colours of Uncle Sam, and the red cross of England fly in close proximity, and it would be as well at once to let the "gentle reader" know the why and wherefore of the meeting.

The stalwart youth called by the girl, "Rory" was a young man of Highland Scotch descent, whose full and true patronymic was Roderick McDonald. An able bodied chiel was Roderick, one that would make the sturdiest hesitate before intermeddling with him. Over six feet high in his stockings and still growing, with clear gray eye, healthy complexion and curly, auburn hair, he looked the *beau ideal* of a young and well to do Scotch Canadian. His parents and his four brothers, all older and bigger than himself, lived across the St. Lawrence, a few miles below where the town of Cornwall stands, in the County of Glengarry, and the reason of his visiting this secluded trysting place "across the lines" was the very natural and pardonable one of wishing to see the girl of his heart, the blue-eyed, brown haired Jessie, like himself a McDonald, and of the same, though somewhat distant, kin.

It is not necessary to go into rhapsodies, as is customary with story tellers in describing their heroines, in recounting the manifold charms of the fair Jessie. Suffice it to say, that she had the most beautiful and luxuriant brown hair, the most bewitching blue eyes, the reddest lips, the fairest brow and the most perfect form of any girl in the world, at least so the bold Rory thought, which amounts to the same, so we hope our kind readers all, including the ladies, will agree with him, for remember this was a long time ago, and anyone who has seen the present generation of bonnie lasses who claim our heroine as great grandmother will not be likely to dispute Rory's good taste.

It is not the intention of the writer, oh! timid reader, to go into the history of the various clans of McDonalds and McDonnells numbers of whom came across the seas to America in the last century, or touch upon their genealogical tree, for without even being pathetically besought to do so, like the ruthless woodman of song we will "spare it," for everybody who knows anything is aware of the fact that the pedigree of the McDonalds extends so far back that the pen of man has never yet found its root. (There is no doubt, however, and we give this information for the benefit of the more aristocratic portion of our readers who would naturally like the leading characters in the tale they deign to read to be of "good family,") that the chiefs of both clans, McDonald and McDonnell, were, like Tubal Cain of old, "men of might," and had thousands of red shanked wassals at their command when the Roman Emperor Caligula, with his short sworded legions, were brought to a halt on the margin of the Tweed.

But this has got nothing much to do with our story, neither the dignities of the clans nor the occupation of Britain by the Romans, but some centuries later circumstances arise, the merits or demerits of which it is not in our province to speak, when a Dutch Prince and soldier visited the "Lord's Anointed" from the throne, which proceeding created, to say the least, a great diversity of opinion on the matter. Not a great while after, when it was a toss up between another "wee German lairdie" and a young gentleman of the name of Stuart, alias the young cavalier, alias the Blackbird, alias Bonnie Prince Charlie, it is a melancholy fact that most of the McDonalds and McDonnells took up arms in the cause of the graceful and graceless and flighty "Blackbird," and it was only after a certain Scotch noble enrolled a large party of volunteers composed of these disaffected clansmen to fight for the King in America that the pains and penalties attached to the "Jacobite" were removed from them.

Rory's forefathers came out with General Wolfe and distinguished themselves (in the ranks) on the gory Plains of Abraham, when Montcalm was killed and Quebec taken from the French, but it was only in the beginning of the present century that Jessie's father immigrated from the land of the heather to land of cookies and doughnuts, and it must be confessed that the old man was as staunch, if not a stauncher Jacobite and a greater hater of the "Hanoverian" than ever.

So it came to pass that although Rory's father lived under the "Meteor Flag" of England and Jessie's under the folds of the "Glorious Star-spangled Banner," the young folks didn't make either politics or the broad River St. Lawrence a barrier between them, and from the time the young people saw each other at a "quilting bee" (they had quilting parties in those days, fair reader, though not of the crazy quilt order) they became lovers "fond and true." And now we go back to where we started.

"Oh, Rory," said the girl, "haven't you heard the news, the dreadful news?"

"No Jessie, my dear, I've heard of nothing dreadful lately except, perhaps, that big Angus McTavish thrashed red Peter McIntyre last Monday, and they say that if Peter——"

"Ah, Rory, I don't mean anything like that. They say there's going to be war between the States and everybody here is in a great state of excitement. The men are burnishing and oiling the locks of their rifles, and there's nothing talked of but war, war! Besides, they vow vengeance on all Britishers, and—and—you're one you know, Rory, and oh, oh"—and the poor girl laid her weeping face on Rory's broad and willing shoulder.

"See here!" said the young man, "Jessie, don't cry, like a good girl. I'm not afraid of all the Yankees in New York State (good boy, Rory; Jessie hears you); but if this war you speak of happens of course it won't do for me to come here, for that might bring your folks into trouble, and see here, Jessie, if the war *does* come, I suppose I'll shoulder my musket as I'm in duty bound to do. Everybody stick up for his own colors, Jessie, you know. There, don't cry; perhaps its all talk, but any way its high time for me to cross the river, and now, Jessie, give me a kiss to remember you till we meet again," and Rory jumped into his skiff and was off.

"Till we meet again," said the disconsolate Jessie.

It was a long time before they met again.

CHAPTER II.—War.

Rory hadn't long to wait the confirmation of the rumors spoken of by his inamorata.

On the 18th of June, a few weeks after the interview by the river, war was declared by Uncle Sam, and some 25,000 regulars and 50,000 volunteers were called out for active service. We will not go into the rights or wrongs of the war, which have nothing to do with this true story, merely remarking that the assumption on the part of Great Britain that she had a right to search American, and in fact all "foreign" vessels on the high seas, and take therefrom, *nolens volens*, those of the crew born under the British flag, under the plea once a subject always a subject, didn't go down with the Yankees, who vowed that they would stand it no longer; hence the advent of that gory monster,

"Grim-visaged war,"

among the happy and peaceable inhabitants of Canada and the States.

In Upper Canada at this time there were about 3000 regulars, and some 1500 in the lower province, so of course the regular forces being inadequate to tackle the American troops a call was made for volunteers.

Immediately after war was declared, that exceedingly stupid and withal incompetent officer, Sir George Prevost, then commandant in Canada and shortly afterwards got consumedly thrashed by the Yankees at Lake Champlain, issued an order that all Americans should leave British soil within fourteen days. The war feeling waxed exceedingly hot on both sides, and soon the ball commenced.

Among the first regiments of volunteers raised in Upper Canada was the "Glengarry Fencibles," composed almost altogether of McDonalds, McDonells, Frasers and other Highland clansmen or their descendants, under the command of Col. McDonald, and a strapping, not to say hostile looking lot of stalwarts they were. Of course our friend Rory was among the first to enroll himself in the ranks, put on his old red "coatee" and shoulder a venerable "Brown Bess" more remarkable for its kicking qualities than its reliability to fire or its accuracy of aim, and in a very short time he found himself on the Niagara frontier doing "sentry go!" under that valiant and meritorious officer, Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, who, as every one knows, fell while leading his command to "glory" on the blood-stained heights of Queenston.

Rory, after this engagement, was promoted to the high and dignified position of lance corporal, he being by this time well up in his drill, having served with Brock on the Detroit frontier where Hull, to the intense disgust and indignation of the Americans, surrendered. After Brock's death, Gen. Sheaffe took command of the British, and in spite of the many energetic attempts of the Americans under Gen. Smith to permanently occupy the colony, managed to hold his ground.

It is not necessary or advisable to follow our hero through the different hard marches, bivouacs and battles that he underwent in his two years of bloody experience. He was among the Highlanders who checked the Americans at Burlington when the latter attempted to get possession of the military stores there, and who afterwards visited Toronto, where they not only succeeded in blowing up the Britisher's works, but some hundreds of their own people, including their brave but unfortunate commander, Gen. Pike.

Nor do we intend to relate the manifold adventures of the bold Rory when on picket duty along with the unrelenting and savage allies of the British, the Indians, under their cruel and bloodthirsty chief, Joe Brant, or how often he risked his life to save that of some unfortunate wounded Yankee, whose ill luck placed him in the hands of these infuriated and unforgiving savages.

But one night Rory had an adventure that he remembered until his dying day, as it resulted sometime after in securing him the happiness of his future life.

Rory was now full corporal and in command of an outlying picket some two miles from the main camp, near the rapids of the tumultuous Niagara, and, as he and his comrades, placed at intervals, were peering through the underbrush or traversing the woods on the line of out-posts, they were startled by a sound that often before and since that time, struck terror to the heart of the pale face, the dread war-whoop of the Indians.

"Close up, boys!" shouted Rory, "advance! Let's see what's the row about, the reds have caught some poor devil for certain." The party closed and advanced a few yards, and then, with his arms pinioned firmly and a painted and hideous looking Chippewa on either side, tomahawk in hand ready to brain him, they beheld a wounded American officer. He was fainting from loss of blood, exposure and fatigue, and as the picket came up he turned his beseeching eyes on Rory which plainly said, "Don't let them murder me," and fell to the ground.

The Indians with one accord raised their tomahawks, and in a moment it would have been all up with their prisoner, when Rory shouted, "Hold! Stop!" and his little command rushed up with fixed bayonets while the Chippewas dropped their murderous hands and scowled at the red coats.

"*No, no. Caw win! caw win*," replied the savages fiercely. "Yankee our prisoner, must come with Indian."

"No," said Rory, knowing that a painful and lingering death would be the American's fate if they ever got him to their camp. "No, no, we want him with us. Let him go!"

"*Caw win, nichi. Sha-ga-naus*," yelled one of the fierce savages, whose temper, not one of the sweetest at any time, got beyond his control, "*Caw win*," and he hurled his tomahawk at the head of our hero, which, had it "found its billet," would have closed his career and this story instanter.

But Rory, anticipating such a salute, just managed to dodge the hatchet, and big Angus Fraser, without more ado, ran his bayonet through the Indian's body, while his dusky comrades with a yell that frightened the squirrels for miles around, jumped like a greyhound for the cover of the woods, and disappeared.

Big Angus, like many more, had grown rather callous during the war, and he remarked to Michael Doherty, his rear rank man: "She's a good runner thon, Michael." "Faith he is," replied his chum. "Sure a beagle couldn't catch him. Be me sowl, Angus, 'tis a shame for good Christians like me and you to foight be the soide of such murdherin thieves!"

The American was soon unbound and brought to head quarters by Rory and his detachment, (Rory, by the way, saying nothing about the death of the Indian) and as he was badly wounded he was soon exchanged and sent over to the American camp. Rory didn't even know his name nor, faith, did he care much what it was.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Do You Mean Me?"

"An unprecedented affair (writes a correspondent) happened at a little country church on a recent Sunday evening. A young man, accompanied by a female, attended service there, as they had frequently done before. It appears that the young man, either for convenience (the pew being crowded) or from force of habit, placed his arm on the top of the seat behind his companion. Judge his surprise, and that of the congregation also, when the minister, having offered up the prayer, exclaimed, 'Take your arm from that woman's waist, will you!' Of course, at this there was a general look to discover the guilty one, the young man himself being unable to realize his position. Giving another look at the minister, he was met with the words, 'You, I mean; don't you hear!' As there could be no mistake this time, the young man answered, 'Do you mean me?' The minister said, 'Yes take your arm from that woman's waist!—' 'I beg your pardon, sir, replied the young man; my arm is not round her waist.' —'Don't answer me in church,' said the rev. gentleman. 'Very well,' replied the young man, 'I will leave your church;' and picking up his hat, he did so."

A man six feet high and 40 years old is living in an open field on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad three miles east of Columbia. He refuses shelter, which has been repeatedly offered him, but accepts food. He has long black hair, extending below the shoulders, high cheek bones, and resembles an Indian. He takes to the woods at the approach of strangers. During the recent severe weather he refused to leave his present quarters, and insisted on sleeping on the field. He has been living thus for about two months.

HEALTH.

Thoughts for a Young Man.

Were a young man to write down a list of his duties, Health should be among the first items in the catalogue. This is no exaggeration of its value; for health is indispensable to almost every form of human enjoyment. It is the grand auxiliary of usefulness; and should a man love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind and strength, he would have ten times more heart and soul and mind and strength to love him with, in the vigor of health, than under the palsy of disease. Not only the amount, but the quality of a labor that a man can perform, depends on his health. The work savors of the workmen. If the poet sickens, his verse sickens; if black, venous blood flows to an author's brain, it beclouds his pages; and the devotions of a consumptive man savor of his disease as Lord Byron's obscenities smell of gin.

Not only "lying lips," but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. At least in this life, so dependent is mind upon material organization,—the functions and manifestations of the soul upon the condition of the body it inhabits,—that the materialist hardly states practical results too strongly when he affirms that thought and passion, wit, imagination, and love are only emanations from exquisitely organized matter, just as perfume is the effluence of flowers, or music the ethereal product of an Æolian harp.

In regard to the indulgence of appetite, and the management of the vital organs, society is still in a state of barbarism; and the young man who is true to his highest interest, must create a civilization for himself. The brutish part of our nature governs the spiritual.

Appetite is Nicholas the First, and the noble faculties of the mind and heart are Hungarian captives. Were we to see a rich banker exchanging eagles for coppers by tale, or a rich merchant bartering silk for serge by the pound, we should deem them worthy of an epithet in the vocabulary of folly. Yet the same men buy pains whose prime cost is greater than the amplest fund of natural enjoyment. Their purveyor and market-man bring them home headaches and indigestion and neuralgia by hamperfuls. Their butler brings up stone, and gout, and the liver complaint, falsely labelling them sherry, or Madeira, or port, and the stultified masters have not wit enough to see through the cheat.

The mass of society look with envy upon the epicure who, day by day, for four hours of luxurious eating, suffers twenty hours of sharp aching; who pays a full price for a hot supper, and is so pleased with the bargain that he throws in a sleepless and tempestuous night as a gratuity. English factory children have received the commiseration of the world, because they were scourged to work eighteen hours out of twenty-four; but there is many a theoretic republican who is a harsher Pharaoh to his stomach than this, who allows it no more resting-time than he does his watch, who gives it no Sunday, no holiday, no vacation in any sense. Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicides should be buried where four roads meet, and that a cart-load of stones should be thrown upon the body.

Yet, when gentlemen or ladies commit suicide, not by cord or steel, but by turtle soup or lobster salad, they may be buried in consecrated ground, and under the auspices of the church, and the public are not ashamed to read an epitaph upon their tombstones false enough to make the marble blush.

Were the barbarous old law now in force that punished the body of the suicide for the offense which his soul had committed, we should find many a Mount Auburn at the cross-roads.

It is not humiliating and amazing that men, invited by exalted pleasure of the intellect and the sacred affections of the heart to come to a banquet worthy of the gods, should stop by the wayside to feed on garbage, or to drink of the Circean cup that transforms them to swine?

If a young man, incited by selfish principles alone, inquires how he shall make his appetite yield him the largest amount of gratification, the answer is *By temperance*. The true epicurean art consists in the adaptation of our organs, not only to the highest, but to the longest enjoyment. Vastly less depends upon the table to which we sit down, than upon the appetite which we carry to it. The pallid epicure who spends five dollars for his dinner, extracts less pleasure from his meal than many a hardy laborer who dines for a shilling.

The desideratum is, not great luxuries, but livelier *papilla*; and if the devotee of appetite would propitiate his divinity aright, he would not send to the Yellowstone for buffaloes' tongues, nor to France for *pate de foie gras*, but would climb a mountain, or swing an ax.

With health, there is no end to the quantity or the variety from which the palate can extract its pleasures. Without health, no delicacy that nature or art produces can provoke a zest. Hence, when a man destroys his health, he destroys, so far as he is concerned, whatever of sweetness, of flavor, and of savor, the teeming earth can produce.

To him who has poisoned his appetite by excesses, the luscious pulp of grape or peach, the nectareous juice of orange or pine-apple, are but a loathing and a nausea. He has turned gardens and groves of delicious fruit into gardens and groves of ipecac and aloes. The same vicious indulgence that blasted his health, blasted all orchards and cane-fields also.

Verily, the man who is physiologically "wicked" does not live out half his days; nor is this the worst of his punishment; for he is more than half dead while he appears to live.

My Mother.

AMANDA L. BARTHOLOMEW.

A simple parsonage—plain and brown—
Where ivies rambled up and down
With sweet-brier roses.
A place the earliest sunbeams kist,
Nor left, 'till shadowed by the mist
The Night uncloses.

'Twas here she wrought with patient care
A life whose incense filled the air
With gladness only,
Here heard her call to enter rest,
And left the home, a broken nest,
Bereft and lonely,

To children's hearts, and hearts grown strong
With anguish, 'tis a lesson long,
And sad the learning,
That prayers nor tears can e'er restore
The loved ones drifted to that shore
Beyond returning.

We've learned farewell oft through these years,
She—welcome—where there are no tears,
But joys supernal,
And closely folds earth's loosning bands
Within the house not made with hands,
Secure, eternal.

O Mother, with the soft brown eyes!
In thy fair home beyond the skies
Am I expected?
Can't thou not tell me at last,
When 'cross that threshold all have passed,
I shall not be rejected?

Sad Lapse of Memory.

A wealthy citizen of a neighboring city had been out until the small hours with convivial companions. It was not exactly a "dry locality" he had visited, and he arrived home slightly exhilarated. He managed, by describing several erratic rather than geometrical lines, to get to his bedroom and into a chair. Then he called to his wife in a stage whisper:

"I can't get my boots off."

"What's the matter with your boots?"

"Nozzin" (in a faint whisper).

"What's the matter with your hands then?" she cross-examined.

"Nozzin."

"Why don't you pull your boots off, then?"

"Maria, I've forgot the combination!"

Vice Chancellor Bacon is the oldest Judge on the bench in England. He is 88 years old, and is remarkably well preserved.

FEARFUL MURDERS BY A BOY.

He Kills His Father, Mother, Brother, And Sister.

One of the most horrible murders ever known was perpetrated the other morning near Osage Mission, Kansas. Mr Mendell, living thirteen miles northeast of that town, was awakened about 3 o'clock by a scream. He went to the door and was met by Willie Sells, the son of a neighbor, J. W. Sells. The boy cried out:

"Mr. Mendell, a man is at our house with a hatchet, and has hurt father and mother. I don't know how badly."

Mr. Mendell went with the boy, arousing J. T. Rice, another neighbor, on the way. Upon reaching Sell's house a most horrible sight met their eye. In the bed in the north room lay Walter, Willie's oldest brother and bed-fellow, aged 19, his throat cut and the entire top of his head chopped off, exposing the brain, and his left eye hanging upon his cheek. Passing into the south and main room, where a light was burning, they stumbled over the prostrate form of Mr. Sell's, his head crushed and almost severed from his body. Near by lay Mrs. Sells, a lady of 43 years, her head mashed and a fearful gash in her throat. On the bed in the southeast corner of the room lay Ina, Willie's sister, aged 14, killed in the same way as the others. Lying near Mr. Sells's head was a bloody butcher knife, and on a chair a hatchet, covered with blood.

The boy said that he had been awakened by something, and looking up saw a low, heavyset man with dark hair, cut close, standing in the door. This man stepped in, and, reaching over Willie, struck Walter, who lay on the back of the bed. Willie jumped out and dressed while the man was still in the room. The man rushed out of one door while Willie rushed out of the other, and started up the road on a run, Willie after him. A short distance off stood a man on horseback, holding another horse, upon which the man vaulted, and both made off. Willie then went on to Mr. Mendell's.

After the bodies had been discovered Mr. Rice took Willie home with him, where he slept soundly until morning. A Coroner's jury was impanelled, and the subsequent investigation brought fourth from the boy. Suspicion rested upon him, and he was put on the stand. He swore that he had not washed his hands since the murder, but inspection showed that, while his hands and wrists were clean, there was a water mark above which his forearms were deeply encrusted with blood which appeared to have spattered up his sleeves. Around his finger nails, too, was blood. Upon removing his trousers, his drawers were seen to be spattered with blood, and his bare feet were covered with the same tell-tale marks. His feet fitted all the bloody footmarks to be found. The boy stoutly denied being the murderer, and maintained a bold front throughout.

The conclusion of the inquest was postponed until next day. The boy was smuggled into a buggy by Police Judge Cambern and Deputy Sheriff Locke and driven to jail in Erie for fear of lynching, which appeared imminent. On the way to Erie he said to Mr. Cambern:

"Those fellows tried to get me to say that I did it, but I thought it would be best not to admit it."

There is hardly a doubt that the boy committed the dreadful crime. It is known that Mr. Sells had in his pocketbook $100 in gold and $170 in bills, which were not disturbed, besides three watches. John Hall of Erie has been appointed guardian of the boy.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"Will Judge Consecutive Smith please step dis way?" asked Brother Gardner as the meeting opened with sixteen kerosene lamps shedding their radiance over the hall.

The Judge advanced in two-four time, and the President continued:

"Judge Smith, you am about to leave us an' take up your home in a distant State. You will not only carry wid you de bes' wishes of ebery member of dis society, but will still preserve your membership wid us. In gwine off among strangers, dar' am some rules an' maxims dat it would be well to observe:

"While it am fashnabul to eat wid a fork, doan' let a good piece of bacon slip away fur want of usin' yer knife.

"When you has foun' a butcher who will give you credit, you has foun' an enemy.

"It ain't de amount of wages you airn, but it am de number of days you am idle.

"Honest an' industrious men needn't worry about de number of patent jail locks.

"De man who lights two candles to think by am sush' to want fur light to work by.

"De time spent in buildin' air castles would purvide de world wid taters at a cent a bushel.

"Honesty am a good 'policy, but it am wise to wait an see what de odder feller am intendin' to do.

"You can't cotch pork in a dice box, nor pay your taxes wid lottery tickets dat didn't draw.

"Now, Bruddder Smith, on behalf of de members of dis club I shall present you wid dis coffee'mill. Its instrinsick walue am not great—only fifty cents—but you will prize it as de centiment which acktuated de givers. De ole woman kin use it to grind coffee or pop-corn, an' de children kin play hoss wid it an hurt nobodys feelin's. It am allus wound up. It am prepar'd fur ebery change of weather. It nebber needs turnin', an' de bellows nebber git outer order. Take it, Brudder Smith, an' may luck an' prosperity attend you."

The Judge attempted to voice his feelings, but it was a failure. His chin quivered, a lump gathered in his throat, and scalding tears fell into the hopper of the mill.

NOT INDORSED.

A communication from the Hon. Jud Taylor of Los Angeles, announced that he had compounded a remedy for chilblains which was indorsed by the governors of five Western States. People who had been annoyed for twenty years had been completely cured by a few applications. The compounder had aimed not to amputate the foot, but to eradicate the disease. Although his application for membership had been rejected on the grounds of age, he hoped the club would tickle him most to death by indorsing his chilblain remedy.

"Gem'len, it can't be done," said the President as he looked up and down the aisles. "What am de chilblain? It am a sort o' carpet-tack which eighteen degrees below zero hits on de head an drives into de fut outer sight. De mo' intments an' salves you rub on, de mo' dat tack slips around. Heah am fifty libin' examples of de fack dat de less you fule wid a chilblain de better he will behave Hisself."

TOO FAR FETCHED.

Samuel Shin asked permission to read a letter which he had received from a colored widow in Tennessee. She stated that her husband was on his way to the post-office to mail an application for membership when he fell over a cliff and was killed. She had been advised to bring suit against the club for $10,000 damages, but after due reflection had decided to compromise on enough cash to buy a mule and a mourning bonnet, and gave minute directions as to how the money should be sent. Samuel observed that his sympathies had been deeply touched, and he would move that the sum of $125 be immediately forwarded.

"Brudder Shin, how much cash am you willin' to contribute from your own pocket?" asked the President.

"I doan' reckon I kin put up nuffin, sah."

"Dat's de way I reckoned; Brudder Shin's, sympathy am mighty consolin' in a case of whoopin'-cough, but it won't buy chicken-soup. Dis claim am too fur-fetched, an' will be resisted morally an' legally. Drop down, Samuel, an de nex' time your feelins am deeply touched hunt aroun' your pockets for a nickel to back 'em."

RECONSIDERED.

Sir Isaac Walpole called up the case of Elder Furlong Jackson, who was suspended from active membership some time since for engaging in a religious discussion in the hall which ended in his bestowing numerous kicks upon the person of Professor Candahar Jones. Sir Isaac had traced the Elder's genealogy back for six generations, and had discovered than all his ancestors were very excitable on the subject of religion. They were all Hard-Shell Baptists, and they wouldn't touch a Methodist or a Presbyterian with a ten-foot pole. The Elder had inherited this excitability. While it was very wrong for him to kick Prof. Jones on the shins, it must be remembered that the Professor had observed that he wouldn't even let his dog bite a Baptist. Waydown Bebee moved that the case be reconsidered, and the President replied:

"Of co'se, if dis religious excitability am in de blood, an' was bo'n in de bone, we can't blame de Elder so werry much. We will reconsider his sentence, an' I hope it will prove a great lesson to him. De man who has to kick somebody to prove dat his religon am de bes' had better hunt aroun' fur a new one."

NOT OF IMPORTANCE.

The Hon. Delaware Green arose to make an inquiry. He wanted to know whether the Lime-Kiln Club believed, with the Virginia church congregation, that the sun moved around the earth, or with the debating soc'ety in Vermont, that the earth moved around the sun. He didn't want to seem captious, but would like to act on some settled policy.

"If dis queshun was decided either way would flour and bacon become any cheaper?" asked the President.

"I doan' reckon dey would, sah."

"Den you had better peg along as you am. It am a matter we shall git around to in time, but just now it am of no great importance to us. We git jist as much sun one way as de odder, an' we am independen den de beaf of Vermont and Virginia."

WILL WAIT.

The Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings reported that the frost had lifted one corner of Paradise Hall eight inches, and he asked what should be done about it.

"We will wait," replied the President. "Long in de spring, when de sun drives de frost out, dat co'ner am bound to settle down again. At de present time three co'ners of my cabin am tilted up from de same cause, but long June dey will drap back into de old place widout expense or trouble. De meetin' will now bend up an' we will take our umbrellas an' go home."

Salmon-Fishing in Canada.

BY W. J. BRUCE.

Camp Beatrice was probably the prettiest point between the Metapedia and Upsalquitch river, situated on the left bank or Quebec side of the Restigouche, and here, during the salmon season, did I live in right royal style.

This year, 1885, the salmon came in during the first week in June, and those fishermen who were fortunate enough to be "on the spot" had rare sport. I did not reach the fishing grounds till June 13, and found water in good condition, "but, ye gods!" a "drive" of logs was coming down Patapejaw, and my hopes for good fishing was not at fever heat. Still, I was anxious to get at work. So, pulling up our canoes at this point, at four in the afternoon we commenced making camp. My Indians, Mattalac and Frank, were soon busy getting up the tents, while my other aids, a couple of lads, sons of a settler who lived a mile down the river, went into the woods to cut bark and boughs,—the former for my cook-house and Indian shelter, and the boughs for my bed. In an hour Camp Beatrice was a fact, and the stars and stripes run up a flag-staff thirty feet long.

While this work was going on I got my tackle in shape. I selected an eighteen-foot rod, made for me by Forrest, of Kelso, Scotland, a Jock Scott fly, attached to a single leader, and 100 yards of line completed the job.

"Now, Mattalac, the canoe!"

Ten minutes later, and we were at the head of Frog Island Pool, a favorite spot of mine, where in former years I had hooked many a thirty-pounder.

Mattalac, in the bow of the canoe, and Frank at the stern, all expectant, sit with eyes strained in the direction of my cast; once, twice, thrice, the fly falls lightly on the quiet, smooth, and glassy pool; no rise.

Strange! it is just the evening for salmon. The sun has just gone down behind the "*aq witl for targossen*" (Squaw's Cap), a grand old mountain on our left, and there are but few logs coming down. Again I make a longer cast, and this time,—oh, blissful moment in the angler's life!—a ripple, then a lightning dash! splash! a graceful curve of his tail and he is my prisoner. Whirr! Whizz! and fifty yards of line spin from my reel. Now Mattalac, old man, up anchor, and steady! follow him, lads! "He's going up stream, sir, and is a whopper too!" replies the Indian, and at this moment the fish showed himself by shooting straight out of the water, with a graceful spring, and, throwing a double back summersault, that would kill a circus-tumbler with envy, fell back.

"Oh, he is a beauty!" I volunteered; forty pounds if an ounce. Now up he goes again, this time showing his beautiful silver sides in the fading sunlight, and coming down with a "thud" that sent the spray flying up in millions of diamond jets.

"That was a splendid leap," said I, lowering my rod, to save both fish and strain.

Whir-r-r! Whizz! round spins the reel, with that peculiar musical sound that has no parallel. Will he never stop? I have but a few strands left. "Hurry! *fast! fast!*—he has almost taken the length of my line—and I boast one hundred yards. Aha!" he stops, and I begin to reel homeward; he is coming up, and I gather him in "lively." This time he comes home splendidly, and, after a moment's halt, I feel I have him well in hand, when the villain stops dead still, and I could no more move him than if he were the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park. For thirty minutes did his royal highness "sulk" now and then rubbing his nose on the pebbles, which action was telephoned to me by the peculiar grating sensation that ran down the rod.

Shade of Isaac Walton! how he holds, and as I gently "give him the butt," my beautiful forest rod forms a graceful curve almost double bent. "Light my pipe for me, Mattalac," said I; "this fellow means to remain here all night. I can stand it if he can."

So, while the Indian picks my pipe and tobacco from my pocket, I hold my prisoner taut. "Now, a match, old man." Mattalac places the pipe in my mouth, as I have my hands full; he strikes a match. Just as he was about to light my pipe, which he had placed between my lips—Whirr! whiz! r—r—r—r—r! away goes my line again! Mr. Salmon has rested long enough, and now gives me a good evidence of his strength and vitality. Away he goes, and away I go after him; he making for a very nasty spot of heavy water. Great Scott! if he gets into the current I am sure to lose him! Never mind; up, and away we go, the canoe being towed by the silver-sided darling. The lower pool is now reached, and the fish has stopped. Tug, tug, tug; he is game yet, not half gone yet;—he weakens; I reel in. Come, along, darling, come along! reel in! reel in! a wabble, and he turns over lazily. "We've worn him, old Mattalac! There is a nice spot over yonder on the bank; let me get ashore, old man;" and landing, we got ready for the capture. Mattalac, lying on his stomach like a panther, waited till I reeled the fish close to the bank. A quick dash! and the gaff is in his side; splash, splash, and the beauty is lying on the grass! A blow from the Indian's small club finishes the deed, and I sit admiringly on the bank beside a thirty-nine pound Restigouche salmon.

Court Officer (whispering in magistrate's ear): "A couple outside wants you to join them." *Magistrate*: "Sh! Tell 'em I'll be around the corner in five minutes." *Court Officer*: "It's a young couple, sir, as wants to get married." *Magistrate*: "Oh! tell 'em they'll have to wait until the court is adjourned."

THE FARM.

Timely Suggestions.

The swine growers are just now advocating hogs with more lean meat. This is a move in the right direction. The stylish hog of the past decade has been but little more than lumps of animated lard. Give the hogs a range with pasture and feed less corn. That will certainly improve the quality of the pork.

Sheep fatten most rapidly at 2 and 3 years old. By feeding rich fodder 1-year old sheep will increase in weight more rapidly than when older. While they will fatten also at this age the flesh is not esteemed as when older, as it is more watery. Lambs taken very young and fed high are fattened and made palatable. But when fattened for profit as well as palatable flesh, sheep, as well as other animals, should be matured in growth first.

A newly dropped lamb is a weak and insignificant thing, and yet it has an ultimate value of several dollars. We have at times realized from $10 down to $3 50 per head for our crop of spring lambs, and these small sums may make up, in the aggregate, a large amount. The lambs are therefore to be carefully nursed through their weak and helpless stage, and then fed judiciously but liberally. Overfeeding is the great danger. A small quantity of warm, fresh cow's milk given to a weak lamb three times a day through a nursing-bottle will help it wonderfully. When the lambs are three or four weeks old an ounce daily for each lamb of a mixture of corn and rye ground together finely will be serviceable. It is, however, better to feed half a pint of it daily to each ewe, which will help the lamb more than if it were given to it.

Plant the Best Potatoes.

Large crops of fine sized potatoes may be grown from small tubers in rich mellow soil, but the principle is all wrong. The potato is a subterraneous branch, with buds analogous to those above ground, and on this account some writers argue that the matter of size is unimportant. Every right minded nursery man knows how necessary it is to increase his stock of plants from sound healthy specimens only, and the most vigorous well-ripened shoots are invariably selected. The forth-coming generation depends in great degree upon this act, as is frequently demonstrated by the transmission of diseases which ordinarily are not handed down through the means of seeds. The potato cutting, as it were, even if taken from a poor little tuber, will by liberal use of manure and thorough culture produce some large specimens; but will the crop be so uniformly large as if large tubers were used? Reason says no. The large tubers will give a very much better average in the long run.

For exemplification of the soundness of this doctrine, take the case of two farmers residing on adjoining tracts. One, whose "headwork" always made him successful with crops, followed for many years the custom of using large tubers, and in addition planting them entire, without cutting at all. Whether this was the real cause of his prosperity or not others may judge; but he was strong in the faith, and as practical proof rarely failed to secure the first prize for potatoes wherever they were shown. His neighbor, under the impression that this was waste of good material, used small tubers, and cut to single eyes at that. Apparently he took just as much pains in the culture, but he was frequently disgusted with his "poor luck," and complained that his seed had "run-out." A good rule is: Always use the best at command, whether of seeds or cuttings; this will pay in the end.

Mind in Farming.

The idea has generally prevailed in the past, and possibly more by farmers than others, that for the business of farming but little intellectual training was necessary. A willingness to work on in the old routine, that has been transmitted from the practices of the past, was all that could be safely relied on for success. This narrow view, born and kept alive by ignorance only, is a mistaken fallacy of the past, fast dying out, rather than the sentiment of intelligent, present thought. The agriculture of to-day is not based on manual labor alone. The education of the mental faculties, as well as the training of the hand to work skillfully, is recognized as an essential in fitting for the life work of the farm. Upon these, intelligence and labor combined, rest the hope of progress in agriculture. And yet it may be questioned if farmers fully appreciate the value to their children of a home training and education in the work and in the business of the farm. Each year there go out from the farms young men and women to assume the work of managing farms for themselves. Are these young men and women as well educated and trained in the work and business affairs of the farm as they, the sons and daughters of farmers, ought, with their opportunities, to be? We fear there is yet too much of indifference in parents in teaching their children the business of farming, not only as a trade, but as a profession. It ought to be kept constantly in view that the training and education needed by the farmer can largely be learned at home, and that the practical knowledge thus gained will be of inestimable value—so much capital with which to begin the business of farming.

What an Old Farmer Says.

This is the advice of an old man who has tilled the soil for fifty years.

I am an old man, upwards of three score years, during two scores of which I have been a tiller of the soil. I cannot say that I am now, but I have been rich and I have all I need, do not owe a dollar, have given my children a good education, and when I am called away will leave them enough to keep the wolf from the door. My experience has taught me that:

1. One acre of land well prepared and well cultivated, produced more than two which received only the same amount of labor used on one.
2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed, is more profitable than two kept on the same amount necessary to keep one well.
3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.
4. No farmer who buys oats, corn or wheat, fodder and hay, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff away from the door in the end.
5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences and complains of bad "seasons."
6. The farmer who is above his business and entrusts it to another to manage, soon has no business to attend to.
7. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water, is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse to drink.

Conjugal Devotion.

Not long ago as an elderly couple were out walking, a lady on the other side of the street slipped and fell down. The old gentleman rushed across the street, raised his hat and offered to assist her in any possible way. His wife followed him across at a slow pace, and, witnessing his devotion to the stranger, shook her fist at him. "It's all right—it's all right!" he whispered. "Yes, I know it is!" she exclaimed hotly. "Here an unknown woman hurts her toe, and you plough across the street to eat her up with kindness. The other day, when I fell down stairs, you stood and laughed, and wanted to know if I was practising for a circus!"

A kind-hearted man sent an old friend, a tramp, to a restaurant with an order for dinner. The bill came in for nine beers and a cigar.

The Two Angels.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Darkness falls. The voice of day is dying,
Twilight slowly creeps across the sky.
Lo, two brother angels earthward flying—
Sleep and Death—with errands from on high.

One of them, in heavenly beauty glowing,
Scatters grains of slumber far and wide,
Which the rising breezes gently blowing
Waft from house to house on every side.

Soon the weary all are soundly sleeping;
Pale at last the bed of sickness flies,
Sweet repose has hushed the mourner's weeping
Kind oblivion closed his tearful eyes.

Now the aged, weary, care-o'erladen,
And the infant on his mother's arm,
And the ruddy youth and blooming maiden
Sweetly rest without a thought of harm.

"When they waken, brother, they will gladly
Praise me for the good which I bestow."
"None to me," the other answered sadly,
"Thanks will render. I am called their foe."

"Nay, for all the good will praise thee, brother,
When unto a brighter life they rise,
When their blessed spirits meet each other
In the shining fields of Paradise."

HACKED TO DEATH.

An Express Messenger Murdered in His Car.

The express car of the Rock Island train which leaves Chicago at 11 p. m. was boarded by robbers at Joliet at 1 o'clock the other morning. Kellogg Nichols, express messenger of the United States Express Company, was killed, and money and jewelry valued at about $35,000 were stolen. Nichols attended to his duties at Joliet, but when the train arrived at Morris, twenty miles beyond Joliet, he did not open the door of the car.

The local agent at Morris forced open the door, and found Nichols lying dead on the floor of the car, with his throat cut from ear to ear and his head horribly cut and crushed. The baggageman was found bound and gagged in the next car. The safe was broken open and its contents gone. As the train does not stop between Joliet and Morris it is approximately certain that the robbers boarded the cars at the former place.

The facts of the express robbery as learned from the baggageman are that, shortly after the train left Joliet at 12 45 a. m., he heard a rap at the baggage car door. Thinking it was the express messenger he opened the door and was confronted by masked robbers, who covered him with revolvers and forced him to give up the key to the express car. The baggageman was guarded by one of the robbers, while the balance turned their attention to the express car.

It is supposed they obtained entrance to the express car by rapping and explaining that the baggageman wanted to get in. At any rate the express car door was opened and the desperadoes entered; and then ensued a battle for life and the property entrusted to his charge on the part of the express messenger.

The interior of the car shows that he fought the robbers from one end to the other, but at last the blows that they rained on his head with an iron poker forced him to succumb, and he was left dead in the car. The thieves rifled his pockets of the keys of the safe, which they robbed of all its contents, variously estimated at from $20,000 to $25,000. Checks and valuable packages not containing money they left scattered on the floor. In one hand the dead man clutched a lock of dark hair, which must have been torn from the head of one of the assassins. Sheriff Rietz and Chief of Police Murray have organized a posse and are scouring the country in pursuit of the robbers.

The Rock Island Railway will offer a reward of $10,000 for the capture of the men who committed the express robbery, and $5,000 for the arrest of any of them.

The baggageman has been arrested on suspicion of being implicated.

A Brakeman's Life in Winter.

The freight brakemen wear very heavy clothing, although it is always short, as they have to get around in a hurry sometimes. I have known the time when I was brakeing on a freight train, when the train was running 15 or 20 miles an hour against sleet and snow, and a call had come for "down brakes." At such a time I have been sitting on the top of the car, so stiff and frozen as to be unable to work the brakes at all. We do not mind the cold weather so much on the freights as when there is snow on the ground and on the cars. Then it becomes very dangerous, as when the train is running 20 miles an hour the snow and sand will be hurled up between the cars enough to blind a man, and with the ice-covered cars and running, as we do, from one car to another, perhaps with our lanterns blown out, it is pretty dangerous, and a man has to be sure-footed and have his wits about him to brake on a freight in the Winter time * * * Many of the passenger brakemen live at the way stations along the roads, and when they finish their work at one end of the road they take an express train back, and as it passes the station at which they live, although the train may be going at the rate of from 15 to 25 miles an hour, they will jump off and keep their feet, although they have to run perhaps the length of the train before they stop themselves, but still they seldom, if ever, lose their feet. It is quite a trick to jump off, and takes considerable practice before it can be done successfully. The way to jump is always with the train and on the left hand side of the latter, letting the right foot rest on the step and the left foot swing from the step. Then jump so that the left foot will strike the ground first and the right foot immediately follow it, so as to be able to run. Some of the men jump from the middle of the train or the front, but most of them go to the rear car and jump, so that if they fall they will not roll under the cars. The only regular train hand I ever heard of being injured by jumping was a man named Davis, who lives in Portchester, and who was struck on the head by the car step as he jumped and was badly hurt. The best man I ever saw, and the only man who could hold his feet and stop himself without running at all, was Charles Phillips, who is now a conductor on the Derby road. He could jump from a train running 35 miles an hour and stop without running a foot.

A Wonderful Feat.

As the south-bound freight train left Gridley station the other afternoon, a number of the citizens were eye-witnesses of a scene that made the blood in their veins run cold. A tramp was trying to "beat" his passage on the train, and attempted to get on a brake-beam. He missed his reckoning, and his feet dragged on the tracks between the rails. The train was moving about six miles per hour. To let go was certain death. He struggled frantically to get his feet on the brake-beam, but failed. Meanwhile, the spectators were horrified, and many turned their eyes away from the scene. At last, by an almost superhuman effort, he got both feet up between his hands against the brake-bar of which he had a hold, and after swinging several times until his body had gained sufficient momentum, he let go with his hands and shot out under the car head first, and landed on his back on the side of the embankment, down which he rolled into a mud puddle. His face was devoid of color when he arose, the palms of his hands were bleeding, and he trembled as if suffering from a severe chill. His adventure and marvelous escape aroused the sympathies of those who witnessed the knock at "death's door," and a collection of several dollars was promptly taken up and given him. He was a robust young man of about 25 years of age, and owed his life to his strength and agility.

Sir Alexander Stuart, ex-Premier of New South Wales, is now in Denver.

It is feared that the Swedish Minister Kjolt, will never be a pronounced success.

A prosperous farmer of Owingsville, Ky., a well-preserved widower of over fifty, has two sons who were both in love with the same girl. She found difficulty in deciding which to take, and the old man solved the problem by sending the boys off on business and marrying the girl himself while they were away.

THE WORLD OVER

Crossley, a French horse that was looked upon as the coming racehorse when two years old, will soon appear in the new French circus as a trick horse. No one can ride him.

The most brilliant soiree given recently in Paris was that of the Princess Yourievsky, formerly the Princess Dolgoroki, widow of Alexander II. All the well world was there.

An asthetic Worcester horse will tear any cheap blanket that may be put upon it into shreds, but seems immensely pleased when covered with one that is costly and beautiful.

A colored rail-road porter says of travel ing brides: "Sperlence teaches me dat dey is tickled mightyfully of you mistakes dere husbands for brudders. I does it to every time, now, an' hits 'em fo' a dollar, sholy."

A daily newspaper has been started in Greenland. As there are only about thirty days in the summer there will be no rush. It is thought that the editor will be able to get through the year without mortgaging his snow hut.

Robert Morris, a Georgia murderer, has been sentenced to be hanged on April 16. When the Judge sentenced him he laughed, and to the Sheriff he said: "I have a right to try to eat, so that I will be heavy enough to break my neck when I fall."

Barbara Dobbinson, a little uneducated nine-year-old negro girl of West Point, Ga., bids fair to rival Blind Tom as a pianist. She plays with wonderful correctness any composition that she has once heard. Like Tom she seems oblivious to everything else when listening to music or playing the piano.

A Georgia farmer, who was carefully rearing a nice litter of Berkshire pigs, couldn't account for the disappearance of all but three. One day he heard a terrible squealing shrilly in the air and saw a big buzzard sailing off with it. The farmer shot the buzzard, and buzzard and pig fell to the ground dead.

The big snow storm in Maine packed the principle streets in Ellsworth with a drift fifteen feet high, and so solid that horses could be driven over it. The young men and boys of the village tunneled this drift, and after two days' work, made a tunnel 175 feet long, 7 feet high, and 3 feet wide, through which teams were driven for several days.

At a recent Dunkard baptismal service at Jones's Falls, Md., one of the baptised persons, a young woman, was nearly strangled at the second dip, and so prostrate at the third that she had to be carried to a neighboring house and revived. A thirteen-year-old girl endured the ordeal with a smiling face. Each was in the ice cold water at least ten minutes.

A huge California hawk swooped down on a sleeping cat at Santa Rosa the other day, and bore it squealing and scratching high in the air. When about 500 feet high the hawk lost its grip, and the cat came down with fearful velocity, but the hawk caught it again just before it struck the earth, and was carrying it off, when suddenly both fell like lead to the ground. The cat had bitten through the hawk's head killing it instantly, and the fall killed the cat.

R. B. Swankin of North Manchester, Ind., had the reputation of whipping his wife and abusing his children. One night a dozen men and boys went to his house and told him he must quit the town at once. They gave him time to put two gripsacks, and then they marched him down the main street, a big fellow walking behind and cutting his legs with a cattle whip. When the new limits were reached he was stripped and soundly whipped with blackjacks whips. This is the second occurrence of the kind reported from Indiana within a few weeks.

Steamboat Frank, a Modoc Indian who was captured at the time of the Modoc war, and who is still a prisoner of the United States, is attending, by permit of the Government, the Oak Grove Seminary in Maine. He now calls himself Frank Modoc, and is studying for the ministry. He is making good progress in his studies, and is apparently a devout Christian. He is proud of his descent from a long line of Modoc chieftains, and conducts himself with true Indian dignity.

The preservation of decay in wood is said to be effectively accomplished by exhausting the air from the pores and filling them with a gutta percha solution, a substance which preserves the wood against the moisture, water, and the action of the sun. The solution is made by mixing two-thirds of gutta percha to one-third of rosin, the mixture being then heated to liquify the gutta percha, when it is readily introduced into the pores of the wood, the effect of the gutta percha being, when it becomes cool, to harden the pores.

A goose farm is one of the curiosities of agriculture in the southern part of Virginia. Within an area of about 3,000 acres 5,000 geese, of several varieties, attended by herders and regularly fed with corn, &c. The objects are the collecting of feathers for quilts and pillows, and once in about six weeks a plucking takes place. Only the breast and the skins under the wings are plucked, and it requires the yield of nearly 100 geese to weigh a pound. The raw feathers are sent to Philadelphia for cleansing and sorting.

Janiter King of the Virginia City Court House bought a piece of cheese and put it in his overcoat pocket, and afterwards laid the coat down for a time. Then he put it on and went to a saloon where he played cards for the drinks. He noticed as he thought, that Tom Gracy, who was looking on nudged him very often as a signal how to play his cards. He lost, and accused Gracy of misleading him. While Gracy was denying that he had done so, he felt a rat jumped out of King's pocket. He had been feasting on the cheese and nudging the card player.

One of the clergymen of Louisville is at any rate consistent in his opposition to Sunday newspapers. To a church notice which he had printed in a Saturday evening paper he added a request to the Sunday newspapers not to copy it, and in a note to the editor wrote: I learn that my church announcements frequently appear in the Sunday papers. They are copied from the Saturday evening papers. I do not concern itionaly and out and out opposed to Sabbath desecration, and do not wish to appear to encourage Sunday papers by using them even in this way."

The green color which sometimes affects American as well as European oysters has formed the subject of a lecture and an investigation by a microscopist at the Smithsonian Institution. He finds that it is the minute blood cells which become enlarged with green and that these tend to lodge in the heart and gills in numbers great enough to give a green appearance. The coloring matter, which may be vegetable or an abnormal product of digestion, is entirely harmless, and in no wise due to a copper tincture, as is popularly supposed.

Cork leather as produced in France, is claimed to possess some special advantages as compared with the natural skins. In its production thin sheets or layers of cork are covered on both sides with an extremely thin india-rubber skin, with any ordinary textile fabric interposed if all, the resulting thus a sort of homogeneous texture or tissue; and although the cork sheets in their normal state, are readily pierced by a penetor, friable and brittle, and possessed of very little strength or cohesion, having only the positive qualities of lightness and non-conduction of heat, yet, when subjected to the treatment in question, the product is very supple, and exhibits great strength in resisting tensile strain. The product is retaining its comparative lightness and impenetrability to heat, it is rendered both waterproof and impermeable to moisture. The external appearance of the material varies according to the nature of the textile substance used in combination with the cork.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND—THE PRINCESS'S ULTIMATUM.

Leaving both Frank Donelly and his lovely bride in their respective lodgings, we will follow the war minister in his attempt to effect the liberation of the latter.

Behold Arabi Pasha, the tyrant, once more by the connivance and with the active assistance of Elmarr the buffoon, in the presence of the beautiful Egyptian princess, who receives her supposed female visitor with an outward show of joy and welcome, though inwardly she cursed her, only for reason that she guesses why he has come.

As she lies in voluptuous abandon amidst the heaped up pillows and cushions, which that form her couch she waits for him to speak, but though she is outwardly so composed and at ease the Egyptian princess, the magnificent and almost nude breast, and the nervous working of her little naked henna tipped toes, as one moment she twisted her small ivory feet inside her embossed leather, gold filigree-worked slippers and then next draws them out again, sufficiently show the inward agitation of her mind. Her full, fleshy arms are bare to the very shoulders, and the rich gold bracelets and bangles and there sink into their yielding softness, whilst the heavy ebon masses of her perfumed unbound hair seem to flow all over her like inky rivulets, causing her clear brown and by no means unlovely skin to seem positively fair by contrast. In short, she is a woman capable in every way of turning a man's brain and scorching up his heart, and perhaps the knowledge of her attractiveness to her at the little effect she seemed to have upon her visitor.

"Have you run the peril of having your head chopped from off your shoulders and of mine being treated in like manner only to gaze at me as a child looks at a medicine bottle?" she exclaimed petulantly, after a few moments of silence on both their parts. "Why do you not hasten to confess that I am so lovely that you cannot keep away from me, despite my advice that you should do so until my brother had lost all power to hurt you, until in fact you were on his throne and he in your dungeon?"

"I would have done so, Zeeneh, had you not taken an unfair advantage of me, had you not surreptitiously got into your power ens when you know is dear to me, and, as I believe, to do her an injury. I know your brother's nature well."

"The tiger is the most graceful of beasts, and I thank you for the compliment of comparing me to one. Yes, I have your ill-flashed Feringhee girl in safe custody, but I will swear to you if you like that the day on which I deliver her over to you she shall be as plump and as white as any houri of Paradise."

The promise sounded well to the ear, but there was something in the accentuation of the words that the war minister did not like, and which caused him to rejoin with:

"Zeeneh, you speak fairly with your lips, but falsely from your heart. Though you promise to deliver the Frankish girl over to me uninjured, yet you do intend to punish her in some terrible manner or you would not have been at the trouble of bringing her hither. You cannot swear to me that I am mistaken."

"Tell me first, do you love this Feringhee for her beauty or for her mind?"

"Allah! what a question. Why, for her beauty, of course, for beauty is the gift of God, whereas mind, bah! that is what is knocked into the head by youth by the pedagogue and in after years by experience, and the older and uglier a woman grows the more she gets of it."

"Will you give to me this girl's mind and I will guarantee not to injure her beauty."

"You must be more explicit, Zeeneh, I know not what you mean."

"I will tell you, and indeed I am thinking as much of doing you a service as of pleasing myself, for, if I do what I intend, Frankish girl retains her mind she will hate you, by reason that she loves another, and, furthermore, in grieving for that other she will fret herself away and wear away the brightness of her eyes, so that in time she will be scarcely worth the possession. But when once I have taken away from her that useless thing, her mind, she will no longer fret, for her grief will depart with her knowledge, and she will grow as attached to you as a dog would do. I will bathe her each day in milk, so that she shall retain her snows, and maintain her plumpness with cream and oil and rahat el loucoum, and when I give her to you I shall, as I said before, be as white and lovely as one of the prophet's houris."

"Just you seriously advise that telling me how you intend to kill her mind?"

The princess's eyes flashed, and her great brown bosom heaved as she replied:

"I will have her held down naked on the floor for hours at a time, whilst stinging scorpions and huge hairy spiders, whose poisonous bags have been drawn, creep to and fro over the snowy whiteness of her flesh, and equally harmless but still more tickling insects have been let loose to her long and clinging lego over the same fair, broad pathway, whilst every other hideous insect and reptile that Egypt knows, yet all equally harmless, shall join those that I have already mentioned on the smooth and glossy promenade, and then more spiders and pants the closer they will cling, until at last they will drive her mad, mad, mad."

She almost shrieked the last words, so great was her excitement, but at the full disclosure of her terrible and fiendish intentions her visitor grew equally agitated.

"You beautiful fiend, I dare you to prosecute your foul intentions on this innocent English girl. I also command you to give her up to me at once—at once, I say!"

But his words only infuriated the princess ill more.

She sprang to her feet, with a rattle and clatter of all her bracelets and bangles and a quiver of her plump, glossy limbs, and confronting her visitor in an attitude of defiance exclaimed, vehemently:

"You dare me? You command me? Why, at the mere clapping of my hands the much guarded night rush to my aid and in a single minute lay your head at my feet. I refuse to give this Feringhee girl up to you. Yes and I will hold her for the same purpose in air is not went to give up the prey which he grasps in his talons at the bidding of the eagle, and I will hold her, and have promised that you shall receive the girl from my hands as white as a lily and as beautiful as a houri, and if you dare to menace me again it will only cause me to regret that I have promised so much."

The war minister saw that threats were of no avail, so he next tried diplomacy.

"Can I not buy her as a price? I mean to say, her immunity from harm?" he asked.

The princess seemed annoyed and yet attracted by the question.

She fondled, like the dog in the fable strongly inclined to drop the substance in her greed to snap at the larger shadow.

But a moment's reflection seemed to open up to her a way by which to secure both mouthfuls, and looking fixedly at the war minister to that she might detect the slightest intention on his part to deceive her, she said slowly and distinctly:

"You might be able to redeem her with the blood of her entire race, the blood of all, I mean, who still remain in Egypt. Will you shed it for her sake?"

"Allah, Allah! How can you have conceived so deep a hatred against her race?"

"Because the women are free like the flowers and able to show their loveliness to the world and win what is to our sex the supremest of all delights, admiration. Because their women because they can do this, whilst I can not, and I hate them, mean because the only one of them who ever baked my beauty spots whose beauty had preferred that of the girl who is at present my prisoner, and whom even you would like, if you only dared, to place above my head."

"Zeeneh, I cannot command a wholesale massacre of Christians merely to please a woman."

"The question is not that of pleasing a woman, but of preserving a girl."

Arabi Pasha winced but made out: "I cannot do it even for that, Zeeneh."

"Then, by Allah and the prophet I will do unto the girl what I have threatened."

"To the curse of Allah and the Prophet I must consign her, then, rather than commit so great a crime. I will not stain the sacred name of our cause by unnecessary bloodshed. I will matter how you may wish to drive me to it."

The princess was not so enraged at this speech as her visitor had feared she would be, perhaps by reason that she was gratified to learn that the war minister did not love the English girl to such an extent as willingly to commit a gigantic crime for her sake.

"Well, do as you please," said she; "this is no business of mine. Whatever bidden, one the day that Egypt belongs solely to the Egyptians, and you are behind me in office, I will become your Valide Khanoum and hand over to you, as the most beautiful of my slave girls, the Frankish maiden whom I now hold in sure custody. This palace will than be yours and no woman in the harem will be able to draw her curtain against you. Until that time arrives, however, you know full well that it would be death to seek her where you now is concealed. If you could, and as your life belongs not to yourself, but to the nation, you will hardly be willing to jeopardize the life and the wife of a girl who would now be far happier without them, and of much less trouble to you in the place assigned to her by Allah than to have her smiling blankly on them than to have her forever weeping, moaning and upbraiding? Go to, thou art a fool. Depart and leave me free to enjoy my pleasure which heaven knows are few enough, imprisoned forever within stone walls or behind a harem gate well when I take the air. But I mean to have some delightful hours with the Feringhee wench ere I have to give her up to thee, and not of a single one of them will I be robbed. I have even a slab of black marble for her snowy nakedness to be stretched on, and a bow-string for thee to fit thyself for radiant it will look and how I shall enjoy its quivering as the lusthome things creep over it. Now go, for I would not speak another word though you stayed for hours."

As Arabi Pasha knew that the strong willed woman would keep her word to the letter he decided to wait no longer, and, as he had ordered Elmarr to lead him away in the same manner as she had introduced him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE PRINCESS AND THE BUFFOON ARE FRIGHTENED BY THE DEVIL.

Thus was our beautiful Nellie left entirely to the mercy of the woman who hated her.

Arabi Pasha had quitted the palace wondering if it was possible to serve her and much fearing that his visit to the seraglio had done her more harm than good.

He went back to his house in the arsenal and wrote a letter to Mr. Cave, the British consul at Cairo, stating that he had discovered where their daughter was, but not a word about her marriage to the English cavalry officer, and inclosing a safe conduct under his hand and seal he urged them to come to Alexandria at once; for he had a faint idea in his head of a way in which they might be able to deliver her without his own name being at all mixed up in the matter, for the Princess Zeeneh better than anyone else in the rebellion he dared neither expose her nor provoke her to expose him, since the one course would be dishonorable and the other might yet prove dangerous.

Meanwhile Nellie remained a prisoner in that innermost of the three rooms, which seemed to form at all events a portion of the Princess Zeeneh's especial suite, and to which none of the other ladies of the seraglio (even the Bedive's chief wife, had any right of access. And as it happened, this was in reality a somewhat unusual case.

Notwithstanding all the threats that the princess had used towards her and her deep and bitter grief at what was supposed had been the terrible fate of her husband, Nellie's youthful fatigue was so great that no sooner had she grown weary of looking forth from the window and thrown herself down on a pile of soft cushions in a corner than she sank into a deep and profound sleep, nor awoke therefrom until night had usurped the place of day and her prison room was enveloped in profound darkness.

For a moment she could not remember where she was, and when the knowledge came back to her she grew frightened at the pitchy blackness by which she was surrounded, but at length catching sight of two friendly stars looking down upon her, she crept over to the window so as to feel nearer to them, for the Arab belief that the stars are the eyes of the angels was a pleasant thought to ponder over at a time like the present.

No sooner had she reached the window than she saw what looked like other eyes, each having a shimmering reflection, but she knew that these were the lights of the three British frigates.

As she knelt there, leaning on her arms, and almost panting for air, for the night was intensely close and sultry, she could hear the little wavelets lapping the foundations of her prison wall, and also after a while another sound which somehow or other suggested to her the idea of the dangling of graves.

Yes, it certainly resembled the measured stroke of spades, the dull thud of earth as it fell on earth, and now and then there was a murmur as of subdued voices and a faint rolling and crushing, such as might have been caused by the passage to and fro of hand barrows.

Pressing her face close against the window as she was able, she leaned down to right and left and soon became aware that a number of tiny, glow-worm like lights were moving to and fro amidst a segment that side of the palace, and about two hundred yards to the right of the window she was leaning out of, but hardly had she made this discovery when the door of her room was suddenly opened and the flash of a lamp almost blinded her.

Only for a moment, by reason of its suddenness and its excessive brightness, and then she recognized behind it the Princess Zeeneh and the horrid woman with the sickly leer. This witch followed her mistress and fastened the door behind her.

"Put down the lamp on that low bracket," said the princess, and directly she was obeyed she turned fiercely upon the English girl and added:

"Go you over to that pile of cushions directly under the light. You need not choose your attitude, because we shall put you in several before we have done with you. We are going to tickle you, little one, that is all, to tickle."

She laughed bitterly as she uttered the last word, for she had resolved to torture her prisoner to death.

Nellie did as she was bidden; but the next command was that she should strip herself, and this, rather than the roughly handled by the two women, she also commenced to do, and indeed with somewhat of alacrity, for a hope arose within her that her naked loveliness would soften her persecutors' hearts towards her and force them to treat her gently.

She began to doubt its power, however, when upon the removal of her dress (one that she had obtained of Marie) and the consequent exposure of her exquisite neck, arms and shoulders, the princess merely gave vent to a contemptuous laugh, and raising her own great, brown but by no means unlovely bosoms, drew forth from underneath them a withered flower and a gem that seemed to flash with rainbow hued flames.

"Behold, you thrice accursed Kaffir, the thing that I gave him when I lowered my lineage, my rank, my faith and my pride in the very dust for his sake. Yes, I risked death and far worse, ineffable disgrace, to behold him yet again, but when the summons of the lotus had brought him into my presence and I was ready to surrender everything up unto him, aye, even to the wrecking of my faith by marriage with a Giaour he flung my love and my surrender back in decision back in my face, and had the effrontery to tell me that twas an earthworm like thine who had dared to enter into competition for his love with a daughter of the Pharaohs and who had inherent borne the sacred Scarab, the symbol of life! I would have been one that would have destroyed my soul. Yet, as surely as that in his insulting and contemptuous indifference to my charms he cast even my love gift, the ring, upon the floor ere he withdrew to over from my presence, so I, in my turn, cast, even though I dare not bruise thy body. Dare not, did I say? By Allah! I will dare if I choose. Strip, spoiled Feringhee—strip!"

The great tears rose to Nellie's eyes and trickled down on to her beautiful breasts.

Her fingers were in the corset clasps now, but they trembled so that they could not undo them.

But the princess was in no hurry, for she found it pleasant to gloat over her prisoner's plump and quivering whiteness, on the rounding of her arms, the dimpling of her shoulders as she fought with the obstinate corset clasps.

But presently one gave way, then another, then another.

Nellie looked down upon her beauteous self with a sigh, and then up at the two women in silent questioning, for she felt that her loveliness was pleading far more eloquently for pity and gentle treatment than words could do.

She could hardly imagine that any one could possess sufficient cruelty to redden it even with slaps, and think to be met first with a smile of victory that she looked upon but the expression of the face changed into one of terror as the princess screamed out:

"I command you to put on your shoes. She makes me giddy and my heart beat to look at her. She must owe such beauty to the devil, for she can have got it in no other way. She must have sold herself to the fiend to win my Feringhee lover from me. I do not wonder that he, who she succeeded, let the devil protect her now if he can."

With these words she flung herself on the poor girl, and that third, thud went, her fists against the yielding, palpitating flesh, whereupon the lovely victim uttered a shrill scream, and in an instant a vivid and ghastly glare lighted up the entire chamber, causing both her assailants to shriek in turn and rush therefrom in the most abject state of terror.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SAVED BY THE ELECTRIC FLASH—HAS SHE AN AMULET?

The ghastly white glare that had suddenly invaded Nellie's prison chamber, and which seemed brighter than the sun at noonday, was in fact the electric light, flashed along the wires from the Khedive's palace Superb, so that it might be ascertained whether in disobedience to the Sultan's orders and the protest of the Egyptian nobles the forts were being still further strengthened and armed.

This, to the Egyptians, perfectly novel method of illumination suddenly flashed upon the working party, whose spades and barrows Nellie had heard, and whose glow-worm like lanterns she had seen, for it was afterwards ascertained gave them such a scare that they threw down their tools and ran pell mell into the city to tell wonderful out that "there was a new sun and it had come out of the water."

Since a body of men were so alarmed at this novel sight, and so astonished at a surprise log that the sudden and terrible glare caused the Princess Zeeneh to leave off pummeling Nellie and to rush out of her room, conclude that, as the foul fiend had bestowed such beauty upon her, he was coming in person to claim her, and that she was about robbed of it, and the same idea having seized upon the buffoon, their helter-skelter retreat was the most natural thing in the world.

They had overrun the palace in their rear, and when this had been done the princess summoned up sufficient courage to stoop down and peep through the keyhole.

But though the light had by that time quitted the room again, the fact did not at all reassure her, but just the reverse, and she said to the buffoon in an over to her question whether they shouldn't now go in again and finish what they had intended to do:

"I am afraid Shaltan only left because we left. If we went to again he would come again, and you would be as dead as Arabi's corpse if we ever let us to pieces. You may depend upon it, Elmarr, that the Kaffir has an amulet about her by which she summons the fiend whenever she needs him, and I noticed that instead of trying to clutch my wrists as I struck at her, she merely shielded herself with one of her little naked feet, and dived her other hand down amongst the clothing which she had just taken off. It was assuredly to feel the amulet, for at the moment that she grasped it that fearful light came, which must have been the reflection of the flame of hell, and at the moment that Shaltan himself would have been clutching us if we had not got away as quickly as we did. I'll never try any tricks on her again until you have got a good grip from her. Be that your task, good Elmarr."

The buffoon looked by no means overpleased with this last proposition, and said:

"Inshallah, I don't feel like disturbing her again to-night," said she. "No, not to-night, Zeeneh, I cannot. I would not do it for the brightest jewel in your highness's casket."

"I do not require it of you, good Elmarr. Let her have the lamp and the rest of the night as well to herself. But when day comes it will be a very different matter. The devil lights were moving to and fro amidst the graves in daylight, and as you will be the Kaffir's sole attendant, you must then get the amulet either by coaxing or force. If you fear, however, do anything to her in order to force her to give it up to you, for now that I have looked upon her I cannot bear to think of her spare her. I throw my promise to the winds. I will not only tickle, but I will thump and slap and pinch and do anything to her, too. Oh, how I will whip her for daring to be more lovely than myself, and how she will scream and shriek and beg and pray, for the licking, burning, smarting coils of the thong.

Left alone, Nellie even rushed to the window to learn the cause of the light, for she herself was somewhat alarmed thereby, fancying that the palace might be in flames.

When, however, she saw that it was streaming forth from the black side of one of the huge British ironclads and the extremely old grave men, slowly along the coast, all her alarm vanished.

She now knew what it was and guessed that the war ship was the one that had brave and chivalrous fellow countrymen were working it and studying its results, of the use to which, because we shall be immediate harors, threatened hourly with persecutive torture and, perhaps, murder, affected her so deeply that she retreated with faltering steps to her pile of cushions, and sinking thereon contemplated with tears and sobs the prostrate yellow light of the oil lamp the pink splotches on her plump, dimpled shoulders and full, rounded right arm, where the fiendish woman had dared fallen on her, morning piteously. "Oh, how could she? How could she have done it?"

And so she gradually sank down at full length among the yielding cushions, and falling again asleep awoke no more until the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A renowned circus clown died recently in Troy. He ought to have done that on his own jokes, then he never would have died.

HOUSEHOLD.

Plain and Practical

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, two eggs, three teaspoonfuls of lard, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, cinnamon or nutmeg. Heat the sugar and lard together until light, then add the eggs well beaten, milk with the soda, and as much flour as possible, and have it stiff enough to roll out.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—For a small loaf take one-half pint of rye meal, one-half pint of sifted Indian meal, one pint of sour milk, one-half gill of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix all the ingredients, except the soda, dissolve that in a little boiling water, and add last, stirring the mixture thoroughly. Grease a brown bread tin, or a pail having a close lid, and having put the bread in it, set it in a kettle of boiling water, and let it four hours. Remove the lid, and set the pail in the oven a few minutes to dry the top of the bread.

SALLY LUNN.—One quart of flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg, three tablespoon fuls of sugar, two eggs, two cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and a little salt.

Sift the cream tartar, salt and sugar in the flour; add the eggs, the butter melted, and one-half of the milk. Dissolve the saleratus in the other half of the milk, and stir all together very thoroughly. Bake in two pans.

WHITE ROLLS.—One cup of graham and one cup of white flour, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of melted butter, two eggs, two cups of milk, baked in a hot iron gem pan. Use Dover egg beater to stir the whole mass to a creamy lightness at the last moment.

A GOOD CAKE.—One cup of sour cream, one cup of powdered sugar, one and one-half cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of raisins, one level teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of water added to the soda, nutmeg or other ingredients, add last the flavoring, and the raisins rolled in flour. Beat hard until it is creamy, then pour in the pan and bake at once.

Hints and Suggestions.

COVER house plants with newspapers before sweeping; also give them a good soaking once a week in the water you put on them.

Teething, feverish children can often be quieted by bathing them in warm water in which you have dissolved a large spoonful of saleratus.

Elder down is much used this winter in lining the old fashioned quilted shirts, the purple kinds, and the pale blue. Imitated English pelisses that are being imported.

How many women there are, with only small families to do for, who adopt such hard ways to do their work when it is impossible for them to enjoy any leisure.

No prettier fashion of wearing the hair is seen, than a simple coronet made by the hair being combed to the middle of the head, loosely braided, and pinned so as to give it a graceful, fluffy appearance.

Allow half an hour minutes for boiling potatoes, and forty five minutes for baking them. Pare them, if for boiling, and put them in boiling water which shall just cover them. When done pour off every drop of the water, and put a towel over the kettle a few minutes.

A little turpentine in the wash-boiler will make clothes very white, and will often remove incorrigible stains from white goods. A tablespoonful of turpentine to a large boiler or a teaspoonful to two gallons of water. There is no smell, the boiling preventing it.

If ink is spilled on the carpet throw enough salt on it to absorb it. Take it up and put on more salt, rubbing it well into the ink spot. Repeat it until no ink is taken up, then brush the salt well out. If properly done not a trace of ink should remain. A coal-oil is generally recommended in the manner described above. I have seen both these remedies used with entire success.

One bushel and twelve quarts of sound corn, or its equivalent in other grain, will keep a fowl a year. And that the average hen will lay ten and a half dozen eggs per annum, and that a certain fowl may be worth a profit of $1.20 to $1.75 per annum, according as the prices of eggs, poultry and grain are varied by the market or your locality.

Sometimes a wick becomes too short to carry up the kerosene and the lamp goes out. If you have not time to go to a store wick a piece of cotton rag pinned on below will answer every purpose and become a good feeder. If a hole should be broken in the glass chimney paste on a piece of paper, which may often be done [in a moment, and it will answer the purpose for a long time, or until you can get a new chimney. Sometimes the burners of the lamps become gummy and prevent the wicks moving freely. Boil them up in some soda water for a time and they will become serviceable clear and work well.

A Plea for Reading Matter in the Home.

BY REV. DR. POTTS.

In this paper I wish to give a few hints along the line of intellectual progress and enjoyment. Few questions are more difficult to consult together about household expenses. Coal is laid in for the winter. Clothing is provided for the family, and, if means allow it, without stint.

General education and accomplishments for the boys and girls of the home are not forgotten. In a fair average home, what provision is made in the way of providing reading matter? Is it usual to have a family constitution as to the papers and magazines which shall be taken, and which are as needful for true family life as bread from the bakers and meat from the butchers? The matter is worthy of serious, thoughtful action upon the part of parents and grown up sons and daughters.

Let me suppose the family to be seated around the table at the pleasant evening hour. I have spoken of the need of some attention to this highly important matter, and possibly guide to a wise conclusion.

Am I not at the outset by the remark, "This is a new way of putting this subject?" A thousand readers, if they were in the confessing mood, would say we never looked upon provide literature for our families as something for which we were responsible in the same way that we felt responsible for housing, feeding and clothing our children. My object is to lead all such to genuine repentance, and to "bring forth fruits worthy of repentance." I think there should be at least three newspapers taken into every home—possibly four.

One should be political and general. Political leaning will determine the paper. Every citizen of this Dominion should be interested in the general welfare of the country. Citizenship is a sacred trust, and to fulfil it we need all possible information. It is not a mortal sin to read such papers occasionally, if that be possible, the views of the paper representing the other side of politics. It is not necessary for the welfare of our country to believe that the leading public men of the land are false and unprincipled. The prominent party papers have a tendency to lead one forward in to traducing public men who disagree with them in the affairs of the country. An independent paper is a useful go-between.

The second paper should be a good literary paper, adapted socially and morally to the needs of the reading. Such papers have not had the encouragement in this country that they have deserved. They are far removed from the bitterness of political party, and fulfil a fine educational mission in the home circle. A religious journal should be a weekly visitor and that, the paper published by the church to which the reader belongs. For many denominational reasons, you should support your own church organ; it gives most valuable information upon the educational, missionary and evangelistic movements and progress of the church. It is almost impossible for you to have an intelligent sympathy with the general work of your section of the church, unless you read the paper it publishes.

The educated young people of the home are not likely to be satisfied with newspaper literature, however good. Their minds will go out after high class periodical literature. If several cannot be had, let one first-class monthly be welcomed to the home. One can hardly go far astray in making choice of the monthly visitor, while such are available as "Harper's," "The Century," "The Contemporary," and many others that I might name.

Now let us rise to the consideration of books, as a necessity, and not a mere luxury of life. Let me put a few questions to the family that I have had before my mind. How many books have you in your house? How many do you buy yearly for the intellectual nourishment of your minds? How many do you put into a book store, for the avowed purpose of buying books, as part of the duty you owe yourselves, and the position you occupy in society? You should keep abreast of the age, and books are needful as railways, telegraphs and telephones. Intelligent buying of books is as sensible as indiscriminate buying of dry goods or groceries. In the multitude of books, you need not only to exercise your best judgment, but to secure the advice of competent friends in the matter of the selection of books, which are to be only fit for kindling material. It may do harm by force it reaches the stove, therefore keep it out of the reach of the stove, and of evil character. No need to have your bookshelves cut books, when you may have choice books in the department of letters. I know it is bewildering to the mind, when you come from the duty of making choice of a limited number.

As a rule, I am not prejudiced in favour of subscription books, but I have been examining one lately which agreeably disappointed me.

The subject of history is so vast that many stand aghast at its huge proportions, and despairingly say, "I must not attempt the impossible." To such whose time is restricted, I would recommend "Ridpath's History of the World." It is in three volumes. The work, of course, is condensed, but comprehensive and clear. In the absence of being able to give the time needful for the reading of general history, which may be had in volumes reaching far into the hundreds, the three volumes referred to will be a good substitute.

Let me indulge the hope that my ideal family will act upon the hints thrown out. The papers are ready to be selected, and the books are coming gradually to enrich the library shelves. Now what use shall be made of them? There are odd minutes which may be utilized by having a book selected and at hand. But I plead for a arranged that at least an hour daily be given to systematic reading. It is the very least that should be given to the improvement of both mind and heart. I assume that the volumes reading shall have its proper place, and that therefore the heart as well as the intellect shall be cultured.

Do I hear our readers saying, "This whole subject is looking more serious and important than it has ever appeared before?"

Which is the more excellent way? The plan I have suggested, or the old hap-hazard style of buying now and again, without thought. Looking at this question apart from the intellectual pleasure that comes from the acquisition of knowledge, the people of this country, who are going to win distinction in life and prosper in their business will be found the real Intelligent men and women of the Dominion.

SEASONABLE LAUGHS.

We disapprove of bloom-drills. The average woman can wield a broom too well already.

Society is just like a pie. There is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.

A recent writer says that inoculation of the dead is common in Alaska. An ice-cutter's job must certainly be easier there than burial.

Filpkins was passing along the street and he saw a man inside his store, behind a dealer, bearing the legend; "This size for $10." "So do I," said Filpkins.

A Halifax woman is said to have poured hot water over her husband's head. Some husbands would not object to such a proceeding providing it deafened them.

"A seaman washed overboard," exclaim ed Mrs. Partington as she read a newspaper headline; "but he perhaps was so dirty they hadn't enough water on the ship."

"My dear," said a photographer to his wife, "I have just finished taking his napkin, "I do wish you could have helped Bridget to wipe dishes by the dry-plate process."

Family Physician: "I'm afraid that you have been eating too much pie, cake and candy. Let me see your tongue." *Little Girl:* "Oh! you can look at it; but it won't tell."

Women are liable to make many mistakes, but not one of them, at least no white woman, ever gets so far wrong that she puts powdered charcoal on her face instead of pearl powder.

An old woman fainted a few days ago at her first sight of a locomotive and railroad train. Few women of the husbandman's woman's train would undoubtedly have driven her crazy.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor getting out of its cage?" asked a visitor at the Zoological Garden. "Not the least ma'am, cried the showman. "He never bites; he swallows his victims whole."

Miss Hamilton: "And so you enjoyed your tour of Europe?" *Miss Toronto:* "Oh! I enjoyed it so much. Did you see the aqueducts in Rome?" "Yes, and they swam beautifully." "Swam! What swam?" "The aqua-ducks, of course."

"Bridget, what is an angel?" "My dear, it is a little girl with wings, who flies." "But I heard Papa telling the governess yesterday that we are all angels." "Yes, my dear; she will fly away the first thing to-morrow."

Public Speaker (to reporter)—"You told me that you would be at my place to take in my speech yesterday, and here you have only got two lines, simply saying that I addressed the meeting." Reporter—"I assure you sir, that every point you made is in my report."

The wind is always tempered to the shorn lamb. In the bleak climate of St. Paul, where an editor would naturally feel the nipping, he was not long before he had kind Providence induces his subscribers to bring libel suits to warm him up. One paper is that which a contemporary says the editor works in his shirt sleeves on the coldest days.

The Lover's Fatal Blunder.

"Louise," said he, as they sat in the parlor together a few evenings before the rising of the honeymoon—"I ought to tell you of the honeymoon—" "Ought to tell you what, Jack?" "Ought to tell you that I have to be away on my first week's journey." And the designing villain chuckled at his prudence.

"Of course I won't, William," she said softly; "how many lodges do you belong to?"

"Only one, darling," he answered.

"And when does it meet? How often? On what evening?"

"Oh, once a week—on—on Thursdays."

"Very well; then I shall have you at home every other evening in the week—that will be so nice."

And as she took out her they note-book and made a memorandum on the subject, he felt that, after all, he had made a mistake.

A renowned circus clown has died at Troy. If we remember rightly Troy was one of the first places to be taken with the horse business.

PERSONAL.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford will presently return to America for a visit.

Mr. Thomas A. Edison will spend six weeks in Florida with his bride, and probably will not return to New York city before the middle of May.

Jackson J. Hill of St. Paul, Minn., is said to own the finest collection of diamonds in the United States, and his friends speak of him as the "Jack of Diamonds."

U. S. Secretary Lamar is credited with having lately rebuked Colonel Ingersoll for his aggressive infidelity, and expressed a hope that he will some day become a Christian preacher.

Queen Natalie is said to be the most beautiful woman in Servia; but unless she is grossly libelled by the lately extant pictures of her, the statement is pretty rough on the other Servian women.

Mr. John Drew, the father of the young clergyman to whom Miss Mary Gladstone was married, is one of the most active and ardent Conservatives in Devonshire, and a fury of the sharp and unbending type.

It is said that Thebaw, the ex King of Burmah, never touches liquor, and that the officers of the vessel which took him to his place of exile tried to have him try every kind of drink, from gin to champagne, without avail.

A celebrated Italian actress and singer, Bianca Donadio, intends to take the veil. She belongs to a devout Parisian family, and during her stay in Florence, where she has been lately acting, she sent all the flowers given to her on the stage to the churches.

Justice Chitty of London was recently trying a case when a large piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the canopy under which he was sitting. "Flat! flat!" said the column," he exclaimed; and went on with the trial.

Count Herbert Bismarck is not to go as German Ambassador to England. He is the right-hand man of his father in the Bismarck family, and is a man of many years, ready to become the head of the department on the Chancellor's death or retirement.

Mr. James E. Murdoch, the veteran actor, at the age of 76 enjoys good health and the possession of unimpaired faculties. He has a pleasant home in Cincinnati, and does he likes to receive visitors and discuss the past and the present of the American stage.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is being sued for libel by Mrs. Brewghton, at the suit of Mr. Jarrette made the arrangement which led to the abduction of Miss Armstrong and her subsequent imprisonment in a house of associates. His enemies assist the woman with her suit.

Police Justice George A. Mosch of Chicago, who has brought a libel suit against the Rev. Dr. Kittredge, is a son of the officer who was the first to hoist the American flag privateer "General Armstrong," and through his mother a descendant of William Brewster, who was one of the company of the Mayflower.

Dr. Henry

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

The name of Rathbun Station post office, North Hastings, has been changed to Ormsby.

The post office of Rossmore, Prince Edward, has been re-opened with Peter Fair as Postmaster.

The license fee for hotels in villages has been raised to $120. That for hotels in in townships $90.

Mr. Wood's bill to prevent minors from frequenting billiard rooms received the assent of the Lieut.-Governor on Thursday last, and is now law.

March was on the whole a remarkably fine month, but went out with a sixty hours rainstorm, taking nearly all the snow off and causing disastrous floods.

The snow is nearly all gone in this section, but further east, in the Ottawa and Montreal districts, there is said to be an immense depth of snow yet on the ground.

If you want to get your pictures framed in the best style and at lowest living prices, leave your orders at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A full assortment of mouldings now in stock.

Two boys, Ball and Robinson, of Belleville, about six years old, have been missing since Friday night. It is supposed that they have been drowned. They were seen on the river bank throwing stones into the stream.

The morning train from Belleville yesterday was unable to get through on account of the bridge across the Rawdon creek being undermined so as to render it unsafe, and it was thought likely it would be carried away altogether.

The snow has nearly all disappeared, except around fences, and in places where there were large drifts. The season is fully three weeks in advance of last year, and therefore promises more favorably for a bountiful harvest.

Preparations have been made for laying down new sidewalks on the south side of Front St., and on Green St., from Front St. to Church St. A sidewalk is also needed on Church St. from the Methodist Church to the Baptist Church.

Mr Albert Tucker, of the 4th con. of Rawdon, left at this office on Monday morning last a goose egg weighing 10 oz. and measuring 11½ inches in circumference one way by 8½ the other. Who can beat it? Now bring on your big eggs.

March dust is said to foreshadow a bountiful harvest; and an old proverb says that "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." If this is true our farmers may look for good crops, as there was plenty of dust on Front Street on Monday last, the 29th of March.

The cheesemen in many places have decided not to open their factories until May 10th, instead of May 1st; and in other places the date is fixed for May 1st, instead of April 15th. We have not learned what action has been taken by the factory men of Rawdon and Sidney.

On Tuesday last Mr. Delbert Utman and wife, George Utman and William Megginson left for Southern California. They intended going by the Southern Pacific route, through Kansas City and New Mexico. We understand that two more young men contemplate going there shortly.

Division Court was held in this village on Monday last. There were a large number of contested cases, and the business was not concluded till after dark. There was a good representation of the bar present, viz., Messrs. Skinner, Clute, Anderson, Dickson and Redick, from Belleville, besides our local talent.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"Rev. Mr. Nears, formerly Anglican Minister in this village, and for the past three years a student under the Paulist Congregation, in New York, will, we learn, be promoted to the Priesthood in the Catholic Church some time the coming summer. The Paulists of New York are, we understand, a religious Order mainly composed of converts to Catholicity."

Miss McGarry, of Montreal, the finest lady elocutionist now before the Canadian public, who has received the most favorable criticisms of the press wherever she has appeared in the cities and towns of Canada, will, under the auspices of the managers of the Presbyterian Church in Stirling, give one of her highly interesting elocution entertainments in Bennett's Hall, on Tuesday evening next. All who wish to hear a treat in this line should not fail to attend.

On Friday last Mr. McWilliams, a hotel keeper at Trenton, was charged before Police Magistrate Gordon with three violations of the liquor act. The first charge was selling liquor on March 17th without a license, fine $20 and costs. The second for selling liquor without a license on March 19th fine $40 and costs. The third for keeping liquor upon his premises for sale, fine $20 and costs. The costs in all three cases amounted to about $18. The charges were brought by Mr. M. Grainger, Inspector for West Hastings.

The heavy rain and the warm weather of the last few days in March has caused heavy floods on all the streams, causing great destruction in the loss of bridges and other property. On Rawdon creek all the bridges east of Stirling are reported gone, including the county bridge. McDougall's dam has suffered considerably, and the bridge near Fergusons' is damaged and will likely be carried away. The road and bridge on Henry street are completely under water, and it is probable that bridge will also be carried away.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"On Monday a party of young men from this village left by the afternoon train for British Columbia, being attracted to that part of the Dominion by the report of a recent excitement in gold mining. The party will be under the care of Mr. Duncan Macbeth, who has been there before, and consists of, in addition to that gentleman, Messrs. Simeon Huff, R. J. McNeil, Thos. Cotton, John Sinclair, Chas. Miller and Watson Kirk. They will go by way of San Francisco, thence up the Pacific coast to Victoria, B. C., and expect to be about ten days on the road."

A couple of photographers of Peterboro' have been arrested charged with passing counterfeit $5 bills.

It is reported that two children were drowned in Belleville on Wednesday last. It is said they got on a cake of ice which floated down stream and they were gone before assistance could be rendered.

Belleville is now lighted up with electric light. The present capacity of the company is 30 lights, but it is proposed to increase the capacity and number. Water power is now used for generating the electric current.

About noon on Saturday last a sad accident occurred at the Warsaw quarry, near Peterboro. James P. Kidd, a farmer, had his team hitched to a stone, which they were dragging to the derrick. The stone caught between two others. Mr. Kidd with a handspike removed one of them. He was about to start his horses again, when the stone he had just pried out fell back, striking one end of the handspike. This caused the other end to spring up and it struck Mr. Kidd with great force on the back of the head. He lived only a very short time afterwards. He was about 35 years of age. He leaves a widow and one child. The present Warden of the county, Mr. A. R. Kidd, is a brother.

Hymeneal.

Our usually quiet village was the scene, on Wednesday evening last, of the marriage of Miss Anna Warren, the only daughter of our respected tinsmith, Mr. Thos. Warren, to Mr. James L. Hickey.

The happy event took place at the residence of the bride's father, where a large number of the relatives and friends assembled to do honor to the occasion.

The bride was supported by Miss Minnie Reeves, of Belleville, and Miss Lydia McWilliams, of Marmora. The groom by Mr. Chas. Ashton, of Trenton, and Mr. Hugh Warren, the brother of the bride.

Friends numbering over sixty were present from Madoc, Campbellford, Trenton, Marmora and Los Angelos, California.

The natural grace and beauty of the bride being enhanced by her handsome dress of brown silk, bridal veil and orange flowers made her look superb, and the oft repeated remark, "How beautiful the bride looks," was fully borne out by her appearance.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. M. Harris, after which all partook of a bountiful and sumptuous repast.

The presents were numerous and valuable, comprising the following:—

Silver Cruet Stand....A Friend from Trenton
Silver Sugar and Spoon Holder. Mr. and Mrs. Carscallen.
Silver Cake Basket. Mr. & Mrs. G. McWilliams
Silver Tea Cruet...Mrs. J. W. & Miss J. Pearce
Silver Butter Dish..................Miss Reeves
1 Dozen Knives..................Mr. C. Ashton
Silver Butter Dish....................Miss Doran
Silver Cake Basket..............Mrs. A. Doran
Large Lamp and Shade...........Mr. A. Doran
Set Cut Glass Dishes......Mr. & Mrs. Gladney
2 Silver Butter Knives.............Miss Lydia McWilliams.
Water Pitcher.....................Mr. C. Clairmont
2 Cake Stands and Pair of Vases... Mr. & Mrs. W. Warren.
2 Glass Cake Dishes......Mrs. N. McWilliams
Table Spread.........................Mrs. A. Loucks
Set of Self-Heating Irons and Bedroom Set Mr. H. Warren.
Large Lamp...........Mr. & Mrs. R. Campion
Tidy..........................Miss F. Clairmont
Tidy..............................Miss K. Bentley
½ Doz. Sauce Dishes & Bread Plate.....Miss D. Boyd.
1 Doz. Table Napkins.....Mrs. G. W. Bleecker
Pair Kid Boots & Rubbers.......Mr. M. Powel
Table Spread.................Mrs. E. Eastwood
2 China Cups..........................Mrs. Muloy
Large Glass Dish.............Mr. James Bailey
Large Glass Dish...............Mrs. J. S. Mills
Large Glass Dish............Mr. C. Clairmont
Vase.............................Miss S. Clairmont
Bread Plate..............................Miss Caverly
Pair Corner Brackets...........Mr. D. Caverly
Pair Pepper & Salts...................Mr. Bonter
½ Doz. Sauce Dishes...........Miss Haughton
½ Doz. Table Napkins...........Mr. A. Brooks
Pair Cake Plates...............Mr. W. Warren
Pickle Cruet & Cake Plate......Mr. & Mrs. W. Loucks.
Silver Butter Dish & Pendant...Mr. Robinson

The good wishes of their many friends are cordially extended to the happy couple. May a long life of happiness and prosperity be their portion. COM.

Marmora, March 25th, 1886.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Hiram Smith has taken the contract for building the Nerrie hotel, Springbrook.

Mr. Frank Boldrick arrived here from Ottawa recently on a visit.

Mr. Geo. Seeley has purchased the Pringle mill property, Huntingdon.

Mr. Wm. Lagrow went recently to Watertown, N.Y., on a protracted visit to relatives.

Some more of the Rawdon Boys heard from.

Messrs. Frank Butler and D. W. Mack, who have been attending the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, have just returned home, each having in his possession a diploma awarded by the Examining Board and Professors of the College, authorizing them to practice the noble science of veterinary medicine and surgery. These gentlemen passed very honorable examination, each carrying off honors and certificates of honorary membership. Mr. Mack, who, by-the-bye, came within a few marks of being called up for the gold medal, intends taking a couple of weeks rest and then proceeding to a town in Indiana, where his numerous friends wish him unbounded success.

Y. S.

Notes from the Country.

The person who subscribes himself Bethel in your last issue seems to contradict the fact that some people come late to church. If such is the case how is it that the preacher has to speak so often to them about not getting out in time, and that a few Sundays ago he quoted something he saw in the paper and said that he hoped the reporter would continue writing about it until they would get out in time. He also says that, as I am not a regular church-goer, I am not qualified to talk of church affairs. As to the fact of my not being a regular church-goer, I presume the writer is slightly mistaken. As to the qualifications for writing what I have about church affairs, I do not think they require to be very extensive. In reference to the church extension being talked about, all I have to do is to call the writer's mind back to the night of the social which was held on Feb. 2nd and to a Thursday night not long ago, and if he was present on those nights no doubt he will remember it being spoken of.

Mr. Hugh Scott met with an accident last week while sawing wood with a circular saw, by having his hand cut quite badly.

Mr. Oscar Badgley, of California, is in this section visiting his relatives.

Mr. B. F Butler arrived home from Toronto on Saturday, having got through his studies, and is now a full-fledged veterinary surgeon.

Mr. H. J. Meiklejohn also arrived home Toronto, having been in attendance at the Medical College.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

DEAR SIR,—For fear some of the readers of your worthy paper might mistake me for your correspondent at Sine, I would wish to say I am not. DAVID SINE.

Sine, March 30, 1886.

Plant Rows of Evergreens.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

SIR.—In a little while, when the portions of forest left when clearing the country have fallen or been cut down, Ontario will, it is to be feared, suffer much from want of shelter. In those portions where the forest is already gone throughout large spaces, much inconvenience is already felt. The winter winds are much more bleak, residence more disagreeable and also more unhealthy, while travelling is much impeded by the drifting of snow and is not nearly so pleasant otherwise as that of a former day. There is, apparently, but one resource likely to be generally available. That resource is the planting of rows of evergreen trees.

Of course, if large plantations of any kind of forest trees were likely to be made, they would answer for a deep border of deciduous trees will give shelter from wind by its breadth, though the trees be destitute of leaves. But as this is not nearly so easy as to plant a single row, it is better to recommend the evergreens, which can be planted rapidly and cheaply in rows, and when a few years old will give excellent protection. I know many windbreaks of this sort, here and in the States, fine, solid walls of green, summer and winter, a most beautiful enclosure and ornament for a farm, and so improving its climate that no one who has taken the trouble to secure them would be without them again for any consideration. A number of such rows crossing a country would not only improve matters in winter but, by preventing too rapid drying out, would greatly aid the effect of summer showers in assisting the growth of crops. Trees in a certain proportion have a most beneficial effect on agriculture. It is calculated by eminent scientific authorities that a country one-fourth in woods and three-fourths in cleared land will yield larger crops than one altogether destitute of trees, though it were all in crops.

Young evergreens can easily be procured in many places, and, if care is taken that their roots do not dry, (when the resin hardens and kills the tree) they will transplant very well. Pine makes an excellent windbreak and so does cedar or the spruces, native or Norway. In the States they are planting them largely, being procurable when small at a very low rate by the thousand. If the demand existed, they could, I have no doubt, be grown as cheaply by our own nurseries.

There is no doubt that a few days of such work (days often obtainable, for though the land be too muddy and soft for a team we can often with advantage plant trees, and a cloudy day is far better than a sunny one) would be of more real value, both to a farm and its neighborhood, than anything else which could be done. Yours &c.,

R. W. PHIPPS.

Toronto, March 27th, 1886.

Auction Sales.

On Tuesday, April 6th, on lot No. 23, con. 8, Sidney, a lot of farm stock, implements, etc., belonging to the estate of the late Matthew Norris. Sale at 10 o'clock, a. m. Free lunch at noon. C. Butler, auctioneer.

On Thursday, April 8, on lot 7, con. 4, Rawdon, a quantity of farm stock, implements, etc., belonging to the estate of the late John Jeffrey. Sale at 1, p.m. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Work at Home.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, Mass., cautions all women to be wary of advertisements and circulars promising—on receipt of a certain sum—work at home, with large earnings. We are receiving letters from women far and near who have been defrauded by these promises. Either the person forwarding the money gets no answer at all, or the materials and implements sent are of little worth, or the finished work is rejected even if well done, or other obstacles are placed in the way, (the object being simply to get rid of her.) The parties advertising make frequent changes of name and address, with some difference in circulars. They are now sending out through the United States, Canada and the Provinces, hundreds of thousands of plausible circulars, well calculated to deceive, for not many of the hundreds of thousands of women receiving them are aware that by a single advertisement any city firm can get plenty of workers close at hand.

Learning that this evil can best be checked by enlightening the public, we solicited the aid of the press and the following continuous notice appeared in our daily papers, each in turn giving it one week's insertion:

"The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 74 Boylston Street, will gladly give information regarding circulars and advertisements offering to women Work at Home."

It is earnestly desired that newspapers everywhere help to enlighten the public by copying the whole of this present article and by giving the above notice, or a similar one, frequent insertions; also that women's associations, variously located, join us in this work, and by suitable advertising make themselves known as centres of information. Any needed assistance from us will be gladly rendered. Individuals can aid by procuring the insertion of this article in their local paper.

Such general concurrence of effort will save multitudes of women from sorrow and loss, work effectively against the swindlers, and promote the interests of the honest advertisers.

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ,
President Women's Educational and Industrial Union, 74 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Address letters to our Employment Department.

Trenton expects to be lighted by electric light about the 1st of May.

Col. Irvine, who has been superintendent of the Northwest mounted police, has resigned, and Mr. Lawrence Herchmer has been appointed as his successor.

The cheesemakers in Lennox have decided not to commence operations in their factories until May 10th. Each one is bound in $100 to keep the agreement. The cheese men are in fact boycotting the markets.

Inspector Lally, of East Hastings, entered complaints against Felix Gabourie, Philadelphia Clairmont and E. H. & Chas. Hyke for selling liquor on Sunday. All three acknowledged the charge and were fined $20.

The Hastings *Observer* has ceased publication in Hastings, after an existence of a little over half a year. The plant has been purchased by a Mr. Clark, who intends removing it to Campbellford and starting a second paper in that village.

Births.

In Sidney on March 30th, the wife of LAMBERTON WINDSOR, of a son.

Marriages.

At the residence of the bride's father, on March 24th, by Rev. C. M. Harris, Mr. JAMES LORENZO HICKEY and ANNIE, daughter of Mr. THOMAS WARREN, all of Marmora.

At the residence of the bride's father, on March 29th, by Rev. R. M. Pope Mr. GEORGE I. ROSEBUSH and IDA E., daughter of Mr. ANSON CUMMINGS, both of Rawdon.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 17th ult., by Rev. Dr. Neill, Mr. JOHN B. GLASSFORD and Miss MARY JANE STEWART, daughter of Mr. William Stewart, of Seymour east.

Deaths.

In Stirling, on March 30th, HARRY MORRIS ON BLACKLEY, eldest son of Mr. J. V. Blackley, aged 5 years and 11 months.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Judge Monsseau is dead.

That slight cold you think so little of may prove the forerunner of a complaint that may be fatal. Avoid this result by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the best remedy for colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis, incipient consumption, and all other throat and lung diseases.

Sam Jones has given up tobacco.

HORSEMEN, ATTENTION!

When your horse is galled, scratched or cut, or has an ugly sore, bathe twice daily, and apply MCGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it. Be sure you get McGregor & Parke's. Sold for 25c. per box, at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Counterfeit $2 bills have been issued from the Bank of Montreal, which were not discovered to be bogus until they were being used to pay the police.

FLUID LIGHTNING.

All sufferers from that terrible torment, Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning briskly rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning also cures as effectually Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

At a meeting of the Cabinet on Friday, the act incorporating the Manitoba Central, Emerson and Northwestern Railways was disallowed.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. Ask your neighbor or any person who has used it. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottle given free.

"How are we going to get through our spring and summer's work? We are all run down, tired out, before it begins." So say many a farmer's family. We answer, try Ayer's Sarsparilla. This is just the medicine you need, and you will pay compound interest on the money it costs you.

The executive committee of the Canadian press association met at Toronto on Friday night, when the libel law was fully discussed and arrangements were made to bring the matter immediately to the attention of the government. The annual trip has been talked of and British Columbia will likely be chosen.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

Jay Gould has consented to arbitration, and G. M. W. Powderly has ordered the men to resume work.

FOR Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Mr. John Burton, assistant to the General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, has resigned his place

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

Chamberlain's and Trevelyan's resignation has caused great indignation among the Liberals and Home Rulers.

OBSTRUCTIONS of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

A motion in favor of a universal penny postage was voted down in the Imperial Parliament.

A VALUABLE FIND.

James Alex. Sproul, of Orangeville, says he has found Burdock Blood Bitters to be the best medicine he ever took for kidney complaint, with which he was long suffering. He declares B.B.B without a rival.

A tornado of unusual severity swept from Helena, Ark., west, on Tuesday last.

MUCH IN A LITTLE.

Hamilton Dowd, writing from Burns, Ont., says he was afflcted with chilblains which were very sore and painful and which nothing relieved until he tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil; less than one bottle cured him.

Professor Tanner, who has just returned to Ottawa from the Northwest, reports that the feeling among the people of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories is most hopeful.

NEAR STARVATION'S DOOR.

Mrs. Nelson W. Whitehead, of Nixon, was a chronic sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint, and was scarcely able to take the most simple nourishment. Even a swallow of water caused great distress. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured her, when all else failed. She heartily recommends the remedy to all sufferers.

Sir John Macdonald's health is improving rapidly, though he will probably not be able to attend the House for some days.

A WIDE RANGE.

A wide range of painful affections may be met with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. James M. Lawson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks of it in high terms for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, and many painful complaints too numerous to mention. It is used internally or externally.

Malignant diphtheria is very prevalent in Fulton county, N. Y.

"WHOOP IT UP."

Probably one of the most difficult complaints to doctor is whooping cough. When treated by ordinary means the poor victim is left to whoop it up as best he can. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam gives relief in this as well as in all throat, bronchial, and lung troubles.

The Central Prison at Toronto was damaged by fire to the extent of $10,000 on Sunday.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddick, N. S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

CHEAP

Furniture

—AT—

MARTIN'S.

10 per cent discount off for Cash only.

And still the MONSTER SALE goes on at

DREWRY'S.

SALE PRICES

ON EVERY PIECE of GOODS in STOCK

Thousands of Dollars worth of new, first-class Dry Goods selling at sacrifice prices.

700 yds. 45c. black velveteen, selling at 25c.
One case of 10c. all linen Towelling, selling at 5c.
Two cases 15c. Feather Tickings, selling at 10c.
One case 25c. Tickings, selling at 15c.
One thousand, all linen, ladies' Collars, sale price 5c.
500 pairs Ladies' Linen Cuffs, sale price 3c.
48 doz. ladies, 3 button, dollar, Kid Gloves, selling at 39c.
250 doz. Ladies' Bustles, selling at 12½c. & 19c.
300 pairs Ladies' Hoop Skirts, sale price 19c.
300 pairs Ladies' 50c. Hoop Skirts, sale price 25c.
1,000 yds. of clean, strong, all wool Tweeds, sale price, 35c.
1,200 doz. new Dress Buttons, sale price 5c.
Hundreds yds. of cream, blue, pink and cardinal Satins, worth 50c., selling at 25c.
2,000 yds. 20c. Dress Goods, sale price 10c.
1,000 yds. 30c Nun's Veiling, all wool, sale price 17c.
1,000 Children's Guipure Lace Collars, selling at 10c.
Hundreds of yds. Curtain Net, selling at 8c. 10c. 12½c. & 15c.
100 pairs Spoon Busk Corsets, sale price 40c.
Heavy, black, gros grain Silk, all silk guaranteed, selling at 69c., 83c. and 93c., worth twice the price.
Thousands of yards of colored dress Silk, selling at 50c. They are 22 inches wide. They are sold all over at $1 00.
Thousands of dollars worth of Satin Marvelliux.
Fine, all wool, French Dress Goods. Fine Mantle Cloths. Fine Black Cashmeres. Fine Imported Scotch Tweeds.
Boxes of Fine Plushes. Fine all over Embroideries. Hundreds of pieces of Embroideries are all being sold at sale prices, and the crowds are still buying at

DREWRY'S

BON MARCHE,

TRENTON.

160,000 FEET OF STOCK LUMBER

JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE AT

J. BOLDRICK'S LUMBER YARD,

STIRLING, CONSISTING OF

Dry Flooring, 1x6, Red and White Pine.
Ditto, 1¼x7 & 8, Red and White Pine.
Sound Dry Plank, 2x10; 13, 14, 15, 16 and 18 feet.
Stock Boards, 1x10.
Scantling, 2x4, Dry or Green.

Good Terms will be made with builders for their full requirements of Lumber for the season of 1886.

WELCOME!

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3 25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.
New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.
New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.
New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.
New Scotch Tweed Suitings.
New English & French Worsteds
New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS

CAN BE SOLD.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS

AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN

AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE

—FOR THE—

COUNTY of HASTING

I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to.

T. G. GILLESPIE,
Campbellford, Ont.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS. JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

DYSPEPSIA.

SYMPTOMS Variable Appetite, Faint Gnawing at Pit of the Stomach, Rising and Souring of Food, Heartburn, Wind in Stomach, Choking Load from Food Undigested, Bad Taste in Mouth, Headache, Constipation, Foul Coated Tongue, Low Spirits, Wandering Pains—especially in Left Side.—Languor and Debility.

CAUSE Too Hearty Eating; Eating too rapidly; Too free use of Stimulants; Too much greasy and animal food—gravy, pastry, cheese, pickles, etc.; Neglected Constipation; Bad Air; Lack of Exercise; Hurrying to Hard Work—either Physical or Mental—immediately after Eating, is the source of many Stomach Troubles.

CURE Regulate the Diet and Mode of Living; take active Exercise, but not too soon after Eating; Shun Stimulants; Avoid Late Hours, Rapid Eating, and overtaxing the Stomach; Regulate the Bowels; Avoid drinking at Meals; Abandon all Narcotics, such as tea, coffee, tobacco, liquors, etc., as far as possible. Eat only plain nourishing food. Milk or pure water is the best drink. Take Burdock Blood Bitters, which Regulates the Bowels, Promotes Perfect Digestion, Makes Pure Blood, Tones the Stomach, Regulates the Liver and Kidneys, and thus Restores Perfect Health and Strength to the Debilitated System.

Burdock Blood Bitters Cures Dyspepsia.

HARDWARE!

SEE OUR STOCK OF

AXES, COW CHAINS,
ROPE, SCOOPS,
SHOVELS, WHIPS,
MANURE FORKS,
SLEIGH BELLS,
BUCKSKIN MITTS
HOUSE FURNISHINGS
READY MIXED PAINTS,
PAINTS OIL,
LEAD & VARNISHES,
GLASS NAILS,
IRON & STEEL

All Sold at Bottom Prices.

BURRELL'S AXES 60c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Grain Cracking!

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at SPRINGBROOK, On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MILES MASON.

Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office, Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 30.

THE

Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches.

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE McGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, &c., - - Stirling.
OFFICE—Opposite Milne & Clute's Store.
W. A. F. CAMPBELL, Manager.
6 PER CENT YEARLY Money to Loan on Farm Security. 6
MORTGAGES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve., April 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L. D. S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.55 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.46 "	
Cen. Ont. June	5.18 "	11.03 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	11.19 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	11.35 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.45 "	4.55 "
Peterboro'	6.42 "	12.31 p.m.	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.44 "	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.50 p.m.	3.20 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	11.29 "
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario June.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of ROBERT J. CRAIGE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107, of the revised statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Robert J. Craige, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, merchant, deceased, who died on or about the sixth day of March, A. D, 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, to Charles Craige, of the Village of Stirling, agent for Jane Craige, of the same place, executrix of the last will and testament of the said late Robert J. Craige, deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 8th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses, and a full statement of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the said executrix shall not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by the said executrix, or her said agent at the time of distribution.

Dated at Stirling, April 7th, 1886.

CHARLES CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, the above named executrix.

Notice to Debtors!

IN THE MATTER OF ROBERT J. CRAIGE, DECEASED.

ALL PARTIES IN ANY WAY INDEBTED to the estate of the late Robert J. Craige, in his lifetime of the Village of Stirling, either as a member of the firm of Chas. Craige & Brother or otherwise, are requested to settle their accounts before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1886.

After that date all accounts, notes, etc., will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. CHAS. CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, executrix.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the stock of goods of the late firm of Chas. Craige & Brother, I am now getting in a full stock of spring and summer goods, and will continue the business as usual, and hope to see all our customers and as many new ones as possible.

CHAS. CRAIGE.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for -	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for - - -	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel - - - - -	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup - - -	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap - - - -	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea - - - - -	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea - - - - -	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

I OFFER FOR SALE THAT NICE RESIDENCE now occupied by Mr. W. H. Hastings, on Front Street, formerly the late Wm. Martin's residence.

Also to rent, if not sold,

65 ACRES MORE OR LESS,

Being part of Lots 18 and 19, in the 8th Concession of Sidney, lately owned by Bird Vandervoort, lying between the road leading to the Oak Hills from Hart's Mill and John Hanna's place and on the south by the concession line and on the north by the Frankford road and Hart's Mill.

G. A. SKINNER,
March 23, '86. Belleville

HORSE FOR SALE.

A LARGE BROWN HORSE. WILL BE sold cheap.

MILNE & CLUTE.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE his House and Lot at Springbrook. The house is new, having been built last fall. Terms easy. For further particulars apply to E. CANNIFF, Harold.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barn-yard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. Ask your neighbor or any person who has used it. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottle given free.

Scrofulous

Eruptions, such as Tetter or Salt Rheum, are the result of a diseased condition of the blood, and may be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Selby Carter, Nashville, Tenn., was, in his own words, "saturated with Scrofula, and covered with eruptions;" but a few bottles of

Consumption,

When not fully developed, may be cured by purifying the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mary D. Weeks, Lowell, Mass., who had been, for years, afflicted with Scrofulous Consumption and Ulceration of the Lungs, says: "From the day I commenced taking Ayer's Sar-

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

sarsaparilla effected a permanent cure.

my health and strength steadily improved."

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

Dominion Finances.

The Finance Minister of the Dominion, Hon. Mr. McLelan, made his budget speech in the Dominion Parliament on 30th March.

The statement deals, as usual, with a period of three years. For the year ending June 30th, 1885, the actual receipts were $33,190,618 and the expenditure $36,537,060, showing a deficit of $2,346,442. Included in the expenditure is $1,697,867, paid by the Department of Militia and Defence on account of the rebellion, $93,950 for Mounted Police, and $82,375 for Indians on same account. By deducting the sum of these amounts the Government shows a surplus of $27,741. The expenditure for the current year, which will end June 30, 1886, Mr. McLelan estimates at $38,550,000, and the revenue at $33,550,000, showing an estimated deficit of $4,950,000. Of the expenditure $3,500,000 was on account of the rebellion. By deducting this from the gross expenditure, the Government reduce the actual deficit to $1,450,000. The estimated expenditure for the next fiscal year is $33,124,550, and an estimated revenue of $34,500,000, showing an estimated surplus for 1887 of $1,375,046. This last is, of course, wholly conjectural. There is no estimate here for expenditure on account of the rebellion. Does the Government expect that $5,201,831 already allowed will cover the cost. The lowest estimate until this was $7,000,000, and the general opinion was that it would amount to $10,000,000. The public will be agreeably surprised at the absence of the expected duties upon tea and coffee which it was supposed would be taxed in order to augment the revenue. It would, however, have been much better to have put taxes on them than upon fruits, which are so much needed to counteract the meat diet prevalent in Canada. Another satisfactory announcement is that the Canadian Pacific will, on the first of July, redeem its bonds, by the payment to the Government of twenty million dollars in cash. The Company owe the Government nine million dollars besides, and this amount the Government has agreed to cancel by accepting what they consider its value in lands. This is, of course, a valuable concession to the Company; the Government has more land on its hands already than it knows what to do with. The Company should be willing to concede something in return for it—say the monopoly clause or the immunity from taxation clause of its charter.

A Railway Commission.

The bill constituting a Court of Railway Commissioners in Canada which Mr. Dalton McCarthy, with invincible pluck, is again attempting to push through the Canadian House of Commons, has, broadly speaking, two objects. The first is to provide a means by which the law of the land regarding railways may be put into force. As matters now stand the railways are a law unto themselves. It is almost useless to attempt to enforce any portion of the Railway Act in the ordinary courts, and to a certain extent the railways have broken through the provisions of the common law as well. For instance, it is against the law to kill a brakeman because it cheaper to do so occasionally, than to equip freight cars with automatic couplings and brakes, but the railway companies do it every week or so with impunity. It is a violation of the law for any railway company to grant a shipper a special rate which would give this individual a preference over other shippers from the same point. Some assert that this law should not be observed because special rates are always given by railway companies to large shippers, who are entitled to the same privileges as large customers of a private firm. The cases are not analogous. There is nothing in the cost or risk of hauling freight by the carload that justifies a lower rate to one shipper than another, and the effect is most demoralizing. It is, practically speaking, giving to one man the power to drive all his competitors to the wall. There is many a man at the head of a large business in this country to-day who was placed there by the mere pleasure of a railway company. Right or wrong—and it is wholly right—the law is the law, and it is being constantly broken, both in the letter and spirit. Mr. McCarthy's bill provides a means for enforcing this law as well as for putting an end to disputes between railways which are inimical to the public interest, and for the equalization of rates, as far as possible, between localities. The second part of this bill provides for a check upon the violation of the spirit of railway charters by the virtual amalgamation of lines, and makes some necessary amendments to the Railway Act. That this bill should be firmly opposed by the railways that are now above the law, and by those who get special rates and free passes, is not difficult to understand, but its principle should be endorsed by all whose interests are those of the majority.

Storm Prophets.

THEIR PREDICTIONS FOR THE LAST TEN DAYS OF APRIL.

Prof. Foster, meteorologist, of Iowa, has the following weather prediction in the Leavenworth, Kansas, *Times* of April 4th:

"Great storms will pass over the United States in succession during the last ten days of April, and all shipping interests, especially on the Northern seas, should prepare to protect their property from heavy rains, high winds, sleet, snow and extreme changes of weather on land and from dangerous gales on the Lakes and Atlantic coast. The heaviest of these storms will be over the Mississippi basin about April 25th or 26th, west of that earlier and east later."

Mr. Walter H. Smith writes:—

"A despatch from Leavenworth announces storms and cold weather for the last ten days of April. These, however, were located six months ago in my Almanac as follows:—'Sudden change about April 22nd and 23rd, to colder, with high winds and unsettled weather—Heavy showers in sections—Rainy and cold, wind storms in West and Northwest—Stormy, unsettled, high winds; tornadoes probable in tornado sections—cool—April ends with frequent showers and some heavy rains in localities."

Floods are causing great damage in Ohio and Western Pennsylvania.

The Ways and Means Committee of Congress have accepted those portions of the Morrison tariff bill placing fish, salt, flax, hemp and wool upon the free list. The Democratic majority in the House may be expected to agree moderately well with the Democratic majority in the Committee, and, in spite of Senator Fry, next summer may see Canadian fish and Canadian salt imported free into the United States. It is stated that it is the intention of the Committee to saddle the free fish clause with one of those semi-belligerent provisos of which American legislators are so fond, to the effect that unless Canadian ports are opened to American fishermen the free fish clause shall not apply to Canadian fish. Canada has always been ready to barter privilege for privilege. The serious matter for our fishermen is to be excluded by an almost prohibitive duty from their natural market. The stipulation, if it is added, is not likely, therefore, to prove a bar to the free admission of Canadian fish into the United States. It is now barely two years since Congress abrogated the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington and gave up privileges for which the United States had paid a round sum to enable it to tax Canadian fish. It is now proposed to sweep this tax away. If the House agrees to place fish on the free list it will be a moderately clear proof that free trade principles are gaining ground rapidly in the United States.

The Prohibition Issue.

In regard to temperance, the complexion of the present Parliament is well known. The Senate is strongly in favor of reactionary legislation; the Commons have been divided into three categories, those who do not want prohibition, those who want it but think the country not ready for it, and who would therefore vote against it; and those who favor immediate prohibition, who are in a minority. In view of the convincing proof the country has given of its readiness, the Dominion alliance has resolved that the House of Commons be again polled, if not on the abstract question, which might give an illusory result, then on some distinct practical issue which would show exactly what members are genuine supporters of prohibition. Hopeless of making anything of the present house the Alliance girded on its armor for immediate warfare at the polls. The general election is yet some distance off, we do not know how far. But municipal elections are frequent. In the working of the Scott Act and in a multitude of ways the importance of having friends of prohibition in every office has been abundantly proved. It was therefore resolved, wherever possible, to place prohibitionists in every position. In the province of Ontario very many Parliamentary positions are filled by men who have taken the preliminary degrees of public service in the township and county councils. If, then, we are to get prohibition candidates when the time comes we must prepare men for the occasion by having them in training in every minor position. This process will also keep our election forces in training. The whole movement looks forward to a move all along the line to secure the next House of Commons so strongly for prohibition that even the beer-loving Senate will, with all its contempt for the people, fear to oppose the popular will.

Suggestions in Dress.

No richness is ever attained by a great number of inexpensive ornaments.

If a lady attract attention in the street, it should be by the unconscious grace of her person and manner, not by conspicuous dress.

Falling curls should never be worn about a face that is thin and angular; they exaggerate the long lines of the face and make it appear thinner than it really is.

The shawl is a graceful and convenient wrap when worn by a tall woman, or even one who is of medium height, if she be slender; but it invariably drapes a short, stout woman clumsily.

It is not necessary to be conspicuous or peculiar in order to avoid the slavery of fashion, but no fashion should make us adopt what is ugly, unwholesome, or inconvenient.

A short sacque is rarely becoming to any one. The circular cloak, if long, is a graceful garment, and gives height. A wrap that is a mere cape at the back, covering the arms to the elbow, and in front has long, slender scarf ends drawn together at the bottom of the waist, is almost universally becoming.

A glove too small for the hand is quite as ungraceful as a loose, wrinkled one. Dark gloves make the hand appear smaller than light ones, and are nearly always in better taste, though the effects of a glove harmonizing, rather than contrasting with the dress, is always good. Cheap kid gloves are almost invariably ill-fitting and wear badly.

A tight shoe can never look well. It causes a limping gait, and the pain it brings the wearer distorts the face. To walk well a woman should be gracefully poised upon comfortably shod feet, with erect head, moving easily forward with the free, unconscious motion that denotes full lungs and a strong back.

Red-haired women should choose black, cream-white, dark-brown, gray, olive-green or peacock-blue colors in dress. The black or the brown may be brightened with corn-colored ribbon or flowers; with white, turquoise-blue may be used to advantage. All bright reds, bright blues and ginger-colored browns should be avoided.

As a rule, rich, bright colors are becoming to ladies with dark hair, white, delicate hues should be worn by women with yellow hair and blue eyes. With auburn hair and gray eyes, warm tints prove most becoming, but brown-haired, brown-eyed women have the greatest latitude of all, as dark, light, delicate, or bright colors may be worn by them with good effect.

Finally, remember that each age has its beauty. Be comforted by this thought when the wrinkles begin to come, and the gray hairs. Instead of striving to imitate youth, let middle-aged women be content to give up dressing upon a delusion, and make the best of what they are. Though they cannot appear as youthful as the violet of April, or as fresh and spirited as the wild rose of June, let them remember the chrysanthemum of November is a wholesome and not unlovely flower, and it blooms sturdily on in spite of frosts.

It is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have made arrangements to secure a large emigration from Europe to the Northwest during the coming summer. Let us hope that the report will turn out to be true.

The British government has ordered an investigation into all the circumstances attending the loss of the steamer Oregon, about which the theorists have been wrangling ever since the vessel took her downward plunge.

The recent heavy rains did far more damage in Eastern Ontario than in the west. Freshets carried away bridges, damaged mills and caused washouts which seriously impeded traffic on nearly all the lines of railway between Toronto and Ottawa.

Mr. Walter H. Smith, of Montreal, who claims to have inherited the mantle of the late Mr. Vennor, says that "April will not be all sunshine." Well, it would be an extraordinary month if it was. He also says 'April is likely to end and May open cold with sleet, cold rain, snow flurries and strong winds" Time will tell if he is a true prophet.

Mr. Charlton's measure for the punishment of seduction in certain aggravated cases, has received a second reading in the house of Commons. The position of the mover is somewhat stronger than on previous occasions, as the discussion aroused by the defeat of the principal clauses of the measure in the Senate has shown that public sentiment is strongly in favor of the bill. The presentation of a large number of petitions for its passage, signed by women, ought to weigh with the house. However, it is hardly likely that the present parliament will allow it to pass. After it has been mangled in committee, what is left will doubtless be thrown out by the Senate.

The new license act provides that a light in a bar room during prohibited hours shall be deemed prima facia evidence of the sale of liquor; also that any proprietor who allows persons to frequent the bar room during prohibited hours shall be deemed guilty of an infringement of the act. It is also provided that persons not inmates found in a bar room are liable to a fine of not more than $10 nor less than $2 for each offence. It is also a punishable offence for a dealer to dispose of liquor to any person who sells it illegally. Any person holding a beer and light wine license who is convicted of selling liquor shall be disqualified from a license for the succeeding year. The municipal council has a right to pass a by law prohibiting shop keepers who hold licenses to sell anything else but liquor.

Veiled Spirits.

"Where do the angels dwell?" you ask. Why, here and all round
Are ministering spirits, clothed in strange disguises found;
Know them in rough and homely forms, in rudest garments clad,
Restraining men from evil ways, encouraging the sad:
Look keenly under human shells in every strangest place,
And see behind the thin disguise an angel's patient face.
Look for them in our humblest homes: in mansions, too, they dwell,

The household angels which our eyes have never seen too well,
While looking off afar to see to see some spirit clothed in pride,
And never recognizing once the angels at our side;
Yet there the heavenly tenant lived in some familiar form,
And there the sacred angel fire kept home's affections warm.

In field and highway, house and street, they daily gather round;
They tread with weary hearts and feet the cold and stony ground;
They shiver in the wintry winds; they suffer grief and pain;
They work with never-ceasing toil in garments poor and plain;
And yet, withal, they do their work of kindness and of trust,
And cultivate the flowers of heaven in uncongenial dust.

The mother who is daily vexed by thoughtless words, you say;
The poorer brother, whom you grieve with scorning by the way;
The little ones, in tattered garb, so carelessly passed by;
The weeping ones, whom you regard with hearts and eyelids dry;
All these who suffer in their sphere who bear some other's cares,
May be the angels that for you are shining unawares.

Ah, look not far away, my friend, into the distant skies,
For those who thickly gather 'round in homeliest disguise,
Whose spirits minister to yours in kind and simple ways;
Whose presence sanctifies your ills and blesses all your days,
Go forth with wakened eyes and soul, and in each homely face
The true sign manual of heaven, the angel patience trace:
And crushing out the blinding pride, the eagerness for pelf,
Go join the kindly spirits, and an angel be thyself.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE RURAL CANADIAN for April has been received. It contains thoughtful articles on the following subjects:—The India Wheat Scare; A few words on the Potato Rot; and a most interesting description of a Gold Medal Farm. Rural Notes are not quite as extended as usual; but the Farm and Field, Sheep and Swine, Poultry and Pets, and Garden and Orchard Departments are full of seasonable reading. Music is omitted from this number. Published by C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Mr. Gladstone's political opponents of all shades are trying to form a coalition against him.

It is possible that the Northern Pacific Junction Railway will not be opened till the 1st of November.

A bill has passed the United States Congress appropriating $500,000 to erect a monument to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

A Mr McMahon, a lawyer of Kingston, has absconded with $18,000 of other people's money. His defalcations have completely ruined several parties.

The Right Hon. Wm. E. Forster, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland under the previous Gladstone Ministry, is dead. He had been ill for some time. Mr. Forster was 68 years of age.

We have received the first number of the Campbellford *News*, a new paper which has just been started in that enterprising village by Mr. A. Neal Clark. The proprietor says he does not start in opposition to the *Herald*, but because he thinks there is room for another paper in that prosperous community.

Young man, it is a good thing to keep on the right side of your dollar. It makes a great difference in your comfort and prosperity whether you spend 95 per cent. or 100 per cent. of it, but, it is a positive insult to the dollar to spend 105 per cent. of it You will be sorry enough when the dollar gets a fair grip upon you. A dollar resents a mortgage upon itself. It will never serve you cheerfully if you dispose of it before you get it.

The town of Napanee suffered from a very destructive fire on Monday night last. Several fine business blocks were destroyed and the loss is estimated at $110,000. It was at one time thought that the fire was beyond the control of the local fire brigade and help was asked from Belleville. The Belleville engine, with a number of firemen, went down by special train, but upon arrival it was found their services were not needed and the engine was not unloaded.

A serious fire occurred in the *Mail* building, Toronto, on the morning of the 1st of April. It was discovered in the upper portion of the main building and before extinguished caused damage to the extent of about $50,000. The telephone company, whose central office was completely destroyed, are the heaviest losers, their loss being estimated at $35,000. The building was damaged to the extent of some $15,000 or $20,000. The rooms occupied by the *Mail* newspaper were uninjured.

A Mr. Martin, of Thurlow, lost a valuable team of horses by drowning in the Moira river, at O'Brien's bridge, on Saturday morning last. The roadway was overflowed with water and the team shied, throwing the occupants out of the rig, and the force of the current carried his team away. The occupants were rescued with difficulty. Mr. Dennis Cowan, of Tyendinaga, had a narrow escape from drowning at the same place. Ross's flats, near Foxboro, were also overflowed so as to be impassable.

Stock raising in the Northwest has already attained vast proportions. It is stated that there are upon the grazing grounds of the Albert district alone over 76,000 horned cattle, 10,000 horses and 21,000 sheep, held at an estimated value of $3,731,000. Considering the short time that has elapsed since the first ranche was organized up there, this is an excellent showing. The annual natural increase of the cattle is estimated at 25,000 head. Ten years ago or less, most people would have regarded a proposition to establish a cattle ranch upon the prairies of the Canadian Northwest as the height of folly.

Twenty years ago the chief feature of the plains beyond the Missouri was the countless herds of buffalo everywhere to be seen. Now all have disappeared. Theodore Roosevelt says there are not 1,000 buffalos in America. It is said one may travel a thousand miles on the plains and never be out of sight of a dead buffalo nor within sight of a live one. But *Harper's Bazaar* has the curious statement that a new species of buffalo is developing in the woody precipitous regions of the mountain ranges; it shuns the open plains, lives in small herds, is endowed with great activity, and is a clear case of the "survival of the fittest."

Another verdict of $1,000 has been given in a Montreal court against the Toronto *News* on the charge of libelling the officers and men of the 65th regiment, at the time they were on their way to the Northwest last spring. The plaintiff in this case was Major Dugas. A later despatch says:—At a meeting of the officers of the 65th battalion it was proposed to take measures to force the Toronto *News* to make a full and satisfactory retraction of the libellous article against the regiment, in default of which actions for damages are threatened by every officer for $1,000, non-commissioned officers $200 each, and private $50 00 each; total for the whole battalion, 70,000.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CARD OF THANKS.

I, MARTHA JEFFREY, WIDOW OF JOHN Jeffrey, Jr., have this 5th day of April, A. D. 1886, received a cheque for one thousand dollars from the Executive Council of the Independent Order of Foresters, per officials of Court No. 120, located at Stirling, being amount in full on endowment certificate claimed by me as heir thereto.

For the promptness and satisfactory manner in which my claim has been satisfied, I thank most sincerely the principals of the Order of Foresters, and those officials connected with the Society in Stirling. Hoping Court "Oak Hills," No. 120, may prosper and afford protection to the community.

I am respectfully, etc.,
MARTHA JEFFREY.

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner,
or to A. GLASS,
Stirling.

MORTGAGE SALE.

PURSUANT TO A CERTAIN MORTGAGE, default having been made in payment thereof, and made by the late John Clemenger, I shall offer for sale at

SCOTT'S HOTEL, in STIRLING,

—ON—

THURSDAY, the 22nd Instant,

At noon, that parcel of land in the Township of Marmora, composed of the east quarter of lot 20, in the first concession of Marmora.
TERMS CASH.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Belleville, April 6, 1886.

MORTGAGE SALE.

I SHALL OFFER FOR SALE AT
SCOTT'S Hotel, in STIRLING,
—ON—
THURSDAY; 22nd of April, 1886,

At noon, under and by virtue of a mortgage which will then be produced, village lot 6, on the north side of Church Street, and lot 8, on the south side of Shurch Street, in Stirling, known as the "E. D. Allen place," lately in possession of Mr. Mendell. A good dwelling house is on the lot on the south side of the street, and a fine brick building, which can be converted into a dwelling, on the north side. Terms upon application to

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Vendor's Solicitor.

Belleville, April 6, 1886.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of John Jeffrey Jr., Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of John Jeffrey, Jr., late of the Township of Rawdon, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of March, 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned, executor of all and singular, the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of the said John Jeffrey, Jr., deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 15th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the undersigned executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required; and the undersigned executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the undersigned executors, at the time of distribution.

Dated at Rawdon, April 6th, 1886.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor, Stirling P. O.

NOTICE.

License District of North Hastings.

A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS will be held in the

Town Hall, Stirling,

AT 10, A. M., ON

Wednesday, 21st day of April,

For the granting of tavern and shop licenses for the license year 1886-7.

The names of applicants for licenses that were not licensed during the present year, are:

Bryan Lynch, for the "North American," Village of Madoc.

William McMunn, for his house, known as the "Mermon," Township Mayo.

George Whitty, for the "Harold House" in the Township Rawdon.

Garrot Badgley, for the "Scott House," Stirling.

Duncan Nerrie, for a house at Springbrook, Township Rawdon.

Dennis Hogan, for his house at Millbridge Station, Township Tudor.

Robert Arkles for his house at the Eldorado, Township Madoc.

The number of licenses issued during the present year was 28 tavern and 6 shop.

The number of applicants for tavern and shop licenses for the ensuing year is 32 tavern and 6 shop.

E. MOUNCEY,
Madoc, April 5, '86. Inspector.

Abstract Report
—OF—
Receipts and Expenditures
—OF THE—
Village of Stirling,

FOR YEAR ENDING DEC. 31st, 1885.

RECEIPTS.

To Balance uncollected taxes for 1884	$ 579 30
Taxes collected 1885	1280 63
Received for Cemetery Lots and Vault Fees	136 00
License fee, Robbins' Circus	15 00
License Fund, Hotels	228 67
Legislative School Grant	107 00
Fines from Magistrates	10 00
Interest on Mortgage	45 70
Clergy Reserve Fund	1 09
Pool Table	15 00
School Levy from Sidney	209 07
Cash from Dr. Faulkner's Bank	293 94
Balance due Treasurer, Dec. 31, 1885	821 63
	$3,702 43

DISBURSEMENTS.

By Balance due Treasurer Dec. 31, 1884	$ 77 23
Interest Railway Debentures	300 00
Loan, Methodist Church, Sinking Fund	600 00
Paid Treasurer School Board	108 09
Election Expenses	13 90
Clerk's Salary, 1884	40 00
School Purposes	1750 00
Sinking Fund, 1885	300 00
Interest carried to Sinking Fund	45 51
Charity	38 95
Paid James Keegan error in assessment	3 00
Paid NEWS-ARGUS, Printing and Blanks	27 40
Local Purposes	400 45
	$3,702 43

SINKING FUND.

Amount Invested, secured by Mortgage	$1250 00
Amount in Treasurer's hands	345 50

We certify that the above abstract is correct.

JOHN S. BLACK } Auditors.
GEO. CRYER }

THE McDONALDS.

A Romance of the Canada Line in 1812 15.

BY T. M. B.

(*Concluded*)

CHAPTER III.—THE OTHER SIDE.

Let us leave the valiant Rory in his tent sleeping the sleep of the just and return to the girl, still fondly remembered, whom he left on the southern bank of the blue St. Lawrence.

When Rory pulled away from out her sight she returned sadly and thoughtfully to her home, where she found her father applying an ancient claymore, that looked as if it had done good service in many a Highland fray, to a grindstone, and her young brother turning the crank thereof with all his might and main.

"Whaur hae ye been, lassie?" asked the old man, as he tried the edge of his sword on his thumb as Jessie came in. "Well father! I was down at Doolittle's house," (which was true as she used to wait there until her lover hove in sight) "for a little while and coming home I met Rory McDonald from Glengarry, and had a—long talk with him, that's what kept me. It's hard to get away from a body sometimes," said the artless Jessie.

"Aye, just so, especially if the body is cad Rory McDonald," said the old man, though not unkindly. "See here, Jessie, I rather like the callant Rory, for he seems a true and manly young fellow. Don't blush, my dear, I'm not blind, I know all about it; but it would be well for you to think no more of the young man; war with England will certainly be declared in a few days, and your chances of ever seeing your sweetheart again are very few. There, dear, don't cry! But, Jessie, make up your mind to try and give him up."

"Never! never! father. I will never, I cannot give him up," and the poor girl sobbed and cried, as all proper young girls do, or should do, under similar agonizing circumstances.

Even war, as we have said before, was declared sure enough. The New York Militia were called out and Hector McDonald, erstwhile Laird of Craig—Karl in that part of Great Britain known as Scotland, but now an American citizen, was gazetted to a captaincy in the Railtown Rifles, N. Y. S. V., and Jessie's father was ordered away to the front with the army on the Niagara frontier and was in active service during all the different campaigns of the war, and gaining his "Majority" through "distinguished conduct on the field," leaving in the meanwhile the forlorn and disconsolate Jessie fatherless and loverless (her mother had died long ago in Bonnie Scotland) in the house of Hiram Doolittle, Esquire, a true born Yankee of the old Puritan stock, where she was received into the bosom of the family as a daughter. In fact, if young Hezekiah Doolittle had his own way she would have become a daughter in earnest, but Jessie, like the true girl that she was, remained faithful to her bold soldier laddie, albeit she knew not by this time he had not been bayoneted or shot and lying with his face looking up to the daisies.

One day a letter came for her, not in the dear familiar hand of her father, dated from the American Headquarters. It merely said: "*Madame,*—Your father is badly wounded and otherwise very ill. He desires to see you and begs that you come at once."

It was signed by a regimental surgeon.

Jessie stood not on the order of her going, but packed her traps and started at once and in due time reached the American camp where she found her father very low indeed.

"God bless you, Jessie! My dear girl, I'm glad you've come," said the sick and wounded man. Don't leave again till you see the end of this.

"Never fear. I'll stay with you, father," replied the almost heart-broken girl, and turned away to hide her tears.

CHAPTER IV.—PEACE.

On the 25th day of July, 1814, the scorching summer sun arose over the gentle slopes and fields of waving grain that looked down upon the rushing rapids of the mighty Niagara below the falls, to witness as bloody a fight as ever occurred in the annals of warfare between contending armies of similar size.

The Americans, under Gen. Brown, contended against the British force under Gen. Riall, and successfully, for Riall was taken prisoner until the arrival of Drummond from Toronto, with 800 men, turned the scale and Brown was defeated and fell back on Fort Erie, which ended the bloody battle of Lundy's Lane.

It was a hard day for both sides. Men and guns were captured and re-captured several times and the wheat was trampled to the ground reeking with the blood of the combatants.

In one of the many fierce and obstinate bayonet charges poor Rory McDonald came to grief. He was wounded, taken prisoner, sent to the American rear and subsequently conveyed with the retiring troops to Fort Erie, where he was sent to the hospital.

While our hero lay stretched in his cot with his wounded shoulder bandaged, a number of American ladies and gentlemen used to visit the hospital, bringing comforts for the poor stricken soldiers, and one day as Rory lay wide awake lamenting his hard fate, an old gentleman in the undress uniform of an American officer approached him, and stood for a while looking at him intently.

"I think we have met before, young man," said he.

"Don't know, sir," replied Rory, with military curtness. "I've met a good many of your countrymen lately," and, adding rather quietly, "see how they've used me."

"Tell me, young man, did you ever rescue a prisoner from the hands of your friends, the Indians?"

"Yes sir. Many a one."

"Did you ever release an officer from two Indians who were going to tomahawk him. He was wounded, and one of your fellows bayoneted one of his captors?"

'Yes, I recollect. It was pretty nearly all day, with the old gentleman that time.,

'Then let me tell you I'm the same officer and I've never forgotten you. Anything you want shall be provided for you and I will try and get you exchanged as soon as you are able to move. But stay, here is my daughter. Jessie, this is the young man who saved——"

Before he could finish the sentence, he found his daughter and the "young man" in fond embrace.

"Halloa! halloa! What's all this?" said the old gentleman, astounded by the sight.

"Why, father, its Rory, my Rory McDonald."

"Yes, Jessie," said Rory, "yours always, and—" (grand tableau).

And so it was. Jessie and Rory were again together after their long and anxious waiting. Rory had no occasion to shoulder his musket again, for before he got convalescent the cruel war was over, and he carried the now blooming Jessie down to his home in Glengarry, her father "thereto consenting." Indeed he went with them, and shortly after their arrival a wedding took place, the like of which never was known to the oldest inhabitant, and great and uproarious were the rejoicings thereat, as the wild Highlandmen, a good many of them Rory's erstwhile comrades, formed a ring, and while the pipers made the adjoining country for miles around resound, they danced while they sang:

"Hey! for Ronald McDonald!
Hey for a bottle of beer!
Hey! for Ronald McDonald!
And hey for a bottle of beer."

[THE END.]

A religious tract, called "Put Not Your Trust in Princes," was thrown into the saloon of a simple old German. He read the title and soliloquized: "Vell, I don't put some drust in princes. Dey must pay der same as vite mans."

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

"What seems to be de need of de hour jist now," said the President as the meeting opened, "am mo' hoss-sense an' fewer demagogues—mo' of de speerit of concession an' less of de speerit of destruckshun—mo' of de speerit of mutual interest an' less of de principle of rule or ruin.

"If I put money into a facktory an' make a success of it, I am entitled to a fa'r interest on my money invested an' a fa'r profit on market values. Beyand dat de income belongs to de workmen who helped me to make it. It am a plain principle of justice in which no one need be mistaken, an' it has only to be followed to keep employer and employe on the best of terms.

"Ebery man am legally an' morally entitled to all the money he can accumulate widout chicanery or oppression. Dat we am not all worf a million dollars apiece am our misfortune, an' blowin' Jay Gould up wid dynamite won't help our cases a bit.

"Dar' should be no reduckshun of pay to faithful workmen except to prevent loss of capital invested. Dar' should be no strikes until compromise has been offered an' rejected.

"While men workin' at starvashun wages may become desperate, it should be remembered dat ebery idle facktory in de kantry am another burden added to taxashun. A ship laid up at de wharf not only carries no cargo, but she am going to decay.

"De workman who am not willin' to render a fa'r day's work am a cheat. De employer who looks upon his workman as a beast of burden am a tyrant.

"De hull question of Capital versus Labor kin be simmered down to this: Reasonable hours—fa'r pay—friendly arbitrashun on all points of dispute. Dar' am noffin fur either side to lose by concedin'—dar' am eberything fur boaf sides to gain by a frank an' mutual understandin'."

NOT ADMITTED.

The Sergeant-at-Arms reported that Hon. Clingstone Sacramento, of Arkansas, was in the ante-room and waiting to address the subject of: "Is Man Deteriorating?"

"I desiah to explain to de meetin'," said the President, "dat dis pusson arrove heah three or four days ago, an' he wasn't in town fo' hours before he got drunk an' was locked up. He has tried to borrow money of almoss' ebery member of de club, an' I hev sized him up as a dead-beat. He am a powerful 'zample of de fack dat man am deterioratin' mighty fast. What am de pleasure of de meetin'?"

Cowslip Johnson moved that the stranger be placed in the hands of Giveadam Jones. The motion was supported, and Brother Jones pulled on his thick boots and quietly retired. When he returned, at the end of seven minutes, he reported that the Hon. Clingstone was moving out of Detroit at the highest rate of speed allowed by the ordinance.

NO OBJECT.

Elder Toots had been hitching around on his chair in a very nervous manner for three or four minutes. He now arose and asked:

"Missur President, would it be any perticler objick for dis kentry to annex Mexico?"

"What do you mean, Brudder Toots?"

"Why, sah, if it will be any objick I will introduce a resolushun to dat effeck."

Everybody looked at the Elder in amazement, and there was a deep silence for a long minute. Then Brother Gardner motioned for the Committee on Physical Development to do their duty, and the three men arose and removed the old man from the hall. When he returned there was a wild, scared look in his eyes, and he dropped softly into his chair and tried to busy his mind on a recipe for making brindle-colored glue.

A CLOSE CALL.

The case of Horizon Smith was then called up. A policeman had arrested him with a chicken in a bag, and although he had been discharged when taken to the station, it was considered an occurrence that ought to be investigated.

The Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture reported that he had made a faithful investigation of this case. While it was a fact that Brother Smith had a chicken in a bag, and was going home at a late hour, his assertion that the fowl came up to him on the street, and was taken home to preserve its life, could not be disproved. Nobody had reported the loss of a chicken to the police, and the committee must therefore report that Brother Smith was an innocent man.

"De report of the committee am accepted," remarked the President, "but I want Brudder Smith to understan' dat he will neber hev a closer call. De next time he happens to be walkin' 'long de street wid a bag on his arm, an' a fat chicken happens to come up an' asks to be adopted, an' it happens dat de owner doan' show up, de name of Horizon Smith will be scratched off our books so quick dat he will think hisself hit by lightning.

WILL INVESTIGATE.

The Secretary announced the following from Hastings, Mich.:

BRO GARDNER—This city is known and always has been opposed to any colored man making his home within its bounds. In our early days there were a set of roughs who swore vengeance on the negro, and to this day not one has ever ventured to make this place their home. It occurs to me that this is a matter the club should investigate and take action on.

H. S.

On motion of Rev. Penstock a committee of three was appointed to investigate and report, and were authorized to expend a sum not exceeding seventeen cents for travelling expenses and stationery.

THREATS.

The reading of the following epistle created much excitement:

ACADEMY CORNERS, PA.

Secretary of Lime-Kiln Club:

Some weeks ago I offered to become an honorary member of your association and lecture on the "Structure of the Mule" for $13. Your President did not present my name on account, I think, of my owning a white wife, etc., which seems to be a violation of your by-laws, No 800. I now wish it understood that I will get there in opposition to Brother Gardner and all other tyrants of his color. I have purchased the influence of many prominent members of the club, and the obnoxious by-law will soon be repealed. I shall be in Detroit in a few days to arrange for delivering a lecture entitled, "How to Dispose of Colored Nerves." All members of the club except Brother Gardner will be admitted free.

PROF. B. X. SWIFT.

Several of the members jumped to their feet to make motions or offer resolutions, but the President waved them down and said:

"Pay no attenshun to de communicashun of disappinted candydates. When de Perfessor strikes Detroit in pusson brudder Giveadam Jones will probably interview him."

The meeting then adjourned.

Sam Jones on Money.

The Rev. Sam Jones, whatever his other characteristics, has a truly Scriptural regard for money. If he is correctly reported, he says: "I have no use whatever for money; I have all the money I want. My needs are supplied bountifully. My family is comfortable and happy, and I can't see what on earth I would do with money if I had it. A couple of hundred dollars in the bank is an abundance, and is all I have. As long as a man has plenty for his wife and children and himself he ought to be contented. I don't think the Lord sent me out into the world to make money; but He did send me out into the world to do good. As far as my wife is concerned, my life is insured for $12,000, the interest on which, when I am gone, will be enough to keep her; and as for my children, I don't want to leave them $1. If they are of any account they won't need it; if they are no good, money would be a curse to them."

Purchase not friends by gifts; when thou ceasest to give, such will cease to love.

THE FARM.

A Rural Remonstrance.

Old farmer Winrow raised his head,
And laid aside his paper;
His spectacles slid down his nose
And rested on its taper.

"Well, I declar'!" he cried aloud;
"This beats the very dickens!
They've gone an' shifted roun' the time,
As sure as chicks is chickens.

"I never heerd, upon my word,
Of anything to beat it,
I rally think them city folks
Hev got their minds unseated.

'An what is this I read in heer?
Great Cæsar! Save the flock!
They're goin' to stretch the hours out
To twenty-four o'clock!"

The worthy farmer scratched his ear
In deepest meditation,
He gazed perplexed upon the clock
With mental agitation.

"For sixty years I've plowed along
As reg'lar as the sun, sir,
An' used the good, old-fashioned time
Without a hitch, by gum! sir.

"They string my fields with telephones,
Or some new-fangled trashes,
They send out one-wheeled railway trains
To everlastin' smashes.

"An' yet, they be not satisfied
With the custems they hev slander'd,
But they must go an' niginate
A new an' fresh 'time-standard.'

"I rally shouldn't be surprised,
Nor my old woman, 'ither,
If them thar city lunatics
Should drap time altogether.

"An some fine day, when we arise,
Our daily race to run,
We'll find that while we've bin asleep
They've turned around the sun!

"But really now I didn't think
(Nor my old Sal, I reckone)
They'd go an' steal from Father Time
Some fifty score of seconds.

"Ah! now I see theer little game!
As I'm a calculator
They've backed their clocks a quarter-hour
To sleep a little later.

Large Crops from Cut Potatoes.

A successful cultivator of potatoes says: When the Early Rose was first brought out I planted 5 lb, which cost $5. They were cut to single eyes and each placed 3 ft. apart, making 47 hills, and the produce was 331 lbs. or 5½ bushels; at the rate of 550 bushels per acre in round numbers. The next year I planted a quarter of an acre, using about half the previous crop, cut to single eyes and two sets in a hill. The 1,200 hills gave 125 bushels, not counting a few bushels dug early in July. One acre of Harisons the same year planted in the same manner gave me 660 measured and counted bushels. The next spring every Early Rose used in the house was peeled thickly and the eyes kept for planting. These thin sets gave fully as large a yield as those bulky ones cut from the large tubers. I have planted similarly cut sets in boxes in the greenhouse for transplanting later into the garden, and the yield was as good as that of the ordinary crop from large cuttings.

The largest yields of potatoes ever grown were produced from rooted cuttings of the stem of the young plant which had no portion of the tuber to draw nutriment from. Last year I took from six to eight sprouts from each bud of a sweet potato and these planted out in the field grew vigorously and yielded over 800 bushels per acre, some of the tubers weighing eight pounds, and the average of the crop being four and three-quarter pounds. Sweet potatoes are all grown in this way: the sprouts being pulled from the seed and this is left to throw out more sprouts. Is it reasonable that the common potato differs wholly from every other growth? And are we now to cast aside the results of thirty years' practice and experience for a new way which is opposed to all this gathered knowledge?

I never found soil too rich for potatoes. I raised a crop equal to 1,200 bushels per acre on an old barnyard; the vines covered the ground in a mat more than knee-deep, and the majority of the hills turned out 12 quarts. Last season I saw over 700 bushels of Peerless turned out of a 3 acre plot. Both of these crops were from cuttings of two eyes each and three sets in a hill, which has been as long as I can remember the common way of planting. It is not the cutting of the seed which makes the present small yield but the loss of fertility; the big yields are always upon rich soil. Potato varieties "run out" only by reason of a continued course of poor soil. Two years ago I had 450 bushels per acre of Early Rose, which was very nearly equal to my first crop grown on better soil.

"There is a Wrong."

A level-headed farmer writes as follows: Farmers do not obtain more than half of the amount the customer pays for meat. The butchers are too greedy, and many of them apparently conscienceless. They are selling cuts now just as high as when live stock cost them from one-third to one-half more. Several butchers offered me for a lot of small but nice lambs from $1 to $1 50 each. I had them butchered and sold the quarters to the village people at nine cents a pound, and they brought me from $2 50 to $3 each and the pelts about 65 cents. The other parts of them paid for all the trouble and time spent.

There should be closer relation between farmers and consumers. It is for the interests of both. I have no objections to the "handlers," but I do most seriously object to their gouging me and robbing the consumer. They should be satisfied with a fair recompense for their labor. The producer is entitled to his share of what consumers are willing to pay. If consumers, who are mainly manufacturers or tradespeople, were not so stupid they might see that the more a farmer can sell at a remunerative price the more means he has to buy their wares with.

The privilege and duty of the consumer is thus plain—to go around the greedy middlemen and put himself to some trouble to encourage the backbone of prosperity in this country, the farmers, to raise good meat and other things and buy direct from them. This sort of trade would revive meat production, now deadened and supplanted by the Western dressed meats; and it would also help dairymen to find some prosperity in their calling. Consumers are paying almost twice as much for good butter as the dairyman gets; and it is an outrage that the retailer or grocer should get nearly as much for mere handling as the maker for all the cost and labor of production.

Preparing for Spring Work.

The comparative idleness of winter makes the horses' shoulders tender, and unless they are hardened, plowing will soon make them sore. The best hardener is strong, pure brine. Apply it with a rag tied around the end of a corn cob. During the work season, soon as the collar is removed, wash the shoulder and apply the salt water. It toughens the flesh, and also cools the shoulder, allaying all irritation and inflammation. Discard all collars much worn, and select new ones now when you have plenty of time. Take the horse to the harness shop; do not buy a collar until you got one that fits well. It is a common fault that one side is harder than the other; be careful to get a collar of equal firmness throughout, and not lumpy, and if it fits perfectly the firmer it is the better. Give all the harness an oiling now, because the oil will be absorbed better than when the weather is warm. Take the harness to pieces and wash it clean with lukewarm water, using a dull knife about the buckles to remove the dirt. Use pure neats foot oil (you will have to pay a good price for it but use no other), with enough castor oil to scent it, and keep the mice away. Apply the oil moderately warm on both sides of the leather, all that is rapidly absorbed. Then hang the harness in an airy place to dry thoroughly. Two oilings a year of harness, except the collars, is enough, but the collars should be oiled every two weeks during the work season, and the sweat and dirt removed each morning with a dull knife. Give the woodwork of the plows a coat of paint. Mineral paint is very cheap and answers this purpose as well as more expensive paints. But use the best oil. If the plows are dull, take them all to the shop now when work is not pressing. Strengthen weak places. Do not wait for breaks, they always occur when the article is in use, hence when they occasion delay. Give the whiffletrees the same attention recommended for the plows. About the easiest way to make a dollar is to take time by the forelock.

CAPT. ZANE'S GHOST.

A Thrilling Adventure on Lake Huron.

Capt. Smithers of the bark Windward, relates the following curious adventure which he had on Lake Huron. "We were," he says, "in the Lake Superior ore trade, running out of Cleveland, and on the return trip we generally managed to pick up a light freight of machinery and general cargo. At the time of which I speak I had command of a schooner called the Black Eagle.

"Well, one night late in the summer, the tug had scarcely let go of us at the foot of Lake Huron, when it came on to blow great guns. We got the schooner snug and shipshape for bad weather and let her slip, having the wind from the southeast. This gave us our course up the lake, but within an hour we had everything double-reefed and two men at the wheel. The sea began to get up in a terrible way, and as I stood on the quarter, and looked back at the waves following us with racehorse speed, it seemed as if every one must break over us. It was near midnight, and we were abreast of Lexington or a little above when I suddenly heard a hail from off our starboard bow. Mind you, the whole crew were on deck at this time, and the schooner was climbing up on hill and hill and sliding down another in a way to make you think her bottom had been greased for the occasion. I had two men on the lookout forward, but they had reported nothing.

"'Schooner ahoy!' came from the water

"I ran forward to the starboard shrouds of the foremast, and peered into the storm and darkness, but could see nothing.

"Schooner ahoy!' came the hail again 'Stand by to take my line!'

"Next instant the end of a heaving line flew over my shoulder, and as I pulled in on it, assisted by one of the lookouts, a skiff drew alongside and a man climbed upon the rail. I was that weak in the knees I could hardly stand up. A man coming aboard of of us in such a cockle shell in such a sea as that was truly remarkable, and you must add to this the fact that he sat there on the schooner's rail as cool as ice and bawled out to me:

"'Hope I haven't put you to any trouble, Capt. Smithers!'

"'Who are you, and where do you come from?' I shouted in his ear.

"'I'm Capt. Zane of the brig Petrel. Don't know your old friends, eh?'

"That made me jump, and such of the crew as had crowded around us gave him sea room pretty quick. Capt. Zane left Buffalo in the Petrel five years before that, and his craft had gone down in a blow with all hands. I had known him well, and in truth this chap on the rail, now that I came to look closer, was as near like him as a twin brother, except that his hair had grown whiter.

"'You—you can't be Capt. Zane,' I shouted.

"'Oh, I can't, eh?' he replied, and tapered off with a laugh which set my blood to tingling. 'Pretty fairish blow, Capt. Smithers. Maybe you have some good whiskey in the cabin?'

"Like one walking in a dream, I went to the cabin and secured a flask of whiskey and returned with it.

"'Ah, that's more like it,' he chuckled, as he reached out for the flask. 'Here's to a speedy voyage both ways.'

"He put the flask to his lips, and, as I'm a living man, he didn't let go until he had drained the last drop. The crew had all crowded off to be out of his way, and, though I wanted to follow them, my pride held me back. As he handed the flask back, I said to him:

"'I thought the Petrel went down years ago?'

"'Y-e-s!' he chuckled.

"'And Capt. Zane went with her?'

"'Oh! he did? Ha! ha! ha! Say, Smithers, you'd better keep her head up a point more, for the wind's drawing more to the east!'

"He reached out his hand as if to lay it on my shoulder, and I started back. At that instant there came a flash of lightning so bright that I could have told the color of a man's hair 200 feet away—a report as if a dozen cannon had been fired at once—and I felt myself struck down. When I came to, the cook was fussing over me, and the rest of the crew were sitting about in a dazed way or had crept down into the fo'castle. Morning was just breaking, and, though the wind had gone down some, there was a heavy sea running and the schooner was head to it, wheel lashed, and drifting with dry decks. It was a long time before I could comprehend what had happened or get at the facts. It seemed that the cap on the mainmast had been struck by lightning. While little injury had been done, the shock had knocked everybody except the cook senseless. Some of the men recovered after a quarter of an hour, and some remained as if dead for nearly two hours. I was one of the last ones up.

"Now as to what happened after I went down I give you the word of the cook, who was a respectable colored man and not given to lying. Capt. Zane jumped down off the rail, let go throat and peak halyards all around, and while he went aloft to stow fore and main topsails the schooner steered herself. When he came down he took the wheel, held the craft up until the jib was full, and then brought her about with her nose to the wind without shipping a pail of water. Then he pulled and trimmed, hauled the mainsail up a bit to counterbalance, and when the wheel had been lashed amidships the Black Eagle bowed and nodded and drove off before the gale in shipshape fashion. When I got my bearings Port Austin light was less than five miles away, and the wind had gone down so that we had little trouble to bring the schooner back on her course. As soon as we reached Houghton every blessed man of the crew, mate and cook included, gave me the slip. Money couldn't have hired one of them to make another voyage in the Black Eagle while I was in command, believing as they did, that my old friend was likely to come aboard again any time."

Why do we Have Eggs at Easter!

Easter is observed among all Christian people as the anniversary of the great event of the resurrection of Christ. He was dead, but returned to life. The egg is taken as emblematic of a return to life. It is to all appearance dead, but we know that if placed under proper conditions, life will come forth from it. The use of eggs at Easter was adopted from an usage older than our era. It was the custom in very early times to celebrate the return of spring by making presents of eggs.

"Why does not Easter always fall upon a fixed day. Christmas is always on December 25th, why should Easter be fixed with equal certainty?" Easter must be on Sunday. It is not a particular date that is observed, but a particular Sunday. How to decide upon the Sunday, gave very early churches much trouble, and there were differences on the account, but the matter was settled at that council held at Nice, in the year 325. The rule was adopted that: "Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after March 21st, and if the full moon happens on a Sunday, Easter day is the next Sunday after. This gives Easter day a wide range of dates, as it may occur on any Sunday from March 22nd to April 25th.

An exchange asks how to prevent older from working. We would suggest that it be placed on the detective force to look up the recent robberies in this vicinity.

Isaacs (instructing his son)—"Ven you zell a coat to a man vot vants a coat, dot's nodding; aber ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't vant a coat, dot's peeziness, my poy—dot's peeziness."

HEALTH.

Concerning Sanitary Science.

"One of the marked changes of our time is the altered position of the physician in the community. The traditional duty of the doctor was to cure disease, and disease was supposed to be a sort of malignant entity which had gotten into the system, and could be expelled only by the most energetic and heroic remedies. Physicians were said to belong to the medical profession, as the chief business of the doctor was to prescribe medicines, which are mostly drugs; while Voltaire wittily summarized the work of the physician as an attempt to work a miracle by reconciling intemperance and health. A half century has altered the whole scope of medical study. Sanitary science profoundly affects medical theories; and the upshot of it all is that the old faith in drugs and medicines of all kinds is fast dissolving. People are everywhere learning that sunlight, pure air, good food, proper dress, regular habits, plenty of sleep,—in short, right living, is a million times better than all the medicines of the world.

"The great physicians of our time are vastly more interested in sanitary science and hygiene than in therapeutics. They are studying anew the questions pertaining to life. They are investigating the conditions of perfect physical existence. They are giving lectures and writing books on the great art of keeping well, of developing physical force, of building up a perfect body. The questions of drainage and ventilation, of the nutritive values of the different kinds of food, and the proper methods of cooking, of artificial exercise, when it is necessary to resort to such expedients, the heating of houses, and the quantity and fashion of clothes that should be worn, are assuming an importance hitherto unknown.

"Everything that relates to the art of living so as to avoid sickness and pain, and maintain the highest degree of power and enjoyment, is invested with new importance. The physician is no longer 'a medicine man;' we send for him when ill, it is true, and value his curtive service as highly as ever; but we would pay him a double fee to keep us well. He is a member of health police, whose function it is to keep people from getting sick, and hold a disease at bay. And instead of killing a doctor when a patient dies, after the manner of the Emperor of China, the skill and proficiency of the physician of the future are determined by his success in keeping his patients strong and well; and should they fall ill, he may be dismissed for a better one."

Moral Necessity of Health.

Life is devoted to the pursuit of *happiness*; and to this, health is obviously endispensable. *Usefulness* is so essential to happiness that all good and enlightened men teach that the most useful life is the happiest; and health is also obviously indispensable to the greatest usefulness. *Morality* is essential to usefulness; and while morality evidently promotes health, it is equally true, though unfortunately not so evident, that health promotes morality; for the laws of health are the laws of nature's God, and obedience to those laws is necessarily good morals, and such treatment of the body as will in no wise diminish the fullness or vigor of its vitality; that is, the capacity for usefulness is demanded by the highest morality. Health and morality are, then, to a great extent interdependent, each one promoting the other. *Knowledge*, as well as morality, is essential to usefulness. How dependent knowledge is upon health is made sufficiently obvious by the fact that however great a man's knowledge may be, he, if sickly, is less useful and happy than is an ignorant man who is healthy. Thus it seems that knowledge, and morality, and usefulness, and happiness - the four great objects of life—are all dependent on health.

WHY WE SMILE.

A literary center—A penny paper.

One swallow doesn't make a Summer, but if it is of the right stuff it will make a fall.

She is called a grass widow, my son, because she is in the heyday of her happiness.

If you're searching for more ignorance than you have on, hand always go to an "intelligence office."

When Foggs heard the landlady below stairs pounding the beefstake he remarked that Mrs. Brown was tendering a banquet to her boarders.

An Arkansas man who had never seen a pair of snow-shoes, followed the track of a pair a mile and a half, the other day, to see "what kind of a varmint made 'em."

Rev. Sam Jones says he doesn't want to die for a year after making a horse-trade. He wants that length of time for solid prayer. Mr. Jones says he has been there. It would be interesting to hear from the man he swapped with.

Bagdad, with a population of 100,000, is said to have no place of public resort or amusement. The Base Ball Association should bear this in mind when making up their schedule for next season.

An exchange remarks that when a man comes home at 3 o'clock in the morning, and after putting his umbrella to bed, goes and stands behind the door till morning, it is time that man was swearing off.

It is easier to raise a hundred dollars for the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to somebody who does not need it than it is to collect the same amount for some poor man from the same persons who owe him the money.

"Pa," asked a little boy, "when a politician goes into office does he have to take an oath?" "Yes." "And when he goes out of office does he take an oath?" "Yes; but there is nothing compulsory about it."

A young fellow named Lemon, living in Hearne, Texas, was cruelly "shook" by his best girl on the eve of their wedding. The backsliding girl cooly observed that she didn't believe she would "take any Lemon in Hearne."

It is a remarkable fact that the questions asked by the man who signs himself "Constant Reader" are generally questions that any primary school scholar ought to be able to answer. Which goes to show that the more constantly read some papers are the less their readers know.

A $1,000 hearse just procured by a undertaker, is described as a gorgeous affair, its principal feature being "a speaking tube leading from the driver's seat to the interior." Nothing more ingenious and convenient could be conceived. When a corpse wishes to halt a procession it can do so without unduly alarming the remainder of the cortege.

"Say, old man, I'll have to recall that invitation I gave you for dinner next Saturday." "Certainly; but, old fellow, I hope there's nothing wrong." "Oh, nothing at all; but we've suddenly taken a notion to observe Lent at our house." "Indeed?" "Yes. You see I dropped a cool $50,000 in stocks, and my wife has discharged her cook. I'm beginning to take an interest in religious matters."

"The plaintiff says," recited the Judge, "that you often deserted her; that you subjected her to shameful treatment; that even you often struck her brutally; you call yourself a man, and strike a woman of 25." The wife, who is in the court-room weeping, with her face in her hands, raises it suddenly at this juncture and exclaims: "I beg your pardon, Monsieur le President; only 24 years."—[French Paper.

A writer on meteorology says: "We know of no such thing as absolute cold." He should have stood on a street corner about an hour a few days ago. He also says that "cold is simply a negative, being a comparative absence of the positive, which is heat." We have frequently noticed that. When a man is freezing to death it must be a great comfort for him to know that there is no such thing as cold, and that what ails him is a "comparative absence of the positive."

FOREIGN ECHOES.

The yearly exports of umbrellas from England are valued at £581,000.

The Prince of Wales is selling large tracts of his Cornwall estates in small holdings.

There are said to be 500 Americans in London living in absolute squalor or charity.

The import duties levied by England on wines made in her own colonies are so high as to be almost prohibitive.

According to the Bishop of London school life is shorter in England than in any other well instructed country in Europe.

A member of the new Government in England is said to have refused to appear in court dress. Mr. Bright met the difficulty by black velvet.

Three hundred and fourteen members of the present House of Commons are in favor of women suffrage, while only 104 are known to be opposed to it.

A recent severe outbreak of scarlet fever in Dorset Square, Marylebone, was traced to the drinking of milk from a cow on a model farm at Hendon.

French temperance people have not yet reached the point of recommending total abstinence. They advise the restriction of drinking to meal times.

The Paris *Patrie*, which calls the month of January, 1886, "the red month," shows that on every day of January there was a murder or an attempt at murder in France.

The life of the missionary in Persia is not a happy one. A postacy is punished with death, and those instrumental in bringing it about are liable to the bastinado.

A patent has been granted in Russia for a lucifer match that can be used an indefinite number of times, the wood being impregnated with a special chemical solution that will allow of some re-use.

A missionary reports that the River Euphrates bids fair to disappear altogether in the spreading marshes just below Babylon, which have ruined the steamboat channel and are now obliterating navigation for rowboats.

The Nineteenth Hussars have taken their fox hounds to Egypt. In the first run an old cow-buffalo charged one of the huntsmen, and he barely escaped with his life, after a chase almost as arduous as the fox was called upon to undergo.

Germany has eight schools of forestry, where five years' training is required of those who seek positions under the Government, although a course of study half as long may be taken by amateurs. France supports a single school at Nancy.

The Severn Tunnel seems likely to prove an expensive luxury to the Great Western Railway. The unexpected tapping of a landspring has occasioned an enormous and unforeseen outlay, and the opening will have to be postponed for at least six months.

Paris is wild with enthusiasm over the violin playing of Herr Joachim. It is impossible to get seats at the Salle Erard, though the uniform price is no less than $4. It is announced that the great violinist will engage at the Chatelet Theater, where there are more than 3,000 seats.

The newest Paris sport is snail racing. The race course is a smooth board, at the end of which is a lighted candle, toward which the snails begin to creep when the room is darkened. There are miniature hurdles on the course and a river, and the famous racing snails are handicapped with pellets of clay.

The Salvation Army made a descent on the boulevard lately from their headquarters in La Villette and occupied the Salle des Conferences. Miss Booth's French was glib enough, but her numerous slips provoked much hilarity. She was, however, much applauded when she denounced war as "the most gigantic mockery of our civilization"

Sir Andrew Clarke, the celebrated English physician, at an inaugural meeting of a course of lectures in London, defined health as "that state in which the body is not conciously present to us, the state in which work is easy and duty not over great a trial, the state in which it is a joy to see, to think, to feel, and to be." Such a condition, Sir Andrew thinks, is not common among men, and, judged by this rule, he declares that one-half the population of London is permanently ill.

Sarah Bernhardt has thrown up her part in "Marion Delorme" in order to devote herself to the study of the role of *Ophelia* for the forthcoming representation of "Hamlet" at the Porte St. Martin. It was with some reluctance that she undertook the part, she says, fearing that she was hardly youthful enough to do thorough justice to Shakespear's heroine. However, she reflected that she was only about the same age as Miss Terry, and her scruples gave way.

The Island of Juan Fernandez, upon which Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, spent his four solitary years, has never since been inhabited until twelve years ago, when the present Governor Rodt settled upon it with a small colony. Rodt is a Switzer. In 1866 he fought for Austria against the Prussians, and in 1870 for France. After the defeat of the French he emigrated to Chili and made himself useful to the Government, at whose invitation he undertook the colonization of Robinson Crusoe's lonely island. Here he has resided for the last twelve years as Governor and Judge. Most of the settlers over whom he presides are German and Swiss. Nearly all the vegetation of the temperate zone thrives upon Juan Fernandez.

An Asiatic mob, according to a recent writer, differs from the ordinary one. All over Asia from Constantinople to Shanghai, vast mobs continually assemble for worship, for jollification, for curiosity, and nobody interferes. The kings do not apprehend revolt from them, the police do not look for riot, the people do not fear accident. In India, Burmah, Ceylon, Arabia, and China immense crowds continually assemble without disturbance of any kind, without endangering public peace and without disaster, save when, owing to the breach of sanitary laws, some devasting epedemic is occasionally generated. A true "mob" of 100,000 persons is a constant phenomenon in India, and is as little regarded by the magistrates as a crowd of 100 would be in London.

The London correspondent of the *Gazette* says: One of the first emigration pamphlets of the season is that issued by the C. P. R. people here, entitled "What women say of the Canadian North West." The very novelty of the idea which is accredited to Mr. Begg the company's representative, must attract attention to the pamphlet. On such matters as the formation of the new home on the prairie, the suitability of the country and climate to child growth, the Indian question, the demand for servant girls and dressmakers, religious and educational facilities, etc., women are specially qualified to express an opinion, and herein lies the practical value of the three hundred or so published replies from all parts of the North-West. Space of course forbids any detailed treatment here of the replies, but there are one or two points worthy of note. Firstly, we cannot help but be struck on reading the replies, representing all classes of settlers, with the indomitable pluck and cheerfulness shown by most of the answers.

A Stab at Liberty.

First Socialist—"Remember the meeting to-night, Josef. Important questions to be discussed. Assassination of Bismarck, blowing up the Washington Monument, kidnaping Victoria——"

Second Socialist—"I have so many duties, Heinrich, I cannot attend. I am——"

"We are also going to decide whether or not we shall have beer at our meetings in future."

"What! Have our rights been questioned? Are our liberties invaded? Heinrich, when Justice calls I am at my post. I will be there."

The Rights of Labor.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A. B.

The demands of labor appear to be pressed to the front by means of strikes and other strong methods with increasing frequency and positiveness. To those who read between lines, or by straws are willing to detect the course of the wind, this fact will be regarded as but the beginning of a struggle which is destined to stretch its length over a pretty long period of time, and to force many things into prominence which do not appear as essential parts of the question at issue. The real problem which is in solution is that which has up to the present baffled every economist. How shall the wealth which is created upon the earth be distributed so as to give something like equal comforts and advantages to those who are equally deserving? The world will not see the end of the difficulties between laborers and their employers until this problem receives a solution more in accord with the spirit of Christianity than any yet offered. The throes of this conflict are but the birth pangs of a new scale upon which the rights of all men will be adjusted more evenly than ever before.

One principle which is sure to be recognized as the outcome of these disturbances is that no man can hold wealth as a possession for his exclusive advantage. A good many already recognize this principle and act upon it. Of what they receive, be it much or little, they hold themselves responsible to distribute some portion for the good of others. The amount which they so use must bear some definite proportion to their total income, and they distribute according to the best of their wisdom among the various objects which they believe to be worthy.

But this cannot be said to be the rule among those who have been most highly favored by the gifts of Providence. What men can get into their possession, by fair means or foul, so long as they can hold it legally, they claim for themselves and their families without any thought that the rest of mankind have a right to be partners with them in the enjoyment which wealth affords. Not only is this true, but the vast multitude have no idea but that it is right that it should be so. The late Mr. Vanderbilt was praised after his death by his own pastor for having given at one time $10,000, and at another $50,000 toward certain objects aimed at by his own church. On such a basis he has been commended as a very liberal man. Now any one who can praise such gifts from one with the countless treasures possessed by this man shows that he has not outgrown the thoroughly selfish conception of the possession and use of property. He knows nothing about the broad, New Testament conception of an owner of property as a steward for God in behalf of humanity. Yet that is where most men are to-day. The greatest millionaire Canada has had was conspicuous while living for the smallest ideas of his responsibility to any but his own flesh and blood; and when he died his will was found to be planned upon the same narrow conceptions. He knew no one but his own family.

Such facts show that the world is yet not, in any adequate degree, awakened to any sense of duty in connection with the possession of wealth, beyond simply the building up of a family in exceptional selfishness and outward splendour.

Now this condition of things cannot prevail. The human race is no more created to submit to this state of thought and action forever, than it was to submit to the tyranny of absolute monarchs forever. It is certain to rise up in some manner and throw off the garment of such ideas sooner or later.

This is not saying that there is no difference in the business capacity of different men, nor does it imply that wealth always goes by accident. Either statement would be far enough from the truth. But sometimes it goes by accident; and through methods of speculation that are perfectly respectable, but all the same the offspring of the enemy of the human race, wealth very often falls into the hands of the most unworthy. Altogether there is so much irregularity in its course and distribution that men would be unworthy of the name if they would allow it to go on distributing its favors as it has done in the past.

When then the high tumult of this strife shall have finally subsided, men everywhere will have learned, not only what many of the most wealthy are beginning to learn, that beyond a certain limited amount, money cannot increase the happiness of a man or his family; but also that endowments of wealth are not designed in the providence of God for selfish enjoyment, or to promote the vain consequence of a man or his family; but to be used on broad and liberal principles, which will make the benefits as nearly as possible common to humanity. Men in general know little or nothing of this yet. This will not be generally recognized now as any part of the problem to be solved, yet it is one of the most considerable elements in it.

When we turn more directly to the issues that appear upon the surface of this struggle we find involved in it the rights of several classes of society. As it is thrust upon the attention by the demands of a strong organization of laboring men, it is proper to recognize the rights of labor at once. Of course a good many absurdities are set up along this line. When men say that labor alone creates all wealth, they are going back to a state of civilization about as old as Adam. In his day labor did create all wealth. If a man wanted fruit he picked it. If he wanted meat he killed it. About the only difference between wealth and poverty, then, in the time of that happy family, was when one had food and another had not because he had not prepared it. Then, in that sense, labor alone made wealth. But there has been no time since, when thought, and the power to organize, and skill to direct, have not counted for something in creating wealth. This is seen in the organization of the Knights of Labor itself. Some brain has given its best thought to this object, and that brain has really done more than all else to make the organization compact and powerful.

But there is room to allow to labor a pretty large claim, and yet retain all the rights of the organizer and director of many hands.

Mill's summary of the rights of the laborer appears about as sound as any theoretic scheme that can now be constructed.

1. The laborer has a right to regular or steady employment. Manufacturers recognize this when they keep their factories open during seasons when it cannot possibly pay them to keep running. They recognize the principle that working men have a right to steady employment.

2. He has a right to such wages as will feed, and clothe, and house, and educate reasonably his family. This is a pretty elastic statement, but its application in practice would always be regulated by public opinion among laborers themselves. These two claims adapt themselves to each other. If, in the nature of the case an occupation does not afford constant employment, then while the work continues the wage must be proportionately higher, so as to equal the minimum wage at constant employment.

3. He has a right to be made sure of his pay, and that regularly. This is already recognized in laws which make wages a first claim upon an estate.

It may occur at any time that employers cannot grant all this, but when this is the case there are some disturbing elements at work. Our civilization is not accomplishing all that may reasonably be demanded of it. Possibly unreasoning speculation has allowed well earned wealth to pour in upon a few fat millionaires, who hold the speculative markets under their control, and sweep into their own hands with unerring precision all that is ventured by small operators. This is, more largely than any other cause, to blame for depriving the laborer of his rights. Under normal conditions any factory that is worth carrying on will yield these three claims to the laborers that work in it, and yet allow to capital its fair dividend. But these disturbing elements are an important part of the problem, and they will be considered in another paper.

A gloomy Christian is like a cloud before the rainbow was vouchsafed.

SCIENTIFIC.

Flannels are best washed in tepid water, prepared beforehand with soap and a teaspoonful of ammonia.

Cold rain-water and soap will take out machine grease where other means would not be advisable on account of colors running, etc.

To preserve and mount sea weed, place it in a large bowl of water above a suitable sized piece of glass. When it has expanded, lift them carefully out of the water on the glass. Arrange the sea weed with the aid of a fine paint brush, lifting off superfluous pieces, and spreading out those that lie too thickly. Press between sheets of blotting paper.

No healthy person need be too stout if only proper attention is paid to diet. Those so afflicted should abstain from, or eat very sparingly of potatoes, sugar, bread, butter, and all fatty or starchy kinds of food; while, in the matter of drinks, milk and chocolate are to be avoided. A stout person may partake freely of lean meat, green vegetables, and fresh fruit. Nuts are to be avoided, as they are oily and therefore fattening.

To prevent mental bankruptcy, avoid, first, excessive indulgence of the emotions; second, frantic desultory efforts to accomplish in one hour an amount of mental work appropriate to double that amount of time; third, every species of excess which experience has proved leads to general constitutional drain; fourth, attempting to do two things at one and the same time; fifth, petty social and other engagements which interfere with the function of sleep; sixth, indigestible food.

The *Lancet* publishes an article giving an account of the successful treatment of carbunculous diseases by the injection of the officinal solution of ammonia. Dr. Arendine claims that it destroys the bacillaria in all malignant pustules, and is a specific in this class of diseases. As physicians have found the carbuncle always dangerous, and almost beyond the reach of remedies, the suggestion may prove of great value to the profession and to sufferers.

Good wheaten bread should be well baked (not burnt), light, and spongy, the crumb being well permeated with little cavities. It should be thoroughly kneaded, of good color (white or brown), not acid to the taste, not bitter, not too moist. When set aside, the lower part should not become sodden. A four-pound loaf loses about one ounce and a quarter in twenty-four hours, about five ounces in forty-eight hours, and about seven ounces in sixty hours. This loss will vary with the temperature, draughts of air, etc.

A cement which is proof against even boiling acids may be made by a composition of India rubber, tallow, lime, and red lead. The India rubber must first be melted by a gentle heat in benzine, and then six to eight per cent. by weight of tallow is added to the mixture while it is kept well stirred; the next day slaked lime is applied, until the fluid mass assumes a consistence similar to that of soft paste; lastly, twenty per cent. of red lead is added, in order to make it harden and dry.

Dr. Cagnoli mentions in the *Moniteur Therapeutique* that, having as a patient a little boy with rheumatic fever, in whom salicylates produced severe gastric disturbance, he had recourse to compresses saturated with a ten-per-cent. solution of salicylate of soda and covered with oilskin bound round the most acutely inflamed joints. The next day the pain and swelling had disappeared from these and the power of motion had returned to them, while the joints which had not been so treated remained exactly in their previous condition. These latter were afterwards relieved in a similar manner.

If oil has been recently spilled on a carpet or floor, put on plenty of wheat flour or whiting to absorb the oil as much as possible. If the spot is near a seam, it is well to open the carpet and place the whiting underneath as well. The next day sweep up with a stiff brush the flour above and beneath the carpet, and put on plenty of fresh flour. If spots persist in remaining after this treatment, they can be removed by rubbing with flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine or benzine. Others use a preparation made by mixing a little soap in a gallon of soft warm water, and then adding half an ounce of borax. Wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the spot will soon disappear.

Halle recommends the following application in furuncle—Tannic acid, one part; powdered gum arabic, one part; tincture of arnica flowers, two parts. This is to be painted over the boil and for a little distance around it, several coats being applied until it forms a thick and firm covering. Halle states that this mode of treatment quickly relieves the pain and diminishes the swelling. When taken in time, the boil disappears without the formation of pus; and, when this has already occurred, the application causes extrusion of the core and prompt healing of the furuncle.

The prevailing fault of a large proportion of toilet and fancy soaps is that they contain such quantities of "free alkali" as to render them decidedly injurious to tender and sensitive skins when habitually used. Although the general public has not as yet been thoroughly "educated up" to the point of appreciating the magnitude of this evil, yet most persons whose skins are extremely sensitive find by experience, this winter, or during the prevalence of easterly winds, that frequent washing with soap and water is impossible without producing much personal discomfort, unless they use selected kinds of soap to which experience has guided them. Many such persons discard soap altogether in favor of materials like oatmeal and powders which do not contain alkaline matters.

The Use of Opium by Women.

A New York paper says: Women are more largely addicted to the use of opium then men are. This is true in the country as well as in the city. I have inquired of the apothecary on this subject, and he has told me that he keeps opium ready in little packets for his women customers, who take it "on the sly." They use it for the same reason that poor men get drunk on spirituous liquors. Trouble, care, the burdens of a hard lot in life lead or drive to drink; it first gives them a pleasing exhilaration, and then it drowns their thoughts in the stupor of intoxication. Women have their full share of the troubles of life. Some years ago I saw the report of an asylum for the deranged which gave the occupations of the patients in confinement. More of them were farmer's wives than any other one class of persons. They were young wives too. Burdened with the cares of the household, keeping no hired help, anxious and ambitious, they succumbed to the load. Before losing their reason how much suffering they must have endured! Poor, weak, tired, working when hardly able to drag themselves about, complaining of a sense of goneness that words will not describe they sink beneath the weight and go deranged or they die. Stimulants are sought in the midst of the struggle. Now it is opium, and now it is strong drink, anything to keep up the spirits or drive away the spectres of harrowing care. The country store supplies them with either the solid or the liquid medicine for their disease, and they take it with a good conscience because it seems to afford at least a temporary relief. This is among farmers in the country. And ladies in the city have even stronger temptations to this vice. When all sorts of parties are going on, parties the very names of which are unintelligible to the innocent ruralist, the exhaustion of life in town is immense. To get dressed for company is a draught on the system. A draught of something is often needed to supply the drain. The round of fashionable visiting, late hours, hot rooms, rich suppers, thin dress and great exposure, reaction following excitement in theatre, opera and balls, all these furnish as strong an inducement to take artificial stimulants as the man of business ever has. Thus women in the city are led into the habit of drinking, sometimes very privately, often without any concealment from the family.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—(CONTINUED.)

Return we, almost with the morning's dawn, to Arabi Pasha's headquarters at the arsenal, so chosen perhaps because the narrow neck of land at that point very nearly converted the peninsula on which the Ras-el-Tin palace is built into an island, and so, in a manner, made him the Khedive's jailer at the outer gates thereof.

But though the war minister is as yet the master of the situation, his sovereign to all intents and purposes his prisoner, and all Egypt backing him up and ready to stand by him, we find him on this especial morning ill at ease and with less confidence than usual as to the future, for three of his leading generals have disturbed him thus early, and each had been the bearer of unwelcome tidings.

Sulieman Zoghelb Effendi has brought the news that the populace are eager for another European massacre and that the troops can't be relied upon for preventing it.

Salem Pasha, afterward known as "The Merciful," is bearer of the intelligence that an immense reward has been offered secretly by the Khedive for his head, and that the Sultan of Turkey has veered round again under British pressure and is about to dispatch thirty thousand troops to Egypt to help restore the authority of Tewfik.

Toulba Pasha, the last arrival and commonly called "Arabi's Brains," brings the information that the British admiral had sent an express to the palace, urging the Khedive to come off to the fleet, so as to escape all dangers from the bombardment that he intended immediately to open upon the forts.

This last intelligence seemed to cheer the war minister rather than otherwise, for he exclaimed:

"If Tewfik accepts the situation all is well, for by the law of nations, for a sovereign ruler to seek refuge from his own subjects on foreign soil or aboard a foreign vessel is an act of abdication. The Khedival throne will be empty from the moment that Tewfik plants foot on the deck of an English ironclad. I could desire nothing better."

But at this juncture a fourth high official entered the Hall of Councils, and on being eagerly questioned by the war minister as to what he had to tell, made answer as follows:

"Your excellency, the Khedive has declined to quit his palace at the British admiral's invitation, saying he will not desert his faithful people merely because he is menaced by a military insurrection, but will rather cast his lot with them."

"Let not that speech of his get abroad," said Arabi, with contracted brows. "It is meant as a bid for popular favor, nothing more. What other news have you?"

"The English and foreign consular and other authorities are all crowding out of the town, early as is the hour, and making their way in boats to the different war vessels, all of which seem to be getting their steam up and two or three to be standing in nearer to the shore."

"That looks like business, gentlemen," said Arabi Pasha, with a grim smile.

"If the Feringhee means acts why should we be bandying mere words?" growled Salieman Effendi, with a hand on his sword hilt; whereat the fierce Toulba Pasha exclaimed: "If Tewfik won't quietly leave the land of which he has been the scourge and oppressor, why not accord him a grave therein and place his Excellency, the Chosen of the Nation, in his place? What is one life when thousands are menaced?"

"Silence!" said Arabi, sternly. "A crime such as you hint at, Toulba, never yet advanced the interests of any cause. I put my trust in Allah and the strength of a good and righteous cause. But I do not intend to remain idle. My forts are ready, my guns are shotted, my artillery men are at their posts and ready to shed their blood for Egypt's freedom. Yet would I still maintain peace if possible, for they who, save of necessity, draw the sword shall perish by the sword. Which of you will venture with a verbal message aboard the British flag-ship?"

The three pashas and the Effendi all held up their hands at once.

But the war minister chose Toulba to be his emissary.

CHAPTER XLV.

NELLIE'S FATHER AND MOTHER SET OUT TO DELIVER HER.

Hardly had the war minister finished speaking when a captain of artillery entered the hall, and advancing, in obedience to a waved permission, whispered something in Arabi Pasha's ear, the only word audible being the name of Trezarr.

He found Nellie's father and mother anxiously awaiting him in a room furnished in a manner that suggested a compromise between official and private life.

When they had made brief mention of the dangers which they had encountered on the way they began to make anxious inquiry respecting their daughter.

"What I have to tell you concerning her must be received in the strictest confidence," said the war minister impressively, "by reason that the life of my informant might be endangered were it otherwise, for harem secrets are the most dangerous of all secrets to be acquainted with, since the betrayal of the smallest of them is death, with sometimes the most terrible tortures superadded."

Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr were much impressed by this speech, and whilst its solemnity caused them to tremble for their daughter's safety, it induced them to promise their host in one breath that they would take his advice and be guided by him in all things.

"It is well," replied Arabi; "know then that our dear Nellie is a prisoner in the Khedival seraglio at the Ras-el-Tin Palace and in the power, moreover, of one who hates her and will sacrifice her to an insane jealousy unless she is prevented."

This explanation by no means tended to allay the anxious parents' fears.

"Let me once get hold of my dear child and I'll bring the palace down with my screams but what I'll bring her out," exclaimed Mrs. Trezarr, and she would have gone on in the same strain ad infinitum had not her husband checked her.

Arabi clapped his hands thrice, and the artillery bimbashu appeared.

He called him on one side and gave his directions, and then, turning again towards Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr, said, with a smile:

"That officer is responsible for your safe custody, and in an hour from the present I hope to welcome your return, with your daughter and my affianced wife accompanying you."

With these words he waved his hand, as though deprecating reply and in haste that they should be gone.

No sooner had they passed out of the room, however, than a sudden thought, or rather suspicion, seemed to strike him, and giving utterance to what sounded very like a muttered Oriental oath, he rushed after them, and catching Mr. Trezarr by his sleeve drew him back a few paces, and said in a half earnest and half jocular tone, but the former predominating:

"Mind that you all three do come back to me. Don't be going aboard one of the British war ships along with the Khedive, for as surely as that your daughter shall be a sovereign princess and the most exalted of all women in Egypt if you keep your word and marry her unto me, so surely will I seize upon all the wealth in your bank and mansion at Cairo, of which I hold the keys, and confiscate all that you possess for the national cause, should you be induced on any pretext to break your word to me."

He waited not for an answer, but hurried back into the room which he had just quitted, where he seated himself cross-legged on a divan, and calling a young Nubian slave to light his chibouque, indulged in the following comforting reflections:

"Trezarr will not now dare to play me false, for his wealth is as dear to him as his very soul, and I can seize upon it at any moment should he venture to leave the country. Then, as to the Khedive, the very thing that I want is to frighten him off Egyptian soil, for I would sooner that his blood was not on my hands, and yet have I every desire that his throne should be left empty, for until empty how can another fill it?"

CHAPTER XLVI.

ELMARR SEIZES THE AMULET AND NELLIE CATCHES THE WHIP.

When we so abruptly left Nellie in the middle of a former chapter, lying half naked amidst the pile of soft and yielding cushions in the almost stifling heat of her prison chamber, we merely said that she slumbered until morning's dawn. She then awoke to find herself bathed in a gentle perspiration, and the pink splotches that the princess' clenched fists had raised on her beginning to turn to bruises.

With a shudder she began to redon her apparel.

Hardly had she completed her toilet when the door of the room was opened and Elmarr came in, bearing on a tray a cup of coffee and some little cakes.

She placed them on the floor, regarded Nellie with an evil leer and was about to withdraw, when our heroine asked her for the necessary requisites for the performing of her ablutions and dressing her hair, whereupon Elmarr grinned and said:

"Her highness, when she has risen, intends to conduct you to the bath and personally to wait upon you there. I am sure that you should feel grateful for such an excess of consideration."

Nellie stammered something or other in way of acknowledgment, but did feel very grateful, for it occurred to her like a conviction that in the bath her loveliness would bring upon her fresh persecutions and sufferings, and that the princess intended to wait upon her for no other purpose than to inflict them, and fiercely gloat over her writhings, her pantings and her struggles the while.

The buffoon read her thoughts in the wild, frightened look of the great violet eyes. She went out of the room and closed the door behind her, whereupon Nellie, feeling faint, drew forth a quaint little silver vinaigrette (a luxury which she always carried about her in that climate of intense heat and numerous evil and unwholesome smells), and applying it to her delicate nostrils inhaled the refreshing essence, hoping that it would do her good.

But the buffoon, who had crouched down outside the door to watch the Feringhee girl through the keyhole, no sooner beheld the pretty and somewhat curiously shaped ornament in the captive's fingers and the use to which it was being applied than it entered into her head that it must be the amulet by means of which she had summoned the devil to her assistance the night before. With a yell, therefore, she suddenly threw open the door again and with glaring eyes and crooked talons rushed to the attack, Nellie, not at all comprehending the meaning of this hostile demonstration, springing to her feet and trembling all over like an aspen.

When, however, she discovered what the hideous wretch wanted of her, she struggled hard to retain possession of the vinaigrette, for it was dear to her as having been a birthday present from her mother, that mother whom she thought she might never see again.

But the fight that she waged to maintain it convinced Elmarr more than ever that it was that which she suspected it to be, so she clutched the wrist and bit at the hand that held it and at last, succeeded in getting it away from its owner, when she immediately rushed from the room, mingling peals of mocking laughter with shrill and excited exclamations of triumph.

When the wretch had again closed and secured the door again behind her Nellie began to wonder how the foul hag could feel so elated over such a trivial thing, for that the woman imagined it to be anything more than a silver ornament never struck her for an instant.

Feeling slightly hungry and intensely thirsty, for the wants of our fallen nature will assert themselves in the most unfortunate and the most beautiful, Nellie now turned to her cakes and coffee, and after eating a couple of the former she drank a cup of the latter.

No sooner had she swallowed it down, however, than a strange, burning taste came into her mouth, and she grew conscious that her thirst had been increased instead of lessened, and increased to a most painful degree in addition.

So this was a fresh torture that had been devised for her, and as she remembered having read or been told how that prisoners had been tormented unto madness by thirst, she shuddered, for the thought that perhaps they meant to give her nothing to drink but this drugged coffee, and so to render her in time a raving maniac.

To overcome such thoughts, or at all events in order to try to overcome them, she went over to the window, and through the strong bars of her cage gazed for hours upon the fair world outside.

An interruption came in a most marvellous form, that is to say, in the shape of the Princess Zeeneh, carrying in her hand a whip and followed closely by Elmarr the buffoon, having a closely stoppered glass jar under each arm.

As she placed these on the floor our lovely heroine perceived that one was half full of scorpions and the other of centipedes, the two most revolting, repellant and deadly of Egyptian reptiles.

She would have shrieked at the sight, for she felt that they were intended for her and knew not that, save by their dreadful tickling as they crawled over her, and perhaps fought each other upon her, they were innocuous by reason of their stings and poison bags having been drawn from them.

But after Elmarr had put down the two jars she disappeared again and then a second time returned bearing a basin, a jug of water, soft towels, perfumed soap and delicate flesh gloves, whereupon the princess observed with an evil smile:

"The white rose of the Feringhees will have to perform her ablutions in her own room on this occasion, for the bath has been monopolized by my brother's wives and favorites. I myself, however, will be her attendant, assisted by the good Elmarr."

"Oh, you mean to hurt me," sobbed Nellie. "What have you got that whip for if it isn't to beat me with? You shall lash me with my clothes on if you do it at all, and I will struggle to the death before you shall set those terrible reptiles to bite and sting me."

Having said this much she essayed to smash the glass of the window, fancying that could she but succeed she might be able to make her shrieks audible to some of the people who were in the boats, but, as though divining her intentions, the buffoon, who was as strong as any man, sprang upon her, forced her away and sent her reeling across the floor.

"Strip!" exclaimed the princess, fiercely cracking her whip. "Off with everything that you have on—everything I say. Ah, you have lost your talisman, your amulet, haven't you, you white witch? The devil can't save you from us now. That is why you tremble so, I suppose."

Nellie could not understand what she meant, but cried, nevertheless, for mercy.

But "Strip! Strip!" was all that the princess could utter in reply.

But, as though Nellie read her every thought, and her intoxicating aspiration as well, she would not commence to disrobe, so that at an imperious command from the princess the buffoon flew upon her again and began to tear off her clothing, Nellie at first resisting, but soon discovering how futile it was to do so against the superior strength that was opposed to her, suffering her arms to fall limply by her side and remaining as passive as though she had been a lay figure in the hands of her assailants.

Off came her dress, then the Princess sprang forward, whip in hand, and slashed, slashed, slashed, slashed, with all her strength and fury, at all that warm palpitating and snowy loveliness, the cruel thong licking around back and arms and bosom, and eliciting from the beautiful sufferer shriek after shriek of anguish.

Heaven alone knows what she might have been called upon to suffer ere it was over had not Elmarr suddenly exclaimed, in accents of mingled horror and alarm:

"Your highness, there is a man coming this way. Maloom, Maloom, I forgot to put your shoes outside the curtain. Oh, what's to be done? What's to be done?"

CHAPTER XLVII.

SHOWS WHAT RESULTED FROM A FORGOTTEN PAIR OF SHOES.

There was nothing to be done, simply because it was too late to do anything.

The heavy footsteps had already reached the centre one of the three rooms, and now a shrill female voice was heard exclaiming in not very excellent French:

"Those are my child's screams! They are torturing her! They are surely killing her!"

There was a single word in response, and the princess, dropping her whip, exclaimed:

"It is my brother, the Khedive! Oh, I am lost! I am lost! What shall I say or do?"

Then in an instant her face changed its expression, and seizing hold of Nellie by one of her snowy shoulders, she hissed in her ear, whilst her brilliant eyes seemed to emit rays of light:

"Now it is your turn to have vengeance upon me. My life is in your hands and you know it. The secret of the opal ring and the lotus flower will destroy me. Well, be it so. I would sooner enjoy another buffet at you than cringe to you for pity."

She smote her with both clenched fists at once and as hard as she could strike, and as Nellie staggered backward with a gasp and a half choking sob, she herself turned sharp round with quivering nostrils, compressed lips and flashing eyes, looking like a superb Cleopatra defying her Roman conquerors, to face those that were coming to disturb her at her inhuman sport, while Elmarr, the buffoon, flew to the other end of the room, and crouching down hid herself behind a pile of cushions.

The next instant, or rather that very instant, the door was dashed open, and in the aperture Prince Tewfik, the Khedive, came to a full stop, whilst Mrs. Trezarr, rushing in, was met by Nellie half way, who, with a paroxysm of sobbing, threw herself into the maternal arms, which, as well as the maternal cloak, was thrown around her.

"What is the meaning of this scene?" demanded the Khedive, furiously, of his sister.

"You had better ask her. You don't expect me to criminate myself, and I am far too proud to excuse or to attempt to excuse myself, even to you," was the disdainful answer.

The princess knew that did her smarting victim tell the story of the lotus flower and of the opal ring as she had related it to her only the preceding day, her doom would be death for having received one of the male sex within the seraglio walls, and how could she hope that she would not tell it after such barbaric treatment as she had just received at her hands?

What was her astonishment when she heard the Feringhee girl exclaim:

"Oh, your highness, I don't wish to say anything. I won't say anything, I have no malice. I only want to forgive the princess and to go away with my mother, that is all."

Her highness gave a great gasp as of relief, but said no word of thanks, and the proud, defiant look still remained on her countenance.

Indeed the Khedive looked the most relieved of the two, for he would undoubtedly have executed justice upon his sister according to strict Moslem law, he yet seemed to feel very glad that Nellie had saved him the necessity of doing so.

. . . .

A quarter of an hour later Nellie quitted the Ras-el-Tin palace between her father and mother and surrounded by the armed guards of the war minister, but Prince Tewfik, the Khedive, quitted it not, for despite all the representations and revelations that Mr. Trezarr had made to him concerning his immediate seizure, trial and execution for treason to the state if he remained on Egyptian soil, on Egyptian soil he was determined to remain notwithstanding.

Nellie and her rescuers had hardly got outside the palace gates when she inquired with some curiosity whither they were about to take her, and not being satisfied with such vague answers as "To a place of safety, my dear," and so on, she plied the question again and again until Mr. Trezarr was driven at last to exclaim:

"We are going to his excellency, the war-minister's, my love. His is the only roof in all Egypt beneath which there is no danger."

"Oh, mamma, I would rather die than marry the war minister. I will never be the wife of a Moslem—of a man who has another wife already. And, besides, you cannot, you will not, you dare not force me to marry any one when I have not been a widow for as much as twenty-four hours," and here a flood of tears came to her relief.

"A widow? The child has taken leave of her senses," gasped Mr. Trezarr.

"No, I have not. I wish to heaven that I had," wailed out Nellie. "I was married to poor Frank in the Catholic church here yesterday morning, only a couple of hours before he was killed by the mob whilst we were on our way to the harbor."

It will be remembered that Arabi Pasha had told the Trezarrs nothing at all of this, as he had not the slightest desire that Nellie should know that her Christian husband still lived, for he trusted that her grief, her despair and that state of bodily and mental prostration in which the victim can hardly be said to care what happens to her would cause the lovely girl to obey her parent's wishes in all things.

Those parents, however, were perfectly bothered and bewildered at what their child had just told them, though it was not long before Mr. Trezarr thought he saw a way out of the scrape.

"Oh, a Popish ceremony is nothing," said he. "You were brought up a Protestant, Nell, and a Romanish marriage is, of course, no more binding on your conscience than jumping over a broomstick would be. Besides, the—the poor fellow is dead—was killed two hours after you were—were imposed upon by a lot of nonsense. Of course, I'm sorry for him, very; but for all that, you are as much Miss Trezarr and as little Mrs. Donelly as ever you were."

"I am so much Mrs. Donelly, papa, that I shall retain the name all my life through, and I, myself, chose the service of the Catholic church because I esteemed it the most holy, solemn, binding and God blessed of all marriage services," replied our heroine firmly.

What answer Mr. Trezarr would have made to such a terrible speech as this, had he been able to make any reply at all, it is hard to tell, but as it was he opened his mouth to let a stone in instead of wisdom out—a stone that caused him to swallow two of his teeth and a great deal of blood from a cut lip as well.

This missile proved to be the advance guard of many such, and from that point all the way to the arsenal the crowd strove its utmost to get at the European whom the soldiery were guarding.

At last, however, the arsenal gates were reached and opened and the Trezarrs and their escort gained the haven of shelter, though followed by a perfect rain of missiles from behind the hastily reclosed barriers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Religion in a Pack of Cards.

A sergeant in an English company one Sunday, marched his soldiers to church and commanding them to take out their Bibles or prayer books; each did so, except one soldier by the name of Richard Lee, who took out a pack of cards, and spread them before him. The sergeant said: "Richard, put up that pack of cards." The soldier said: "I shall not do so." The sergeant said: "If you will not do so I shall arrest you after the service is over." When the service was over he brought the soldier before his lordship, the Mayor of Glasgow, who asked the sergeant, "Why dost thou bring this soldier here before me?" "For playing cards in church, your worship." His lordship says, "Soldier, what hast thou to say for thyself?" "Much do I pray your lordship to hear me." "It is well, if you do not well excuse yourself I will punish you severely. Go on and explain." The soldier said, "Your lordship, I have been six weeks upon the march and I had neither Bible or prayer book, nor almanac. I shall attempt to convince your lordship that this pack of cards has served me for all these." "Go on," said his lordship. "When I look upon the ace it reminds me that there is but one God; when I look upon the deuce it reminds me of the Father and Son. And when I look upon the tray it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I look upon the four it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Mathew, Mark, Luke and John. When I look upon the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins; there were ten, but five were foolish and were shut out. When I look upon the six it reminds me that in six days God created the heavens and earth. When I look upon the seven it reminds me that upon the seventh day He rested and hallowed his work. When I look on the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons who were saved in Noah's ark, namely, Noah, his wife, his three sons and their wives. When I look upon the nine it reminds me of the lepers that were cleansed before our Lord. And when I look upon the ten it reminds me of the Ten commandments which God handed down to Moses, upon tablets of stone at Mt. Sinai." The soldier then laid aside the knave. "When I look upon the Queen it reminds me of that great and good Queen the Queen of Sheba, who was as wise a woman as Solomon was a man; she brought fifty boys and fifty girls all dressed in boy's apparal before King Solomon for him to tell who were the boys and who were the girls. King Solomon ordered water to be brought him for them to wash; the boys washed to their wrists and the girls to their elbows, so that he told by that. When I look upon the King it reminds me of the great King in heaven, who is God Almighty." His lordship said: "Soldier, thou has well explained every card except the knave." The soldier said: "If your lordship will not get angry." His lordship says: "I will not get angry, provided you do not term me to be the knave." "No," says the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the sergeant who brought me before you. When I count the pack of cards I find there are 52, which is emblematical of the weeks of the year. When I count the suites I find there are four, which is emblematical of the seasons of the year. When I count the tricks I find there are thirteen, which is emblematical of the weeks in each quarter. When I count the spots I find there are 365, which is emblematical of the days of the year. So, you will observe, your lordship, that this pack of cards has answered me as a Bible and prayer book and almanac." His lordship says, "Richard, you are discharged."

A Hopeful Electrical Invention.

It is a remarkable fact that while almost every month new uses are discovered for electricity, yet, as a matter of fact, for sixty years there has been no new means invented to produce the electrical current itself. We have to depend upon the zinc plate immersed in a bath of acid chemicals, or on friction for which a steam-engine must be used. But the destruction of the zinc in the one case, and the use of the steam in the other, involves a waste of power which in all, save a few particulars, makes electricity too costly to use either as an illuminant or a motive power. An electrical light is very powerful, but gas or oil is very much cheaper. A train of cars was run by electricity thirty years ago, and cost four times as much as steam. But now comes to the front Henry B. Ford, who claims to have discovered the secret of the cheap production of electricity. If he has succeeded, it will make the greatest revolution known to the history of industry. This new process discards the steam-engine, zinc, and the acids, and relies upon carbon in its cheapest and most accessible forms. Mr. Ford claims that with distillery slops, the *debris* of a gas house, the muck from a swamp, he can produce an electric current sufficiently powerful to replace steam and produce light. Common salt or ocean water is all he needs with the carbonized materials, to induce the current. If his invention is what he claims for it, a steamship can go to sea with some waste carbon, one-tenth the volume of the coal which is now indispensable, and a motive can be developed which will cost but a trifle, and yet will be powerful enough to propel the heaviest and largest steamers from continent to continent. If there is anything in this invention, its possibilities are simply incalculable.

A Significant Story.

A wealthy banker in one of our large cities, who is noted for his large subscriptions to charities, and for his kindly habits of private benevolence, was called on by his pastor one evening and asked to go with him to the help of a man who had attempted to commit suicide.

They found the man in a wretched house, in an alley, not far from the banker's dwelling. The front room was a cobler's shop; behind it, on a miserable bed, in the kitchen, lay the poor shoemaker, with a gaping gash in his throat, while his wife and children were gathered about him.

"We had been without food for days," said the woman, when he returned. "It is not my husband's fault. He is a hard-working, sober man. But he could neither get work, nor pay for that which he had done. To-day he went for the last time to collect a debt due him by a rich family; but the gentleman was not at home. My husband was weak from fasting, and seeing us starving drove him mad. So it ended that way," turning to the fainting, motionless figure on the bed.

The banker, having fed and warmed the family, hurried home, opened his desk, and took out a file of little bills. All his large debts were promptly met, but he was apt to be careless about the account of milk, bread, etc., because they were so petty.

He found there a bill of Michael Goodlow's for repairing children's shoes, $10. Michael Goodlow was the suicide. It was the banker's unpaid debt which had brought these people to the verge of the grave, and driven this man to desperation, while, at the very same time, the banker had given away thousands in charity.

The cobbler recovered, and will never want a friend while the banker lives nor will a small unpaid bill ever again be found on the banker's table.

No man has a right to be generous until his debts are paid; and the most efficient use of money is not alone in alms giving, but to pay liberally and promptly the people whom we employ.

Autumn man sleep on a Spring bed in Winter.

The more we do for God, the more we are indebted to him; for our sufficiency is of him and not of ourselves.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Practical Recipes

SAUSAGES.—If fried, it must be long and gently, but they are much better if baked in the oven with a little water. This steams and thoroughly cooks them; they should be baked until nicely browned and they will not be as dry as when fried. Serve with potatoes, cider apple sauce, plain stewed apples without sugar or sour pickles.

COOKIES.—One cup of powdered sugar, one half cup of butter, one egg, one half cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda sifted three times through two cups of flour; one half of a small nutmeg and a handful of raisins. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the egg, milk and spice and last the flour. Roll thin, cut into round cakes and bake in a quick oven, pressing one raisin into the centre of each cooky.

ROLL PUDDING.—Rub a piece of butter the size of an egg into one quart of flour in which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix with sufficient sweet milk to make a dough that can be rolled out. After rolling it out into a sheet, spread with any kind of fruit, fresh canned or preserved and then roll up, being careful to fold the ends so that the fruit will not run out. Steam one hour and eat with a sauce.

SOFT MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, four tablespoonfuls of yeast, and sifted flour to make a stiff batter. Warm the milk and butter together, and add the salt; beat the eggs very light and stir them into the milk and butter; then stir in the yeast and last the flour. Cover the mixture and set it to rise for three hours or until light in a warm place. Bake in muffin rings or heated gem irons until a light brown. May be mixed at night and used for breakfast.

POCKETBOOK ROLLS.—Take at noon one pint of morning's milk, a piece of butter half as large as an egg, one tablespoonful of sugar and a little salt; boil all together and when cool add one-half cup of yeast (or one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of water) and two quarts of flour; knead as you would bread and set in a warm place to rise. It will be light by six o'clock in the evening; then knead it again. At nine o'clock knead it down again, using as little flour as possible. In the morning roll out without kneading about half an inch thick, cut out, spread very thin with butter, fold over, put in a buttered pan and after letting them rise a few minutes bake.

Household Hints.

A delicately made salad is hardly out of place anywhere. It may be served with roasts of every description, if we except game, and is even acceptable with boiled or fried fish.

Paper bags in which many articles are sent from the grocery stores should be saved for use when blacking a stove. You can slip the hand into one of these and handle the brush just as well and the hand will not be soiled at all, and when through with them they can be dropped into the stove, being much preferable to the cloth bag or mitten, which requires frequent washing.

The tiny red ants which are such a nuisance in many pantries may be easily driven away if kerosene is freely used. Those who have been troubled by them know that they always come in lines, coming through some crevice in the wall or floor, and following one after the other in regular order until they reach the shelf above. If kerosene is turned the entire length of this line also on the place where they come in, the floor, etc., they will soon depart. You may need to repeat this a few times, but it is an easy and effectual method of getting rid of them. Leave the door and windows open awhile and the scent of kerosene will soon be gone.

The proper way to prepare beef tea for a sick person is to cut a good, tender, juicy steak in small bits, broil slightly on a hot griddle, and squeeze the juice by the use of a lemon squeezer in a cup previously heated; season with a pinch of salt and pepper, and administer at once in teaspoon doses. This is the pure blood of the beef, and without doubt is both food and strength for the patient. It should always be squeezed into a coffee or tea cup or previously heated, as, if it is allowed to cool and then is heated, it becomes curdled and is unfit for use. In this way, properly seasoned to suit the patient's taste, it is very palatable and rarely ever nauseates. Having had a great deal of experience in sick, I have found more good results follow from the use of beef blood so prepared than by the use of all the beef teas ever made.

Capturing a Slaver.

Slavery has lost its reality to the youth of our day, and the following description of a slave ship's capture seems entirely out of date. But it was no longer ago than last August that the affair took place which is thus described in a letter to the "St. James Gazette:"

The steam cutter, being short of coal, left one man and an interpreter on the lookout (with orders to mark down any dhows arriving, but not to get into any danger) while she ran down to the depot island to fill up with coals. Scarcely had she got out of sight when in came a dhow. The captain and crew eagerly scanned the surrounding bays and islands for men-of-war boats, and, finding none, dropped their anchor. Perceiving that she was a doubtful and suspicious vessel, the interpreter obtained an old canoe, placed the blue-jacket in the bottom of it with strict injunctions not to show himself, and proceeded to pull off to the stranger. Arriving within a few hundred yards of the dhow, the captain espied the blue-jacket in the bottom of the canoe, and, together with his crew of Arabs (five in number), proceeded to load their guns and flourish their swords. At this crisis the blue jacket, sailor-like, wanted to make a dash for the dhow; but the interpreter, with poor Captain Brownrigg's fate fresh in his memory, was more wary. "Wait a bit, Jack," said he, "we'll get them allright;" and pulling the canoe on the shore, he ran along the beach a little way to a small bay where the boats lie generally hid, and began to shout and shriek to two imaginary boats, telling them to be quick. "Come on, come on," he shouted; "they are going to jump overboard and swim on shore;" and sure enough these five Arabs sprang overboard, and swimming to the shore four of them bolted into the bush, and were not seen again. One of them, the captain of the dhow, finding that the boats did not turn up, made toward the blue-jacket with his gun. Every time the Arab attempted to take aim Jack flung himself down in the sand; and, on the other side, the Arab, who was up to his waist in the water, ducked underneath whenever the sailor covered him with his rifle. Jack did not seem to realize the danger of letting the Arab come within range of his gun until the interpreter had repeatedly told him that if he did not "pink" the Arab, the Arab would "pink" him. So the next chance he got he fired and must have struck the Arab somewhere in the chest, for he just shrieked "Allah!" threw up his arms, and sank beneath the water. When the officer returned he found his man and the interpreter in quiet possession of a 57-ton dhow, with thirty-five slaves in her. The dhow has been condemned, the slaves liberated, and the court expressed an opinion that the Arab's death was perfectly justifiable.

Smooth.

Bicyclist—"What did you mean by telling me that the road was smooth when it is nothing but a stone quarry down there?"

Pennsylvania farmer—"Rocks in the road? Why, of course there was."

Bicyclist—"Why did you not tell me, then?"

Pennsylvania farmer—"Because you didn't ax me. If you had taken the rocks out of the way, you would have found that the road was smooth."

Bicyclist can't see it.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

What man is deficient in sense he usually makes up in mulishness.

In novels marriage ends all. The truth is precisely the reverse; it begins all.

Nature is frank and will allow no man to abuse himself without giving him a hint of it.

We never do ourselves so much good as when we are, at least, trying to do good to others.

Remember this: However small you consider your possessions there is some one who envies you them.

Self-denial and thought for the happiness of others are among the seeds from which shall spring never-fading flowers.

There is no luck, but there is such a thing as hard work and knowing how to make it answer for what others call "luck."

Like a dream is the life of man; like swift ships, seen for a moment on the horizon's edge and then sailing we know not whither.

In expenses I would be neither pinching nor prodigal; yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing than a little profuse.

The whole European and American world is undoubtedly advancing to a broader and more philosophical conception of the true meaning of religion.

It is better that joy should be spread over the whole of the day than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reaction.

More gentleness, more sympathy, more consideration, more knowledge of character, more real respect for one another, are needed in all the relations of life.

A good conscience is an excellent thing, and so too is a winsome manner. It should be carefully cultivated. When frankness becomes rudeness, it should be properly checked.

No matter how low down man may get there is not more than one in every 100 of them but will prove true to a small trust if his pride be strengthened by your seeming faith in him.

Much of the world is prejudiced against facts, because facts stick to the text and don't go out of the way to concoct a palatable medium for the world's own genteel taste and wise opinions.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

Simply believing the truths of religion doesn't make you religious; you may appreciate right and yet not do right; weeping over martyrs is not as heroic as having had your amp suffered at the stake.

One breach of faith will always be remembered, no matter how loyal your subsequent life may be. People may imagine that they trust you, yet all the time they have an eye to the former break.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

Let the strong defer to the weak, the healthy to the sick, the wise to the unlearned, the skillful to the unskillful, the righteous to the erring, and the roots of equity will be strengthened, and the rich fruits of human love and happiness will abound.

It does not disgrace a gentleman to become an errand boy or a day laborer, but it disgraces him much to become a knave or a thief, and knavery is not the less knavery because it involves large interests, nor theft the less theft because it is countenanced by usage.

What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life, to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest in each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the last parting?

Helen Jackson never wrote truer words than these, which were penned about one year ago: "It is a piteous thing to see how, in this life, the gentler and finer organized nature is always the one to suffer most, and come off vanquished in collisions, and the coarse grained, brutal one to triumph."

The bad men in society are always ready for rebellion. The bad element in politics is always treasonable in its nature. When treason raises its bloody hand, every good man and true is in honor bound to enlist for the war in defense of virtue, integrity and allegiance to the best interests of mankind.

Only he who puts on the garment of humility finds how worthily it clothes his life. Only he who dedicates himself to the spiritual service of his brethren, simply because his Master tells him they are worthy of it, comes to know how rich those natures of his brethren are, how richly they are worth the total giving of himself to them.

No man can afford to let go of any influence which helps to save him from vulgar and commonplace views of life; from false types of excellence; from the paltry competition which strives above all things after material success; from the deification of current popular opinion; and the desire to swim with the stream, and spread the sails to the passing breeze.

That man has learned a great lesson who has learned to accept himself as he is given to himself. We may build a thousand airy castles as to what we would do if we had the genius of a Milton or of a Newton; but nothing will ever come of such airy castle-building. The real question that should interest us is, What work can we best do, without the genius of Milton or Newton, but with ourselves as we are. When we answer that question, we stand at the threshhold of the door that leads to the highest success of which we are capable.

Capturing a Bear.

One day lately a Manners Sutton, bear-hunter, went out in pursuit of his sport. He came upon a track near Nutter's some distance to the south of York Mills, following which for about one mile a bear was discovered in his lair. The only weapon the man was provided with was his axe with which he struck bruin a blow. The beast got mad at this and showed fight. The hunter thinking discretion the better part of valor retreated as fast as possible. The bear soon overreached him, however, and got his paw on the snowshoes. There was a flounder in the snow and a fight at close quarters. After a while our hero got on his feet again and made for a tree, which he managed to climb, not much the worse for the encounter. The bear, however, had got badly hurt; yet, not content with tearing the man, made efforts to get up, too, but found himself too weak for the operation. He solaced himself for about half an hour by acting the part of a belligerent, then started to go away. The man came down and followed; there was another encounter at close quarters, when, with a well directed blow of the axe, the bear was stretched out to be numbered with the slain. The carcass was found to weigh 315 lbs., sold next day for $20 and has since been shipped to Boston.

A New and Valuable Oil.

There are now enormous crops of peanuts grown in our Southern States, as well as in Africa and South America. The peanut is relished by many people whose digestion is strong. It makes an economical and fattening food for hogs and cattle, but its chief value now is the oil it produces. Under proper manipulation the nut yields nearly fifty per cent. of a bland, almost colorless fixed oil, not unlike olive oil, and used for similar purposes. It is a non-drying oil, and remains fluid at several degrees below the freezing point of water. Some of our finest and most valuable toilet soaps are made from this oleaginous extract from the peanut.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Work is being actively prosecuted at the Richardson gold mine at Eldorado, and the results are very satisfactory.

Mrs. O. R. Lambly desires to express her most sincere thanks to the unknown donor of a beautiful quilt received the other day.

Mr. J. W. Pearce's advertisement in another column will be of interest to all parties who want good goods at low prices. Give him a call.

An abstract statement of the receipts and expenditures of the village of Stirling for the year ending 31st Dec., 1885, will be found in another column.

If you want to get your pictures framed in the best style and at lowest living prices, leave your orders at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A full assortment of mouldings now in stock.

Mr. George A. Eggleton, of the 2nd con. of Rawdon, has a goose egg which beats the one noticed last week. It measures 12¼ inches one way, and 8¼ the other, and weighs 11¼ ounces.

There were 1276 trees planted in the different school grounds of Hastings County on Arbor day last year. In Lennox and Addington only 250, and in Prince Edward County only 20. It is intended that Arbor day be observed annually.

While the creek was at its highest flood last Thursday, Mr. John Conley went out in a small boat to try and secure some floating material, and was upset into the stream. He managed to get out all right, and is none the worse for his cold bath.

The *Canadian Bee Journal*, published by Jones, Macpherson & Co., of Beeton, Ont., has entered its second volume with an increase in size from 16 to 20 pages, and no advance in price. It contains a great deal that is interesting to all beekeepers.

As will be seen by advertisement in another column, the license commissioners for North Hastings will meet in the Town Hall in this village on Wednesday, the 21st inst., to consider the granting of hotel and shop licenses for the ensuing license year.

The special evangelistic services are being held nightly in the Methodist Church. The great storm of the week interfered somewhat with the attendance, but the interest is increasing and much good is being done. The public are cordially invited.

One day last week a young lad was arrested for trespassing on Mr. Jerome Conley's property. Mr. Conley had repeatedly forbid parties trespassing, but without effect. A number of persons have been in the habit of trespassing on this and other properties in the village, and now the owners are determined to put a stop to it, so all concerned had better beware.

Three persons were charged before the Police Magistrate at Belleville for allowing black knot to grow on their premises. The case was dismissed as the parties stated that they did not know it was unlawful, and had cut down the trees as soon as they knew it was against the law.

The trains on the Grand Junction division of the Grand Trunk, both east and west, were over two hours behind time on Wednesday morning last on account of the great storm of the previous day and night blocking the road with snow. Trains on the main line were also greatly delayed.

A special meeting of the Village Council is to be held on Monday evening next. The principal business will be to decide as to the advisability of rebuilding the bridge at Ferguson's. A large number of the ratepayers are opposed to its being rebuilt, as they think three bridges across the stream in this village are enough.

The entertainment which was to have been given by Miss McGarry on Tuesday evening last had to be given up on account of the severe storm raging, although Miss McGarry was in town and prepared to do her part. It is probable she may visit this place some time in May and give an evening's entertainment then.

It is rumored that proceedings at law have been instituted in an interesting breach of promise suit, the parties to which live in the township of Huntingdon. It is understood that the principals in the case are quite willing to drop the matter, but that some of the relatives of the lady insist that she must have damages to sooth her wounded feelings, or as some say to gratify their spite. Some interesting developments may be looked for if the case goes to trial.

Belleville had considerable of a blaze early on Tuesday morning last. Between six and seven o'clock fire was discovered in what was known as the Cronk block, and in a short time it was totally destroyed. Though a high wind was blowing at the time the efforts of the firemen succeeded in confining the fire to the block in which it originated. Mr. Geen, druggist, is the heaviest loser, his loss being estimated at $18,000, half of which is covered by insurance. The building was valued at $10,000, and was insured for $6,000.

Three young men from Rawdon, named John Parks, Albert Reed and Azariah Bartlett, were brought before the Police Magistrate, at Belleville, on Wednesday of last week, to answer a charge of assault against Charles Kyle, a young lad of about fifteen years of age. On the Friday previous the accused, as they say for a joke, took Kyle to a barn and drew him up by one leg to a beam, where he was left hanging with his head downward for three quarters of an hour. After hearing the evidence the three young men were fined one dollar and costs, amounting to $5.10 each.

In those days, when so many books come out that only prove "a weariness to the flesh," it is a treat to receive such a package as came to us recently from R. H. McDONALD DRUG Co., 528 to 532 Washington St., New York. Chief among them are "Our Ladies' Book," "Farmers' Hand-Book," "Merchants' Manual," and "Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco." For four cents, in stamps, the Drug Co. will send any two of the above books; they are well worth sending for. Ten cents, sent to their address, will procure the fascinating game of VERBA, which should be in every household.

The Coldwater, Michigan, *Sun* of March 25th says:—"A donation for Capt. Wescott, of the Salvation Army, was held at the barracks last evening. The proceeds were about $25, which the captain accepted in a few well chosen remarks, in which he took occasion to say that while some people claim that the Army is a money-making scheme, it is an actual fact that the average amount received from those attending is only about three-quarters of a cent, and on many evenings the entire collection falls short of 20 cents. It is now expected that work on the new barracks will be commenced in the near future."

The flood last week caused considerable damage in this vicinity. The bridge across the creek at Ferguson's was swept away. It was feared the bridge below Wright's tannery would also go, but luckily it escaped. McDougall's mill dam is very considerably damaged, and will take several hundred dollars to repair. In the township of Rawdon some five or six bridges were swept away, besides numerous culverts washed out. Traffic on the G. T. Railway was suspended from Wednesday night until Friday afternoon. On the Central Ontario Railway about 100 feet of the track was washed out, causing some interruption to traffic. Taken altogether it was one of the worst floods experienced in this section for many years.

We have received a letter from Mr. William Mosher, Marmora, in reference to a certain affair which happened north of Marmora, some time ago, in which it was stated a Miss Briggs had been enticed to a certain place and then assaulted. Mr. Mosher complains that a letter which appeared in one of the Belleville papers was partly false, and denies many things which appeared therein, especially as regards one Hiram Phillips working in Hickey's shanty with him, and also that one Cheney did not know anything about the affair, but gave false evidence. He also says that the report that he has left the country is not true, nor does he intend to leave. These are the principal points in his letter and we think this will serve a better purpose than publishing his letter in full.

On Tuesday last the Province of Ontario was visited with the worst storm of the whole winter. Most people fondly imagined that winter was past and that spring had come, but before night set in on Tuesday they were willing to acknowledge that winter reigned supreme once more. The day commenced with a high gale of wind from the Northeast, which increased in fury as the day advanced, accompanied in the afternoon with a heavy fall of snow which was blown into drifts greater than any known during the past winter. From accounts in the daily papers we learn that the storm raged with equal or greater fury in most parts of the Province, in some places causing considerable damage and delaying railway trains greatly. The experience of this year and last would lead us to believe that the worst part of the winter comes in April.

Under the regulations of the Education Department the first Friday in May is set apart as Arbor Day "for the purpose of planting shade trees, making flower beds, and otherwise beautifying and improving the school grounds." Last year this day was observed by many teachers and trustees with great enthusiasm, and as a result 30,648 shade and ornamental trees were planted and flower-beds made at 253 different schoolhouses. Besides the planting of trees many trustees and teachers availed themselves of this holiday in cleaning up the school grounds, laying walks and otherwise adding to their comforts and attractions. We hope Arbour Day, 1886 will not be forgotten. There are many schoolhouses in Ontario still susceptible of improvement. Trustees and ratepayers generally should co-operate with teachers and school children in making the school grounds attractive. Full directions as to what trees to plant and how to plant them are given in the new work on School Architecture just issued by the Education Department, a copy of which has been sent gratuitously to every Board of Trustees in the Province.—*Globe.*

PERSONAL.

Mr. S. Caldwell left for Chicago yesterday. He expects to be away all summer.

Mr. W. E. Vandervoort arrived home from Michigan last week. He purposes remaining here for some time.

Mr. Mackintosh, Inspector of Public Schools for North Hastings, was in town on Wednesday and Thursday last visiting the schools.

E. P. Hannaford, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway, was in Stirling on Saturday last, and made a business call on Mr. A. Glass.

Mr. D. W. Mack, who has just graduated as a veterinary surgeon, intends to locate at Logansport, Indiana, about sixty miles south of Chicago and expects to leave here for his new home on Monday morning next, the 12th inst.

A Pleasant Reminder.

Monday, April 5th, being the fiftieth birthday of our worthy townsman, Mr. Jas. Bygott, and on his moving into his new and commodious residence on Church Street, his sisters took the pleasing opportunity of surprising him on that occasion by the presentation of a beautifully upholstered arm chair, with the following address:—

DEAR BROTHER,—We, your loving sisters, take great pleasure in meeting with you to celebrate the anniversary of this, your fiftieth birthday. It affords us also much pleasure to see you so comfortably situated in your new home. We now take the opporunity of presenting to you this easy chair, as a token of our love and regard, while we trust and sincerely hope you may long live to enjoy the same. Wishing you many happy returns of the day,

We remain your affectionate sisters,

MRS. J. BOLDRICK,
MRS. A. CHARD,
MRS. G. BARRAGER,
MRS. P. SINE,
MRS. THOS. CHARD,
MRS. B. F. BUTLER.

To which Mr. Bygott replied as follows:—

MY DEAR SISTERS,—I can scarcely find words to express sufficiently my gratefulness to you, not only for this beautiful present you have given me, but for the genuine expressions of love manifest in the address accompanying it, words indeed which serve to lighten the affliction with which God in his providence has chosen to visit me, to sweeten life's bitter cup and to assure me that loving sisters and friends are ever ready to extend their sympathies and love so substantially as on this occasion; and often while I enjoy the comfort of this beautiful chair it will afford me great consolation that I still retain the love and affection of such kind, generous and noble hearts as yours, my dear sisters.

Trusting I may never be unworthy of your kindness to me, accept the thanks of a grateful heart and believe me your ever loving brother.

Stirling Public School.

The following is the report of the Stirling Public School for the month of March:—

1ST DEPARTMENT.

SEN. 2ND PART—Frankie Vandervoort, 225; Lyda Bull, 231; Will Parker, 221.

JUN. 2ND PART—Minnie Warren, 238; Charlie Langman, 232; Sam McGee, 222.

SEN. 1ST PART—Alice Currie, 103; Bessie Coyne, 101; Aggie Moynes, 98.

4TH TABLET CLASS—John Rogers, 104; Minnie Faulkner, 99; Lizzie Delaney, 97.

3RD TABLET CLASS—Bruce Anderson, 100; Flora Cummings, 94; Charlie Black, 80.

2ND TABLET CLASS—Wilmot Bird, 94; Lottie Conley, 86; Ira Clothier, 83.

1ST TABLET CLASS—Alex. Conley, 64; Victor Cummings, 54; Ella Downs, 50.

Aggregate attendance, 1895; average, 82.39.

MISS SMITH, Teacher.

2ND DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS—Winnie Black, Clinton McGee, May Megginson.

JUNIOR CLASS—Hattie Martin, Minnie Demill, Fred Sine.

Aggregate, 705; average, 30.

MISS MUSTARD, Teacher.

3RD DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS—George Bull, 1153; Tilly Montgomery, 1067; Charles Martin, 1060.

JUNIOR CLASS—Harry Wheeler, 1043; Herbert Barlow, 1008; Chas. Lanktree, 917.

Aggregate, 833; average, 36.21.

MISS HENRY, Teacher.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

FIFTH CLASS—Charlotte Montgomery, 770; Minnie Crosby, 758; Mabel Parker, 738.

FOURTH CLASS—Thomas Donnan, 618; Addie Barlow, 616; Nora Martin, 604.

Aggregate attendance, 645; average, 28.

G. W. SINE, Head Master.

Village Council.

Council met at the clerk's office on Monday last, the 5th inst.

Members all present.

Minutes of the last regular meeting and special meeting read and confirmed.

An account from W. Martin for drawing gravel, amounting to $5.75, was presented and ordered to be paid.

The auditor's report was presented and read. On motion of Mr. Bradley, seconded by Mr. Jones, the report was received and adopted.

On motion it was ordered that an abstract statement of the auditor's report be published in the NEWS-ARGUS.

It was moved and seconded that Mr. Mack be paid the amount due him for cedar delivered to corporation. Carried.

The reeve reported that he had taken the by-law respecting billiard licenses to Mr. Bell, Q.C., Belleville, and that Mr. Bell had promised to send it out in a few days, but had not done so yet. He understood that Mr. Bell had been sick, and that was no doubt the reason that he had not yet reported.

Mr. Bradley brought up the question of rebuilding the bridge at Ferguson's, recently carried away.

The reeve stated that there was no funds at present in the treasury to build the bridge with.

It was suggested that the matter be left to the ratepayers.

Mr. McKee stated that if left to the ratepayers the bridge would not be built.

Mr. Bradley stated that if the bridge was not built he would bring action to make the corporation pay whatever damages it may be to his lot.

Council went into Committee of the Whole to appoint committees for the year. Mr. Jones in the chair.

The Reeve and Messrs. Graham and Jones were appointed a Committee to enforce By-law No. 99, a by-law to enforce public morals.

The Reeve, Mr. Graham and Mr. McKee were appointed a Finance Committee.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. McKee and the Reeve were appointed Street Committee.

Council adjourned to meet at Mr. F. B. Parker's office on Thursday evening, the 8th inst.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, April 6th, 1886.

This March blizzard seems to be anxious to make up for lost time. It is just 6 days too late however.

It is not often the village is visited by sneak thieves, but last Sunday night some member of that class entered W. Deacon's house and stole a watch and chain. It happened while the family was absent at church. This illustrates the proverb "Time flies," but we hope time will hang heavily on his hands as long as he is in possession of the stolen property.

We understand Mr. R. Proutt has purchased from A. W. Carscallen, Esq., the house now occupied by Mr. Deacon and intends residing here permanently. We always welcome worthy citizens.

On account of last week's storm and washouts we had three day's mail on Saturday.

If some one with money to invest would build some dwelling houses in the village there would not be the least difficulty in getting tenants for them.

The building lately occupied by W. Rose and used as a shooting gallery is now to be made into a paint shop by Mr Tomlinson, who has located here. See his posters.

Mrs. Swarts, of Princeton, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dale.

We are informed that J. Jewell intends leaving the village and going to Colborne.

Men are on their way back to the woods to bring down the logs. We trust there will be fewer accidents this season.

New arrivals every week. The latest one is a shoemaker though he has not commenced work yet.

Mr. Strickland, of Peterboro, came here last Thursday. G. E. M.

Sounding Praises

OF MEN WHO WILL NOT DECEIVE YOU.

On Wednesday, April 28th, Consulting Surgeons from that old, reliable and successful Medical and Surgical Institute, (Dr. J. D. Kergan's) of Detroit, Michigan, will be at Scott's Hotel, this town, to consult with and advise, free, all who need medical or surgical aid. In many cases local physicians utterly fail to render the slightest benefit to persons suffering from obscure, chronic and private complaints for the simple reason that they do not have the opportunities, variety of cases, experience, etc., so essential to the success of the physician and the cure of the patient.

Right here is where the specialist, the physician who devotes his whole time to the study and treatment of Chronic Diseases, is needed, and it is in this field that Dr. Kergan and the Surgeons comprising his Medical Council have won a reputation unequalled by any organization in America. They never undertake the treatment of acute diseases but leave all such for the general practitioner to whom that field entirely belongs. There has always existed between Dr. Kergan and general practitioners the most friendly feelings, first, because the Doctor uses only honorable means to obtain his patients and when he has obtained them treats them in a like manner; second, because he is successful, reliable and popular both as a professional and a business gentleman; and last but not least, because he in no way infringes on their (the general practitioner's) territory of practice or seeks to under estimate their ability in their own field of labor. It is therefore easy to understand why Dr. Kergan and the Surgeons whom he has gathered around him are respected by the people, profession and press and universally acknowledged to be Canada's favorite Specialists.

The new R. C. Church at Belleville will be 134 x 57 feet, with no gallery, and a seating capacity for 900 persons. The tower and spire will have an altitude of 180 feet.

Married.

At the the residence of the bride's father, Monteagle Valley, on the 29th ult., by Rev. E. Scammell, Mr. ARTHUR BARTLETT and Miss ISABELLA, fourth daughter of Mr. CHRISTOPHER JORDISON, late of Rawdon.

By lack of open air exercise, and the want of sufficient care in the matter of diet, the whole physical mechanism becomes impaired during the winter. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the proper remedy to take in the spring of the year to purify the blood, excite the liver to action, and restore health and vigor.

Like so many others, the great Kalahari desert in South Africa has been found to be no desert at all, but a grassy plain capable of supporting fabulous numbers of cattle.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

Ladies are called dears because it costs so much to maintain them.

FOR Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

The King of Bavaria owes $5,000,000, but if his creditors can stand it, he'll try to bear up under it.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

Uncle Esek says in the Century: About half serpent and half dove is the right mixture for a man; for woman I should suggest leaving the serpent out.

OBSTRUCTIONS of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

The loss of property by the floods in Alabama is estimated at $2,000,000 and the loss of human life at several hundred.

A WIDE RANGE.

A wide range of painful affections may be met with Hagyard's Yellow Oil. James M. Lawson, of Woodville, Ont., speaks of it in high terms for rheumatism, lame back, sprains, and many painful complaints too numerous to mention. It is used internally or externally.

A VALUABLE FIND.

James Alex. Sproul, of Orangeville, says he has found Burdock Blood Bitters to be the best medicine he ever took for kidney complaint, with which he was long suffering. He declares B.B.B without a rival.

"Beware of Imitations," as the monkey said to the dude.

MUCH IN A LITTLE.

Hamilton Dowd, writing from Burns, Ont., says he was afflicted with chilblains which were very sore and painful and which nothing relieved until he tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil; less than one bottle cured him.

P. T. Barnum's cashier has absconded to Canada with $6,000.

NEAR STARVATION'S DOOR.

Mrs. Nelson W. Whitehead, of Nixon, was a chronic sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint, and was scarcely able to take the most simple nourishment. Even a swallow of water caused great distress. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured her, when all else failed. She heartily recommends the remedy to all sufferers.

Hall's Hair Renewer renews, cleanses, brightens and invigorates the hair, and restores faded or gray hair to its youthful color and lustre. People with gray hair should use the Renewer, and thus conceal from the world their bleached locks and advancing age.

George Scoville, the lawyer who defended Guiteau, has been locked up in Chicago in default of the payment of $500 alimony to his wife.

"WHOOP IT UP."

Probably one of the most difficult complaints to doctor is whooping cough. When treated by ordinary means the poor victim is left to whoop it up as best he can. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam gives relief in this as well as in all throat, bronchial, and lung troubles.

Five hundred little girls were attending the sewing classes of the Central Church mission school at Chicago, when a fire broke out. A stampede followed, but beyond a few bruises and one broken leg no injuries resulted.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

In a long letter from John H. Hall, of Baddick, N. S., he says: "I believe were it not for Burdock Blood Bitters I should be in my grave." It cured me of kidney and liver complaint and general debility, which had nearly proved fatal.

A patent has been granted in Russia for a lucifer match that can be used an indefinite number of times, the wood being impregnated with a special chemical solution that will allow of such re-use.

HORSEMEN, ATTENTION!

When your horse is galled, scratched or cut, or has an ugly sore, bathe twice daily, and apply MCGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it. Be sure you get McGregor & Parke's. Sold for 25c. per box, at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

The death rate in England is steadily diminishing from decade to decade. Last year it was only 19 per 1,000. This is due to improved habits of living.

FLUID LIGHTNING.

All sufferers from that terrible torment, Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning briskly rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning also cures as effectually Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

AT DREWRY'S

WHY pay high prices for a first-class suit when you can buy it at Drewry's economical prices?

WHY pay ten dollars for a clean, all wool, Tweed suit when you can buy it at Drewry's for $9, trimmed with good wearing trimmings?

WHY pay twelve dollars for an inferior Tweed suit when you can buy elegant patterns in fine, all wool, Tweeds at Drewry's, $10.50, trimmed with better trimmings than any tailoring house usually keep at all?

WHY pay fourteen dollars for a Tweed suit when you can buy it for $11.50 at Drewry's, trimmed with pearl buttons, and not common silecia and sateen coat linings, but Drewry's fine-class trimmings?

WHY pay eighteen dollars for Canadian Tweed suits when you can buy a genuine imported Scotch Tweed suit for $13.50 at Drewry's. Drewry's prices are always economical prices, and so we give you genuine Scotch Tweed suits, not Canadian Tweeds pawned off as Scotch Tweeds, but Scotch Tweeds made in Scotland? (To order $13.50.)

WHY can Drewry sell at these prices?

WHY pay fifteen dollars for a Navy Blue Serge suit when you can buy it at Drewry's for $10.50?

WHY pay twenty dollars for an all wool Diagonal suit when Drewry trims them with fine-class trimmings and binds with best quality braid, and has them made by long experienced workmen for $15.00?

WHY not get your suit cut by our cutter, Mr. Loveless, who has had thirty years experience, and then you are sure of getting a perfect stylish cut garment?

WHY not have your suit made by skilled workmen of long experience, under an expert as a cutter, and at Drewry's economical prices?

WHY not buy

50c. Tweeds at 35c.
60c. Tweeds at 40c.
70c. Tweeds at 45c.
75c. Tweeds at 50c.
$1.25 Tweeds at 75c.

And why not have them cut free of charge by Mr. Loveless, at

A. H. DREWRY & Co's
BON MARCHE,
TRENTON.

CHEAP
Furniture
—AT—
MARTIN'S.

10 per cent. discount off for Cash only.

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
VALUABLE FARM
—IN THE—
TOWNSHIP OF RAWDON.

UNDER POWER OF SALE IN A CERTAIN mortgage from Henry Gibson to the vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, at Bennett's Hotel, in the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, on

Friday, the 16th day of April, A.D., 1886,

At 11 o'clock, a.m., by Charles Butler, auctioneer, the following property, being lot number 18, in the 12th con. of the said Township of Rawdon, containing by admeasurement 200 acres more or less, about 100 of which are said to be cleared and under cultivation, balance timbered. On the premises are said to be a frame house and a barn. This lot is situated in a first class farming and dairy district, and is only a short drive from the C. P. R. and G. T. R.

TERMS—10 per cent. at time of sale, 15 per cent. within one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by a mortgage of the premises for five years, with interest at six per cent. yearly, or such other terms as may be arranged with purchasers at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to the auctioneer, or to

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Toronto.

Toronto, March 20, 1886.

HATS THAT R HATS, AT J. BOLDRICK'S!

WELCOME!

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3 25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.

New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.

New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.

New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.

New Scotch Tweed Suitings.

New English & French Worsteds

New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS
CAN BE SOLD.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS
AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN

AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE

—FOR THE—

COUNTY of HASTINGS

I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to.

T. G. GILLESPIE,
Campbellford, Ont.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 Illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

LIVER COMPLAINT

SYMPTOMS *Yellow Eyes, Sallow Complexion, Pain Under Right Shoulder, Alternate Costiveness and Diarrhoea, Tongue Coated with dark heavy Slime, Dull Spirits, Weariness, Sick Headache, Variable Appetite, Poor Circulation, Debility, &c.*

CAUSE *The Liver being the Largest Glandular Organ, and a filterer of the Blood, is oftener diseased than most other Organs, both in animal and human beings. Its chief office besides is to Secrete Bile, which is the Natural Cathartic to the Bowels. Whatever then deranged the Blood or Bile—as improper food, bad drinks, bad air, cold, malarial poison, bad drainage, etc.; or whatever will clog up the Bile Ducts will induce Liver Complaint.*

CURE *The Diet should be Plain and Nourishing to make Pure Blood and Healthy Bile. Shun the causes above enumerated. Keep the Bowels free, and the Digestive Powers active, and*

Arouse the Sluggish Liver with that Grand Liver Regulator

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Which acts at the same time upon the Bowels, Stomach and Blood, while it regulates and strengthens every Organ.

THUS B.B.B. CURES LIVER COMPLAINT.

HARDWARE!

SEE OUR STOCK OF

AXES, COW CHAINS,
ROPE, SCOOPS,
SHOVELS, WHIPS,
MANURE FORKS,
SLEIGH BELLS,
BUCKSKIN MITTS
HOUSE FURNISHINGS,
READY MIXED PAINTS,
PAINTS, OIL,
LEAD & VARNISHES,
GLASS, NAILS,
IRON & STEEL

All Sold at Bottom Prices.

BURRELL'S AXES 60c.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

Grain Cracking!

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at SPRINGBROOK, On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MILES MASON.

Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,
—OR—
SEWING MACHINE
—GO TO—
JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 31.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.

Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge

NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street, on
Thursday Eve., April 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec,

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month. Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Grain Cracking!
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at
SPRINGBROOK.
On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MILES MASON.
Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.55 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.46 "	
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	11.03 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	11.19 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	11.35 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.45 "	4.55
Peterboro'	6.42 "	12.31 p.m.	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.44 "	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.50 p.m.	3.20 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	11.29 "
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of ROBERT J. CRAIGE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107, of the revised statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Robert J. Craige, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, merchant, deceased, who died on or about the sixth day of March, A. D, 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, to Charles Craige, of the Village of Stirling, agent for Jane Craige, of the same place, executrix of the last will and testament of the said late Robert J. Craige, deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 8th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses, and a full statement of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the said executrix shall not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by the said executrix, or her said agent at the time of distribution.

Dated at Stirling, April 7th, 1886.

CHARLES CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, the above named executrix.

Notice to Debtors!

IN THE MATTER OF ROBERT J. CRAIGE, DECEASED.

ALL PARTIES IN ANY WAY INDEBTED to the estate of the late Robert J. Craige, in his lifetime of the Village of Stirling, either as a member of the firm of Chas. Craige & Brother or otherwise, are requested to settle their accounts before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1886.

After that date all accounts, notes, etc., will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. CHAS. CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, executrix.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the stock of goods of the late firm of Chas. Craige & Brother, I am now getting in a full stock of spring and summer goods, and will continue the business as usual, and hope to see all our customers and as many new ones as possible.

CHAS CRAIGE.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

I OFFER FOR SALE THAT NICE RESIDENCE now occupied by Mr. W. H. Hastings, on Front Street, formerly the late Wm. Martin's residence.

Also to rent, if not sold,

65 ACRES MORE OR LESS,

Being part of Lots 18 and 19, in the 8th Concession of Sidney, lately owned by Bird Vandervoort, lying between the road leading to the Oak Hills from Hart's Mill and John Hanna's place and on the south by the concession line and on the north by the Frankford road and Hart's Mill.

March 23, '86. G. A. SKINNER, Belleville

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS
SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of John Jeffrey Jr., Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of John Jeffrey, jr., late of the Township of Rawdon, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of March, 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned, executor of all and singular, the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of the said John Jeffrey, jr., deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 15th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the undersigned executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required; and the undersigned executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the undersigned executors, at the time of distribution.

Dated at Rawdon, April 6th, 1886.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor, Stirling P. O.

All Kinds of Grain Wanted.

THE UNDERSIGNED WISHES TO INform the farmers of this and surrounding townships that he is now prepared to buy all kinds of Grain at Hoard's Station. Highest prices will be paid for all good samples.

C. CRANE.

SUDDEN CHANGES

Colds, causing obstinate and dangerous diseases of the throat and lungs, may be relieved and cured by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Rev. W. W. Atwater, Rutland, Vt., writes: "My wife was attacked with a bronchial trouble, which we feared would prove fatal. As physicians failed to afford relief, we began giving your medicine. She is now in perfect health, and attributes her recovery to the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is a wonderful remedy."

Of temperature are sudden and extreme in our climate, and it is not surprising that Colds, Coughs, and Lung Diseases prevail. In these ailments, dangerous results may be prevented by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. S. H. Latimer, M. D., Mt. Vernon, Ga., writes: "As a specific for Croup, and for Colds or Coughs, there is no preparation equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is pleasant, safe, and sure."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

Home Rule for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule bill into Parliament on Thursday last, in one of the ablest speeches ever delivered there. The measure confers almost absolute independence, and is most determinedly opposed by the conservatives and by a considerable following of liberals, including Mr. Chamberlain and several others, who were, till recently, members of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. By these it is looked upon as altogether too radical a measure, and unless very materially modified, will stand but little chance of passing a second reading. Should it be defeated Mr. Gladstone will resign, and a conservative or coalition Government would come into power.

Whatever may be the result, one thing is certain, Ireland will never be satisfied unless allowed to manage her own affairs. The Home Rulers now hold the balance of power in the British Parliament, and no matter which party is in power their demands will have to receive some attention. We should think that if Ireland was granted a form of government similar to the provinces of our Canadian confederation it would be about the best that could be devised. The scheme of Mr. Gladstone's goes much farther, and for that reason stands but little chance of being passed by the British Parliament.

Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Government on Monday last asked Parliament to ratify an agreement come to with the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, for the repayment of the advances made by the Government to the Company. The whole amount advanced was $29,880,912. Of this amount the Company propose to repay $20,000,000 or rather $19,150,700, the nett amount received by the Company in two equal cash instalments on the 1st of May and 1st of July. The remainder of the advance, namely, 9,880,912, the Company are to repay in land, which is to be valued at $1.50 per acre. When the land was granted to the Company the nominal value placed on it by the Government was $1 per acre and by the Opposition at $2, so that on the face of it a happy medium has been struck. It must be remembered, however, that the value of the land to a Company without land is very much greater than to a Government possessed of more land than it knows what to do with. The Government cannot sell the land, it can only give it away. If the Company had been required to give up its monopoly claims the concession would have been a far more valuable one to the country than the land.

The Northwest Census.

The census of the Northwest, the return of which has recently been published, was taken by the *de jure* system upon the 24th day of August of last year. The entire population of the three territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta was 48,362, of which 27,113 were males and 21,249 were females. Although the number of married men in the territories was 6,184, there were only 5,715 married women, and the difference doubtless represents a number of wives anxiously awaiting the call of their husbands who have gone alone to spy out the promised land. The somewhat loose conjugal relationships of the Indians made it impossible to include them in this statement. The Indian population is numbered at 20,170, of which 9,418 are in the district of Alberta and 6,260 in the province of Saskatchewan. The half-breeds number 4,848, of which 3,387 are French and 762 of the remainder Scotch. Of the white population 8,397 are of English descent, 6,788 of Scotch, and 5,205 Irish. From the table giving the nationality of the people, it is evident that the Northwest is being filled up with a population in very large proportion Anglo-Saxon. The French only number 1,520; Germans, 427; Italians, 316; Scandinavians, 136, and Jews, 106. Of the total population 39,322 were born in Canada, 3,853 in England, 2,143 in Scotland, 1,162 in Ireland, and 1,007 in the United States. All other nationalities are very sparsely represented. Of those born in Canada, including Indians, 25,169 were born in the Territories, 8,823 in Ontario, 3,144 in Manitoba, 1,340 in Quebec, 504 in Nova Scotia, 265 in New Brunswick and 126 in Prince Edward Island. The total school-going number of the population is 1,317, but then the number of school children among the white settlers is small. In all, this population of under fifty thousand occupy 3,861,818 acres of land, but they only cultivate 195,985 acres and 112,318 acres was all that was broken with the plough in the fall of 1884 and spring of 1885. There are 24,125 horses in the Territories, 331 mules, 5,949 head of working oxen, 11,030 milch cows, 69,557 head of horned cattle—of which 57,464 are in Alberta—19,398 sheep and 22,542 swine.

The C.P.R. and the Pacific Trade.

FAST MAIL STEAMERS ON THE ATLANTIC.

In course of a debate in the Senate upon a resolution for correspondence in relation to subsidizing of a line of steamships on the Pacific Ocean, moved by Mr. Girard, Sir Alexander Campbell made some rather important official statements He said he had no doubt that the completion of the C. P. R. would lead to the establishment, at an early date, of a system of rapid transit across the Atlantic, and the postoffice department was now preparing an advertisement for tenders for more rapid mail service between Liverpool and Quebec in summer, and Liverpool and Halifax in winter. The speed required for mail steamships would be increased from the present rate of twelve knots an hour, to fourteen or sixteen knots an hour, and the time of passage from Liverpool to Quebec would be reduced to six days.

Another result of the completion of the Pacific Railway, he hoped, would be the early completion of a fast line of steamships on the Pacific Ocean, between Vancouver and Japan, China and Australia. The propriety of aiding such a line of steamships had been brought before the Imperial Government by Sir John Macdonald and Sir Geo. Stephen in order to enable them to compete successfully with the line plying from San Francisco. The Dominion Government were not yet officiallly informed that the subsidy of five hundred thousand dollars a year for ten years has been granted by the Imperial authorities to the proposed steamship line, but there were telegrams to that effect, and official notification was probably on the way out. From knowledge gathered during a visit to San Francisco he (Sir Alexander) was not so sanguine as some were that there would be in the near future any considerable business done by a line of steamships on the Pacific Ocean, or that the Canadian Pacific Railway would derive any great amount of trade from that source. After speeches by Messrs. Power, Nelson, Haythorne and others, Mr. McInnes, of British Columbia, said he agreed with Sir Alexander Campbell, that the Asiatic trade which was expected to be attracted by the building of the Pacific Railway was not of that magnitude or that importance that very many people supposed it would be. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which was largely subsidized by the United States and Australian Governments to carry mails between those countries and China, had refused to renew their contract last year because it was unremunerative. He mentioned this to show that the great trade which the Canadian Pacific Co. appeared to expect from the Orient was not likely to be realized. The Panama Canal was well under way and likely to be completed within the next two or three years, and the opening of that canal would revolutionize the commerce of that portion of the world, and, in his opinion, the success of the Pacific Railway would depend upon the settlement of the Northwest and British Columbia.

Some Old Residents.

On the 5th inst. there was a remarkable gathering of aged people at the residence of Mr. Thos. Blanchard, in the front of Sidney, about three miles west of Belleville. In the party were:—Elijah Ketcheson, Esq., who was born in Fredericksburg, June 28th, 1795; Mrs. Rhoda Gilbert, (widow) whose maiden name was Smith, born in Sidney, Oct. 12th, 1795; Mrs. Martha Finkle, (widow) whose maiden name was Earl, born in Ireland in 1795—the exact day not known; Mr. Cornelius Davis, born in the State of New York, April 5th, 1800; Mrs. Hannah Jones, (widow) whose maiden name was White, and daughter of the late Reuben White, born Nov. 9th, 1804; and Mrs. Minerva Ann Davis, (widow) whose maiden name was Huffman, born in Ernestown, Nov. 3rd, 1808. All these old people live along the front road in Sidney and within the distance of two miles of each other. Their united ages add up to the large number of five hundred and sixteen years. It is doubtful if the same number of old people can be found in any neighborhood in the Dominion whose united ages can equal these in the same number of years. Mr. Ketcheson, Mr. Davis and Mrs. Gilbert are each a little deaf, otherwise the faculties of all, both physical and mental, are well preserved for persons of their advanced ages. It was amusing and truly affecting to see them sitting in a circle facing each other so that all could more readily hear, while talking over incidents in their past lives to which their memory fondly clung.

They remember when Sidney was a wilderness, when deer, bear, and all kinds of wild game then known in Canada were abundant, when the bays, streams and rivers were superabundantly filled with the best kinds of fresh water fish, when in summer time the bay would at times be dotted with the birch canoes of the red men, and when all, young and old, had to labor faithfully to procure food to eat, and raiment to put on. They tell of the time when Belleville was not, when the first place of public business in Sidney was located at the mouth of the little creek in front of the residence of Mr. Blanchard, and kept by a man by the name of Ferguson; when there were no schools nor churches, and the means of mental and spiritual improvement were few indeed; but when (they affirm) neighbors were more loving and kind to each other than now. Perhaps that idea is quite universal with all old people well advanced in years, and is the natural sequence of the clinging of the memory and the affections of the heart to the friends of their youth, "still to memory dear."

Chatterton Chips.

And that was the storm of the season last week, it blocked the roads worse than all the rest of the snow we had this winter.

Our P. O. transfer seem to hang fire, but we understand that the sureties will allow Mr. Mott to assume the charge until a decision is arrived at.

Mr. Thos. Leslie has been refitting the rear part of his house, which now looks fine and cosy.

The farmers are eagerly awaiting the warm weather to commence seeding.

Come gentle spring
The balmy breezes bring.

Mr. John Hamilton's cut leg is said to be progressing favourably. We hope to see him around again soon.

George Paliser is driving a new horse. What about the "spotted colt," George.

When is our annual sugar social to come off?

Two more households filled with joy in the sixth concession. The population is increasing quite rapidly.

Chatterton, April 13th, 1886.

Rawdon Council.

TOWN HALL, April 5th, 1886.

Council met according to adjournment. Members all present. Minutes of former meeting read and approved.

Mr. Henry Webb made application to have his road beat divided as follows:—Lots number 10, 11, 12, and part of 13, in the 11th concession, be placed in one beat, the balance to remain in one. Application granted.

Mr. William Heagle applied to have Walter Sine appointed road master in his stead. Granted.

Mr. Levi McConnell made application to have the bridge on the 9th concession rebuilt. Application referred to road surveyor with power to let the job.

Council adjourned for one hour.

On resuming, the assessors presented their roll for the year 1886.

Mr. Archie Montgomery made application for aid to build the bridge known as Montgomery bridge. Mr. Kingston moved, seconded by Mr. Bateman, that the road surveyor, reeve and 1st deputy reeve examine the said bridge to-morrow, with power to let the job of rebuilding.

Mr. Philo White's application for the uniting of the two road beats, of last meeting was taken up, but allowed to remain as it was, in two beats.

On motion, the following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

Robert Martin, repairing bridge in front of lots 8 & 9, in 8th con.	$ 8 00
Repairing County road in 8th con.	5 40
A. J. Hipperson, for tin for assessors	2 25
P. Welch, postal cards	1 50
Samuel McGee, bal. on Seeley bridge	23 50
David Linn & John Tanner, assessors	100 00

Mr. Cook moved, seconded by Mr. Bateman, that this council adjourn until the 29th of May next, when the Court of Revision would be held. Carried.

G. D. WIGGINS, Clerk.

Mrs. John Beatty, of Cobourg, is now 110 years old, and can count her descendants to the fifth generation.

One of the attractions at the Picton races on the 24th of May will be a matched race between a moose with a running mate and the best team of horses that can be produced.

Mr. Fred Rollins, of Madoc, intends putting in the roller process in his grist mill, says the *Review*. The change will cost about $8,000 for new machinery, enlarging building, etc.

Last week Dr. Orton, M. P. for Centre Wellington, attacked a *Globe* correspondent at Ottawa, on account of some offensive remarks published in that journal concerning him and for which the *Globe* refused to apologize. The M. P. got rather the worst of the encounter; but on referring to the matter again in the House said that if the newspapers attacked them it was probable there would be more of such encounters. A number of M. P's. also expressed approval of this course. In the face of such a threat the members of the press gallery at Ottawa have gone into training so as to be prepared for such attacks. We may now expect to see the parliamentary reports spiced with accounts of encounters between M. P's. and reporters. The press men had their first day's practice on Saturday and a *Witness* report says:—"In the evening, when casualties were reported, it was found that a dozen journalists were fixing up bruised parts and nursing black optics, lamenting their lack of skill. But practice makes perfect, and in time the reputation of the armigorous pressmen will strike terror into the hearts of enraged members who contemplate taking the law into their own hands."

A Few Words on the Potato Rot.

A grave word of caution needs to be spoken on the subject of potato-growing this year. There seems to be no doubt that the disease which attacked the crop last season was the genuine potato crop. There is a great danger of it spreading over a wider area of country this year, and of its proving far more destructive than hitherto. But with the exercise of care and judgment on the part of farmers, we think it is possible to stay the disease to some extent—to keep it from running riot over the land. A few facts ought to be well understood and remembered. One is, that the disease is of the zomatic class; by which is meant that it is infectious. It spreads from plant to plant and from field to field, by minute germs carried by the wind, or it may be in some portion of the plant itself; and these germs falling upon a healthy plant communicate to it the disease. Another is, that those germs may survive the winter in the tops of the potato, as well as in the tuber itself, with unimpaired vitality, and their growth and development will begin just as soon as they are placed in the favourable conditions; in other words, as soon as they come into contact with the potato plant in a moist or growing state. A third is, that an infected seed potato is the centre for the sure spread of the disease—one in a field being sufficient, in the proper state of weather, to spread the infection to the whole field. Now, for a few words of caution. Don't plant a seed potato that is, even in the slightest degree, diseased. Don't plant on the same ground on which last season's crop was grown if there was any appearance of disease in the crop. Don't plant on the windward side of last year's crop, if it was affected—either your own crop or your neighbor's; the wind may carry germs from tops or tubers left on last year's ground. Don't plant in moist or badly drained land; excess of moisture predisposes the plants to an attack of the disease. Plant none but healthy tubers; plant on the leeward side of land planted last year, as far from that as possible; and plant early on well drained and lively soil, so as to ensure an early ripening of the crop.—*Rural Canadian.*

The English Sparrow.

It will be well for farmers to come to an understanding, soon and decidedly, regarding the imported nuisance, the English sparrow. This little bird has earned a bad reputation wherever a mistaken admiration has carried him. In the States, where he has been for some time, plans are in contemplation for his destruction, and, at home in Britain, societies are formed for his extermination, and prizes are offered for the greatest number of eggs or birds destroyed, and the societies' rules are so framed as to secure the utmost activity in the work. One club is composed of men and boys; every member is supposed to furnish twelve sparrows every month or forfeit one penny each for every one below that number. In the past year 75,000 sparrows and eggs had been destroyed. The first prize given for the parish was £3, won by Mr. Harris; the second prize, £2, won by Josiah Starmer; the third prize, £1 10s., won by Bertie Nutts. In the boys' class, the second prize, 15s., was won by James Eyres; the third prize, 5s., by J. Billingham; an extra prize of 5s., was awarded to Frederick Collins. As the boys failed to reach the minimum number of 400, there was no first prize in the boy's class.

Hence we see the trouble and expense the farmers of Britain are undergoing to get rid of the dirty, destructive little sparrow. We will have to undertake the same unless we set about the work in time. Villagers are of opinion that the sparrow is useful to them in picking up small insects and scraps of food thrown on back street; but townspeople have no knowledge of the annoyance and destruction caused on neighbouring farms by the voracious little intruders when they get into barns, and hide in corners when chased. A few hundred sparrow will do great damage in a field of ripe wheat, breaking it down and thrashing it out. They are naturally vindictive, and no other bird will build near them. Our own birds are with us in summer, when their presence is useful during the season of insect pests; they do not roost in barns and wagon-sheds, nor foul anything; not so the sparrow. When introduced it is here in season and out of season, always noisy, greedy and filthy, proverbially a grain eater; no friend of the farmer, as it will not eat caterpillers if it can get grain. Our own bluebird is a good servant to clear off insects, while our large blackbird is in his glory among the tent caterpillers, moths and larger vermin that invest the orchard and garden. Since the advent of the sparrow bluebirds and blackbirds have kept away. It will be a great misfortune if the sparrow be allowed to take the place of our own benefactors. I would advise the immediate destruction of the sparrow by all who are within reach of it, and for those who have not got it to take care that it be not admitted. Prevention is better than cure. Much easier prevent their introduction than root them out after they have been settled in a locality. In this matter we expect townspeople to assist in getting rid of the nuisance by destroying the nests, otherwise we shall be obliged to get legislation on the matter.—*M. McQuade, in Rural Canadian.*

Despatches from all parts of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories indicate that seeding is well advanced. It commenced the latter part of March. In some places the acreage is larger than last year. The weather is splendid.

The captains of American fishing vessels visiting ports in Nova Scotia are reported as taking a very defiant attitude on the present aspect of the fishery question, and declare their intention of purchasing bait whenever and wherever they please, regardless of prohibition.

It is expected that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's telegraph wires will shortly be completed and opened to the public. The company have arranged for connection with the Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph Company's lines, which will enable it to transmit messages to all parts of this continent.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have succeeded in getting a subsidy from the British Government for a line of steamers from British Columbia to Australia, to run in connection with the C. P. R. A recent London paper states that the Imperial Government has decided to subsidize the new line of steamers between British Columbia, Hong Kong and Australia, by paying a hundred thousand pounds sterling annually for ten years. The steamers must be first class and capable of carrying guns and troops. If required the Government have the right to use the steamers in the event of war. These are the usual conditions attached to steamers carrying mails.

There is trouble again between Russia and England on the Afghan frontier. A London telegram of the 12th inst. says:—"A despatch received from the Afghan frontier, *via* Teheran, states that a serious rupture has occurred between the British and Russian members of the International Commission, which is engaged in fixing the northern boundary of Afghanistan according to the agreement made between Lord Salisbury and M DeGiers in 1884. The despatch states that the disagreement is so serious as to have brought the work of the commission to a stand-still until the cause of the dispute shall have been passed upon by the British and Russian Governments, to which the subject has been reported by the respective Commissions.

A Narrow Escape.

Circumstantial evidence is not always to be relied on. Particularly should a prisoner on trial for his life have the benefit of a doubt, for coincidences, seemingly too marvellous to be credited, do sometimes occur in these mixed lives of ours. The following is a forcible illustration:—

Some 60 years ago a bold burglary occured at a farmhouse near Liverpool. There was a struggle, and the robber left a button from his coat, and received some scratches on the face.

The police were given accurate descriptions of the man by the farmer, but for a time no arrests were made. A month or two after the robbery a man was arrested, having with him a bundle containing some of the plunder, more of which was found at his lodgings.

The fellow's face bore marks of scratches and, to make the evidence more positive, a button corresponding to the one found at the time of the robbery was gone from his coat. The man professed to know nothing of the affair, but his explanation was considered unsatisfactory.

The case came to trial; the evidence was so strong against the prisoner, who had no one to defend him, that the jury pronounced him "guilty" without leaving their seats. Burglary was a hanging matter in those days.

Before pronouncing sentence, the judge addressed him.

"Prisoner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury. Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat he began:

"Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for nothin', but I can see this is yard-arm business. I know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a baby, but these witnesses ha'nt told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say again' 'em! When this thing came off—May, didn't they say?—I was fighting the slavers on Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it. As for the bundle and things ye found in my possession, I bought 'em of a feller who said he wanted to sell 'em to get money to go and see his father, who was dyin', and that's all I know about it."

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge; so he said, not unkindly:

"But surely, prisoner, if your story be true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you had thought they could do you good, you would have done this. It is too late now."

"You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But it's all very well to say, 'let 'em know,' when a man's locked up in jail, and can't read nor write, and don't know where they be."

"But," said the judge, "the court don't want to hang an innocent man. Is there no one to speak for you?"

The prisoner glanced helplessly around the court-room. Suddenly his eye lighted up. "Yes," said he, "there's a man who can speak for me, if he will," and he pointed to a stranger sitting in the rear.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the judge of the man indicated.

"No, my lord," was the reply.

"Wal, Cap'n Roberts," said the prisoner, "if you put the rope round my neck, I've nuthin' more ter say."

"Stay," said the judge. "Is your name Captain Roberts?"

The man bowed affirmatively.

"The prisoner seems to recognize you. Step into the witness-box and be sworn, that he may ask you some questions."

The captain went into the box, and this dialogue ensued:

"Ain't you Cap'n Roberts of His Majesty's ship Vengeance?"

"Yes," was replied.

"Wal, weren't you on the Gold Coast this spring?"

"I was."

"And warn't I one of the crew?"

"Most certainly not," was the unhesitating reply.

"But, Cap'n don't you remember the man that held the arms of the big slaver the night he gave you so much trouble?"

"To be sure I do."

"And, Cap'n, don't ye remember how the next day the big feller attacked him for it, and they both fell overboard?"

"Yes," was the cool reply, "But you may have read all this in the papers."

"Well, but, cap'n, once more, don't you remember the big nigger that was almost cutting you down? Don't you remember the man that stood between you and death, and what he got for it? Don't you remember that?"—and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a great scar down one side of his head.

The whole court looked on breathless, as the captain stared at the scar and at the man, till his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to himself, "Good Heavens, is it possible?"

Then, slowly and deliberately, he got out of the witness-box and climbed into the dock, where he seized the prisoner's hand, and, turning to the judge, said, "My lord, this was the best man in my crew and he saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I could not recognize him; but there is no mistake now. If you hang the old bo'sun of the Vengeance, you must hang the captain with him."

Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a court of justice. Amid tears and sobs which no one cared to repress, the judge briefly directed the jury to reconsider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a unanimous "not guilty."

The scene which ensued, as cheer after cheer resounded through the court room, can be better imagined than described. It only remains to add that the real thief was afterwards arrested.

Prohibition has been carried in the State of Rhode Island by a vote of the people.

It is expected that Rev. Sam Jones will visit Toronto some time during the coming summer.

The New York Journal in an article, "No Time to Marry," conclusively sets forth that there are actually over a hundred thousand young men and maidens in the city of New York alone who have literally no time to marry.

Sam Small has given $140 for the benefit of an Atlanta, Ga., mission Sunday-school. He writes:—"I hope it will do away with the necessity of an entertainment, for I do not believe these means of getting money for the Lord's work are to either His honor or glory. Try to avoid all such schemes. Let people give what they will, but please don't barter them anything for the Lord's sake."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WE HAVE CLOSED OUR BRANCH OFFICE in Stirling. All business or work done with or by us must be done at Belleville. We have arranged to lend MONEY AT 6 PER CENT. per annum, on good security. Charges moderate.

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, Belleville, Ont.

NOTICE.

HAVING DISPOSED OF THE WATERLOO Mill, and wishing to close up my business as speedily as possible, I have placed all my accounts in the hands of Mr. F. B. Parker for collection. All interested will please settle without further notice.

JOHN T. HART.

ORAMEL.

BY ANDREW RAMSEY.

The following story is partly from the prose of Mrs. Sigourney wherein it appears that Cotton Mather, for some supposed injury, engaged on the Indians to exterminate the Pequods. The latter, holding a feast in a fort in the State of Vermont, were surprised during the absence of their young chief Ontologon. Only the maiden Oramel escaped. She was cared for by a missionary near by; but the poem explains the rest:

At night within their fortress wall
The Pequods held a festival.
Ah, little thought they even now
Their watchdogs hailed the way foe—
"Oranax," shrieked the sentinel,
Then many a bounding heart was still;
As fire the fort came forth with din,
From Pale Face, and from Mohican,
A hundred homes of whirling flame
Inscribed on high the glaring shame.
Among the tent flames to and fro,
The fierce, the tender fought, in woe
To save their weak ones; vain essay,
From fire that flash, and swords that slay;
Nor had the Christians carnage ceased
When morning lit the misty east,
And lit the writhing hosts who cry
On all their gods to let them die,
While free from bayonets aqualine
The hosts they sought to civilize.

Ah, to the heathen stained in thought,
Who gieteres to find his home is not,
What saintly samples priestcrafts prove
Of Him whose symbol was the dove;
Yet one retired apart to pray:
That God might save what man would slay.

While faith his gentle spirit swayed,
There came a rushing in the shade—
The Pequod maiden heard his prayer,
And judged there might be justice there.
Paint as a frosted rose, and still,
Forth from her wounds a crimson rill,
In wandering ripple, bright and warm,
Flowed freshly o'er her neutral form,
For ere short swooning moment she
Was bathed in brief tranquility;
And from her face one scarce could tell
What fate was her's, if ill or well;
A mingled march of peace, or pain;
Her years had gained that confidence when
The maiden's faith, the woman's fear,
So marvellously mixed appear.

Anon her lips essayed to speak,
The blood to tinge each tender cheek;
Back from the sacred dream which hath
The still phenomenon of Death;
So passed the trance of peace away,
And reason reassumed its sway.

She saw the Christian standing by;
The Fort that could no more defy;
The blood becrimsoning her breast
Shewed wretched memory the rest.
The ghostly guide with tender hand
Sustained her, striving to answer
Her fears with tones all understand,
The brute, the savage, and the sage.

Five years rolled on, yet she remained
Encouraged by that Christian care,
And every summer added grace;
And faith made nature yet more fair.
Her glossy locks of raven hair
In excellent profusion spread
Around a face of tenderness
For love disserved and the dead;
A joy the worldly never had.

One evening when the mottled sky
Glowed glorious in the sinking sun,
When heaven's serene immenality
Seemed throbbing forth the words, well
done;
And sacred superhuman hues
Adorned each dim declivity
And shaped the intermingling views
As fair as Eden's landscapes be,
Oramel wandered forth alone
To dwell in thought on other days;
And many a vivid vision gone
Arose on memory's magic gaze.

There flashed in all their fervid force
The vales by which these waters came!
Far by the river's reedy source
She saw her early forest home;
The foliage flashing in the breeze,
The sparkling stream beneath the trees
Rolling its beaming waves away
Of azure, coursing gorgeously
To silent lakes of holy hues
All mottled ere with white canoes.

Again the dun deer bound along,
Again she hears her sister's song,
And tears bedim those calm eyes
To view her brother's form arise,
So rudely severed in their gize;
And he her chosen where is he?
Fiend Ontologon, he whose soul
Could all her destiny control?
He of the darkly beaming eyes,
The last of Pequod royalties!
Who sought the freckled fawn for her,
Whose words would strange emotions stir.

What sudden step arrests her ears?
A real form from vanished years
Close to her longing sight appears;
Quick as the memory of the heart,
By tender intentations stained,
The remnant of war's fatal art
Stood gazing on her form preferred.

As when an eagle high above
The crag containing all his love,
Poises his wing a transient while,
To see if aught has dared despoil
His nurslings in their gentle nest,
So gazed he forth from yours of quest:

"Oramel, thou remembrest me,
I saw it by thy flashing gaze,
When on this hilltop suddenly
I stood, thy friend of other days;
I see it, for thy cheek's blood spake
Ere yet thy lips the words can make."

"O, living lover, every tone
Of thine renews the gladness gone;
Once more beneath our cedar tree
I feel thee wooing even me.
As oft before my mother's home
I watched thee with the evening come.
When from the vine the grape was shaken,
When from the snare the game was taken,
Thy footstep passed each maiden's door
To lay them all mine own before;
And I was glad to see such bribe
Bright flowers, and birds of vivid wing."

"Where is thy mother now? and those
Who fed the vengeance of thy foes?
Where is thy home so peaceful seen,
Still thro' thy memory shining green?
Not in our groves, not on one tree
A leaf remains to shelter me;
Bleached bones, and ruin black can tell
How fierce the white man's fury fell.
And from all rest below the blue
Thy foe my footsteps still pursue.

And even now, should it be known
My best wonder on my father's sod,
There is no Christian but would own
My death a duty to his God.

I come to lead thee to the land
Where men are brave as my command,
The Face has no portion there,
And none to follow us shall dare,
Our moons will move in skies serene,
And there shall be a warrior's queen.
Help me to hather mighty braves
To kindle war, as swelling waves
Roll down the mountain and destroy
All who those vales and homes enjoy."

Oramel raised her humid eyes,
As mists bedim soft azure skies,
"The desolation of our race
Finds tears familiar to my face;
But, 'till this hour, I did not know
Our fathers' sax had set so low,
And now another grief is mine,
This homeless loneliness of thine!

Yet curse not those who might have brought
A blight on us, but peace have given;
They taught my spirit life, they taught
Patience, and hope, and faith, and heaven!"

"And is the white man's God and thee
At peace?" the gloomy chief replied;
"And can our wrongs forgotten be
By us whom they have murdered wide,
Butchered, and burned? and canst thou
thus
Requite our race's wretchedness?
The ir softened lies have filled thy ear
Till truth can find no entrance there.
Their hateful hearts have hardened thine,
Once full of tenderness for mine.
Were not thy love to me as light,
The only moonbeam of my night,
I could have spurred even thee, when then
Didst own thy willingness to bow
Before their God who lets them do
Deeds mournful to our Manitou."

"O, Ontologon, I could leave
The kindness of my Christian home,
Once more the free-born air to breathe,
And with my own my people share
To be the solace of thy fate,
As dwells the wild dove with its mate.

No tones like thine my heart has heard
Since sitting by my mother's knee;
She knew of sap on a hill, and stirred
When listening to her praise of thee;
And still I hear my bosom tell
Its willingness with thine to dwell.

Oft have I longed to hear thy voice
Fall gently over my ear alar;
Oft in my dreams, which hold thee choice
Our infant innocence I share;
Surely thy mere than friend can be
God's servant true, and true to thee!

And oft when gazing on the sun
Shed his last beams from hill to hill,
I wished my day, like his was done,
Then bade my aching heart be still;
For I have at His altar prayed,
And from my vow I dare not turn!

Yea, Ontologon, I have sworn
My feet may not forsake His road;
And the' with thee I gladly turn
May I not be our guide and God?
Our faithful love He will not mar
In whose high charge our spirits are."

As when by winds an ash is shaken,
Ere fall, of many leaves forsaken,
More storms can bear when these have left,
So stood he still of love bereft.

"Meet me, Oramel, yet once more!
I cannot leave thee to thy fate,
But for thy safety you dim shore
Shall hide me, near the haunts of hate
Then turn again thy tender feet
And meet us where these waters meet;
When in the stream its star is seen
To gild the gloom of reedy green,
My bird's canoe shall wait for thee
Below yon shadowy alder tree;
And we will sail to safer climes,
Unknown to Christians or their crimes."

He turned, and vanished in the shade,
And night returned around the maid.

You who have borne the blame, and blight,
Of scorn for love of God and right;
Tortured by loves incertitude
Which is the soul's most fatal mood,
Have found enough to make a fate
Unutterably desolate,
If not upheld by that which gives
Thy heart the hope worth living lives.
He who had planted in her breast
The thrilling raptures of unrest;
Whom she in thought, to death resigned,
Had suddenly revived to find
Henceforth her joy and his must be
The sunset of their destiny.

Again another day has gone,
And silent evenings florid glow
Is lovely in the sky above,
And lovely in that sky as below,
As from her orient abode
The moon moved up her mottled road.

Again another day has gone,
The hosts of starry space appear;
Each smiling from his orbit zone,
As if there were no sorrows here;
Again the waving groves receive
The silver vestures moonbeams weave.

And, hark! revealed by light and shade,
So softly sifted o'er the scene,
Stood Ontologon and the maid
Beneath an amber alder screen;
He held her hand but gazed apart,
To hide her beauty from his heart.

"Oramel, since I saw thee last,
My way with clouds was overcast;
Tho' time is gone the form arise,
My hours like streams of midnight run;
My hopes as withered blossoms bare
To see thee in the serpent's snare.

Maddened by fears of losing thee
To him, my hated enemy,
I spoke the strong and stormy words,
Fierce as the goaded forest herds,
For thou alone art left to bless
My recollection's wretchedness.
I think how dark my moons will move,
With none of all my kind to love!
There lives no feet but thine to come
In Ontologon's lonely home;
'Tis thine to fill its vacant place,
And aid me raise my fallen race.
But now thine eyes have shewed the answer own
The way shall not be trod alone,
For thou shalt be the summer beams
To my chilled spirit's foebound streams.

The hills, the streams that we behold
Spread forth in moonlight mistily,
Our butchered brethren owned of old,
From all their sources to the sea.
On many an ancient mountain brow
The council fires are quenched, and now
No Pequod speeds his pine canoe
Along the lanes of liquid blue.
Gone, like the fish when floods are dry,
Like flowers when rain forgets the sky;
Gone are the flags when frosts begin—
Our white foe bribed the Mohican
To hide by silence our retreats
As spiders snare the prey, or snake,
They sprang among us in our sleep,
And none remained at morn to weep.
The Uncas joined the Christian foe,
And gave us words which end in woe;
They brought us fire-drink, and they gave
The red man draughts to make him rave;
They roused our passions into wrong,
Then slaughtered us when they grew strong.

But now the shadows longer grew,
And Ontologon too must go,
An outcast in another land,
With none to take him by the hand.
With none, when sick, to give him bread,
Or over him the blanket spread;
With none to bury him, or tell
Where Ontologon's ashes dwell."

"I will go with thee, yes, forsake
My home, thy future path to make
Less desolate o'er many a hill;
But hinder me not, I pray, 'tis not still
Bow, tho' I bow alone, to Him
Whose eyes with love were often dim,
Or where the western rivers roll,
To keep his Sabbaths in my soul!"

"Oramel, I must not deceive
Thy spirit, tho' my answers grieve,
For well I know the white man's vow
Is vacant as this moonlit bow!
His word is fair but never binds
More than the passing summer winds.

My heart is happier in its gloom
Than thou could'st make it, if to come
With thy foot's plague spot on thy breast
To break my father's future rest.
If thy green pathway joins with mine,
The Christian God shall no'er be thine,
Maid of the darkly tender eye,
Our days are rolling swiftly by;
Drear as a shrub forsaken plain,
A leafless landscape in the rain.
Age-bended men, with moonlit hair,
While waiting in the valley where
Death's sea receives the troubled stream,
Look back and call it all a dream!
How oft we find the crooked path
A sudden termination hath!

Oramel, hear! our hunting grounds,
Beyond the midnight thunder sounds,
With all their herds, or fields of light,
Without thee, would not rest my sight.
Oramel, once again I plead—
O lead me, let thy white feet lead
Back to the Manitou, my guide,
In this world and the next, my bride.
He will forgive that thou didst speak
O' wandering, for the heart is weak.

You moving moon begins to lower,
My bark is swaying near ashore;
My home beyond the hills is thine,
Then place thy faithful hand in mine,"

"Friend of my spirit, freely take
My lowly future; for thy sake
More than thy life I could resign,
O! all the seasons that were mine,
Since last we parted by the still
Green valley of our infant hill.
The waterilly doth not give
Much shadow to the willing wave.
Then why refuse that I may live
In love here and beyond our grave?
Do rills e fend their fountain source,
For rings rolling to the sea
Surely to snape my coming course
In peace can scarcely hinder thee,
When hunting with thy loving bride
Christ's livers death can ne'er divide,
For after such our souls shall go
Where every flashing river flow.
But, in my soul I dare not be
False to my God for even thee."

"Then cleave to thy deceiver's side,
And be a base betrayer's bride.
A slave to his luxurious lust;
His boast, who never kept a trust.
Was it for this my heart has borne
Dark days of every solace shorn,
Save the one hope I entertained
Of the—too suddenly dispelled!
Was it for this I bowed my pride!
For thee, near hateful foes to hide!
Crouching, when dawn his light unfurled,
Until the daylight left the world!

Risking my hated life to share
Unseen near thee the selfsame air.
Then came when misty starlight rolled
Bright stillness where thy footsteps strolled
Once more to hear the only voice
That said, or e'er can say, rejoice!
For this I dragged from day to day
The life I longed to cast away.
When on these hills estranged I strode
To view afar thy dim abode;
Yet scarcely had the lone wind sigh,
"Oramel liveth, wherefore die!"

So have I yearned thy tones to hear;
And when thy world of toil is over:
"I will go with thee," sudden light
Burst is upon my soul of night.
But we have met to part, behold!
My sorrow, like the moon is doubly cold;
I hear the midnightbtempest moan,
I meet my murdered race alone."

"I cannot bear that thou shouldst be
Palmed by the heart that loveth thee!
Lights for sadness to beguile,
And teach thy solitude to smile.
I pray thee, Ontologon, near
My transient story, many a tear
Refused to leave its fitful heart,
Since first from mine thy path did part.

When last I saw thee leave our home,
Afar o'er forest hills to roam,
I did not think such years of pain
Would pass before we met again:
But they have fled the fate of fear
And all that are to come will end;
And each year's solitary flight
Seemed to contain less day than night,
Until a more than mortal joy
Came down my darkness to destroy,
Than one of spirit's holy glow
Vowed heaven was enduring too vow,
And gladly would I read to thee
Those words of rapture, 'pardon me.'
The words are wise of which I spake;
But shall be silent for thy sake."

At length, his soothing somewhat sped,
He slow addressed the suffering maid;
His voice seemed mild, nor did unfold
His desolation unconseled.

"If thou wilt make my future thine,
And be forever wholly mine,
Not even dreary death will dare
Thy trusting soul from mine to tear;
But choose thy fathers' murderer's God,
And take a separated road."

And she must speak her lover's doom.
Tho' with her heart's blood words must come-
How in her soul's faithful spirit arose
Her love to God, her human love!—
A glance o'er life, the hopes that mock—
Amon fate the silence woke—
"Ontologon, spare my vow!
I dare not from my Saviour go!"

Then with a gesture slow he drove
His still bark from the reedy cove
Of alder shadows where it swung
The moon forsaken waves among.
But soon he ceased to row and sail
The boat went drifting at its will;
'Twas that reaction which succeeds
The struggle when the spirit bleeds.

Oramel stood there on the hill
That evening to the answer own
She watched her wavering hope, until
He vanished, to return no more.

He did not raise his head or hand,
Hs sought no signal from the land,
No tender sign to check the pain
Of parting, or to meet again.
A parting farther than the grave,
The wreck of all she sought to save.

And o'er her soul the feeling came
That she must bear his blighting blame
For all their future's wreck and doom;
And, O, the thought! his life of gloom!
And memory all his words retraced
In fondness ne'er to be defaced,
And every tone of spirit's power
His last and words of grief and love—
A fearful tumult of the brain!
A month, and half where nought was plain,
Save that he would not come again.
No sound awoke the silence save
The plaint of the moody wave,
A rustle of a rising gale
Among the willows of the vale,
Or, when the moon's mild light ceased,
And morning lit the misty east
With emblems of returning day,
She homeward took her weary way.

A Careless Cook.

Customer (to restaurant proprietor)—I find this piece of shoe string in my soup, sir.

Proprietor—Shoe string, sir? (To waiter)—Here, you, get this gentleman another plate of soup and tell the cook to strain it. (To customer, apologetically)—The cook has strict orders to strain the soup, sir, before serving, but sometimes she forgets, and there is always dissatisfaction.

A rousing appeal—"Time to get up!"

"The cup that inebriates and makes you feel like cheering."

Fellow townsman to (manufacturer): "Hullo, Jackerow! Your works closed! How's that? I understood you were busy." *Jackerow* (brass founder): "So we are; but our men took themselves off to-day, to join the procession o' the unemployed."

A young Englishman arrived at Hamilton several months ago destitute of money and friends. The Mayor after investigation gave him money, and the Young Men's Christian Association helped him. By and by he got work. Now comes the climax of this remarkable story. He paid the Mayor the money he had got from him, and left with him a like amount for the next unfortunate that might need it, and he paid the Christian Association people for every bit of food he had received at their hands.

THE FARM.

Maple Sugar Matters

A good many are thinking that possibly *the run of sap* is not so much an upward flow as was supposed. Some now like it to a pressure of sap from all sides, there to be a reservoir of sap, so to speak, in the wood; and when one never has the pore in the wood, the pressure from all sides causes the run. If this be so, then a very small hole, and possibly a very shallow one, is best.

When I was a boy a three-quarter bit was used for spouts, the bit being bored deep, and soon a second hole bored close by. Now we are down to three eighth inch bits and inch deep holes, and no second spout, and we seem to be getting the same amount of syrup and sugar. That the quality be better is said; but at the same time we are using better and costlier utensils, and far less wood to dispose of and gather.

Frequent conveyance of sap and rapid boiling are the *first requisites of success* in maple sugaring. Sap quickly begins to lose quality if not refined; and it seems to be the aim of the maker to have large boiling capacity, so there shall be no large accumulation of sap on hand. A few dollars invested in an extra pan for the arch, so that the sap may be sooner boiled, and less room only exist for night boiling would be judicious, I intended.

It looks as though with metal utensils and evaporators, with continuous flow, some makers had passed the limit of usual perfection and were *sacrificing color and flavor* both. Water-white syrup will not sell without a suspicion that it has been "stuffed" with white sugar, as our maker found out last season. A beautiful amber tint is wanted, and it should be the makers aim to keep as close to it as possible to natural tints and flavors, and not attempt improvements upon Nature and her gifts.

The place of collecting syrup is always up for discussion, and both hot and cold plans are advocated. If it were not for a slight deposit in the cans, I should favor canning hot as the evaporation of the water from that had become cold and was then reheated had had lost a per cent. of its fine flavor and had its color darkened. At home use, when a little silica sand in the bottom of the can is not to bring the charge of "adulterating," there is no other objection. The syrup can be thoroughly strained through double thicknesses of flannel, and will be strictly pure. If cans are filled absolutely full, cold-filled will keep all right, especially if the temperature be uniform at about 45°.

The *wholesale adulteration* practised by city dealers, using a good deal of glucose syrup with a very little fine maple syrup as a flavor, should be circumvented in some way, for it weakens the faith of the farmers' disadvantage. If makers would deal as much as possible with consumers, and be nearly the only sellers commission houses who will not deal in adulterated goods, a great gain would be made, for this would tend to restore confidence in the purity of the syrup and bring more stalsfactory prices.

Management of Young Lambs.

The sooner the young lambs are docked, and the males are emasculated, the easier the operations may be performed. We have been in the habit of going through the flock once a week with a pair of sharp sheep shears, and clipping the tails and castrating by one single clip. The lamb is held under the left arm, and the skin of the tail is slipped up toward the root with the fingers of this hand; the tail is then clipped off with the shears. A pinch of powder (blue stone (sulphate of copper), is put on the wound, and the wool is drawn down and matted together with the little blood which soon flows. Nothing more is required, and the wound heals quickly, the lamb evincing no indications of suffering. It is best to cut the tail two joints from the root, so as to leave sufficient of it to escape injury if the stump does not heal favorably, and the joint next to the root sloughs off. Nothing more is rarely happens if the shears are clean, and at the same time sharp.

Live Stock in April.

Bathe the horses, shoulders with cold water and then rub down the coats from root off, before the sweat begins to dry, and rub off the collars and saddle pieces with a moist cloth. This will prevent sore shoulders. All changes of food should be gradual, but in proportion to the work. Heavily taxed muscles make demands on the stomach; the faithful spirit drives the work begins—never in anticipation. A horse fed up before he is called to work gets soft and fat. Be careful to protect horses from drafts when warm; rub down, blanket, or let them stand in close stables. Cows at calving need little care, the less the better; a dull cow is safer in the open field. "Fussing" over them is always provocative of injury. Give no grain, but a loosening diet of bran and roots for some days, and gradually increase feed as feverish symptoms pass away. Keep calves growing thriftily; skim-milk with a little linseed meal sweetened to taste is a substitute for cream, is just as good for them as whole milk fed from the pail. Sheep must be kept in good condition, but not in danger to their feet. Ewes with lambs should have grain daily, at least until they come to pasture. Twins—Those who buy young pigs for feeding should buy none but half-bloods by the Berkshire, Yorkshire, Poland or other pure stre. They grow faster and fatten well on meal. Poultry.—Reduce the stock of fowls as soon as this year's hatch is well provided for, but hold on to old breeding stock, they are used to the ways of the farm and are worth much more as breeders than young ones. Ducks also are good till three years old. A turkey is in her prime at five, and a goose at twenty.

"The Sinking of the 'Alabama.'"

From the account, in the *Century*, by John Mckintosh Kell, the second officer in command of the *Alabama*, we take the following: "When the firing ceased, Captain Semmes ordered me to dispatch an officer to the *Kearsarge* to say that our ship was sinking, and to ask that they send boats to save our crew. My crew had been cool and cabled. The dingoy, our smallest boat, escaped damage. I dispatched Master's mate Fullman with the message at once. No boats appearing, I had one of our quarter boats lowered, which was slightly injured, and I ordered the officer in charge, Midshipman Galt, the surgeon who was in charge of the magazine and shell-room division, came on deck and I ordered him to take charge of the boat, with orders to take the wounded to the *Kearsarge*. They shoved off just in time to save the poor fellows from going down in the ship.

"I gave the order for every man to jump overboard and to spar and save himself from the sinking ship. To enforce the order, I walked forward and urged the men overboard. As soon as the decks were cleared, save of the bodies of the dead, I returned to the stern-port, where stood Captain Semmes with one or two of the men and his faithful steward, who, poor fellow! was doomed to a watery grave, as he could not swim. The *Alabama's* stern-port was now almost to the water's edge. Partly undressing, we plunged into the sea, and made an offing from the sinking ship, Captain Semmes with a life preserver and I on grating.

"The *Alabama* settled stern foremost, launching her bows high in the air. Grace ful even in her death-struggle, she in a moment disappeared from the face of the waters. The sea now presented a mass of living heads, striving for their lives. Many poor fellows sank for the want of timely aid. Near me I saw a float of empty shell boxes, and called to one of the men, a good swimmer, to examine it; he did so and replied, "It is the doctor, sir, dead. Poor Llewellyn! he perished almost in sight of his home. The young Midshipman Maffit swam to me and offered his life preserver. My grating was not proving a very buoyant float, and the white caps breaking over my head were distressingly uncomfortable, to say the least. Maffit said: "Mr. Kell, take this preserver, sir; you are almost exhausted." The gallant boy did not consider his own condition, but his pallid face told me that his heroism was superior to his bodily suffering, and I refused it. After twenty minutes more I found near me some one call out, "There is our first lieutenant," and the next moment I was pulled into a boat, in which we found Lieutenant Wilkes, ed out in the stern-sheets, as pallid as Death. He had received during the action a slight contusion on the thigh, and the struggle in the water had almost exhausted him. There were also several of our crew in the boat, who had never left the ship, in which the lower deck was almost fully filled with men amongst our floating men, and by throwing them ropes we soon dragged them to reaching her deck, I ascertained for the first time that she was the yacht *Deerhound*, owned by Mr. John Lancaster, of England. In looking round I saw two French pilot boats engaged in saving our crew, and finally two boats from the *Kearsarge*."

YOUNG FOLKS.

When the Arctic Ice Breaks Up.

BY FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

An ocean channel in the arctic seas during the winter is rather hard to describe. First, imagine the ice we have on a large river at home to be some seven or eight feet thick, and then imagine a little small jagged, a bowl of cut meal porridge, or glass of warm milk, taken on retiring, will aid in drawing the blood from the brain, and produces sweet, healthy refreshing sleep. Bedrooms should be well ventilated and comfortable, and the bed-clothes warm, but not heavy. It is said that children should never sleep in bed, and those with weak chests will do well to wear the lung-protector at night, as well as by day, as the portion of the frame most frequently unprotected is that between the shoulder blades.

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Invalids, as a rule, have a great deal of leisure on their hands—more of it than they like—and to fill this time pleasantly is a question involving a good deal more than mere amusement. The importance of mental distraction to invalids is a fact too universally recognized to need comment here, my object in this paper being merely to suggest a mode of distraction that, in my own experience, has not only been attended with the happiest results physically, but has proved a source of intense and never failing pleasure. I allude to the study of botany—not the Linnæan, prolix and dry, but the books, but of the woods, and fields, and meadows.

The beauty of this pursuit is that it takes the student out-of-doors, and throat and lung troubles, as has been truly said, are house-diseases. I am speaking, of course, to those who have learned to fight the enemy before he has captured the inner defenses, and who are supposed to be strong enough to do a reasonable amount of walking, and some solid thinking. For botany, though the simplest of the sciences, can not be mastered without some effort. You must set right at the threshold by that fearful, technical vocabulary which must be conquered before advancing a single step—a labor so formidable and repulsive, that it should be, according to the old school-book method, (that) I do not wonder to many have shrunk away from it in disgust or in despair.

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As the sun now resumes something of his fervor and brilliance over our hemisphere, health seekers should make it a point to get a daily share of his rays, understand the bad effect of the withdrawal of light from plants in winter. But it is too easily forgotten that through the short and dark days of winter the human body suffers in the same way as vegetation, and hence needs the therapeutic agency of sunshine at this season to repair its waning forces. A writer in the last number of the Meteorological Magazine forcibly states the connection between sunlight and health, and quotes from Dr. Bell's late work on physiology the following weighty sentence: "Free access of light favors nutrition and regularity of development, and contributes to beauty of countenance; while deficiency of light is usually characterized by ugliness, rickets and deformity, and is a fruitful source of scrofula and consumption in any climate." This statement, we may add, is corroborated by a fact noticed by Dr. Hammond, that "various experiments have demonstrate that the action of light is of benefit in many conditions, as anæmia, chlorosis and phthisis being among the number. It is probable that one of the chief benefits derived by invalids from a winter's sojourn at Alpine or tropical resorts is due to the larger amount of sunlight enjoyed.

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It is said by physicians that the infectious matter is carried by both books and papers, and it is certain that it can be carried by clothing.

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It is probable that he would have been severer in his strictures on the other collectors of anecdotes, if he could have foreseen what would be made of some of his incidents of his own life. Without these anecdotes, however, posterity would not have had a complete picture of the man; and, on the whole, even those who have most respect for his memory do not regret that they have been preserved and handed down to succeeding generations. Happily he had great qualities enough to render it unnecessary for his weaknesses and faults to be overlooked and forgotten. A less brilliant luminary than this sun would be dazzled and dissipated by the spots which he bears upon the surface; but his transcendent effulgence makes us unconscious of their presence.

Macaulay praises Boswell's biography of Johnson, but he does it at the expense of the judgment of the author. He appears to have been of the opinion that with a sounder and more vigorous understanding he would not have done so good work. Indeed he seems to have come to the conclusion that in order to be a first rate biographer a man must be a half-fool. But if the aim of the biographer should be to produce a true picture of the man whom he undertakes to delineate, as well as of the principal events of his life, one would think to succeed in this most difficult work requires the very highest qualities of authorship; and the man who, confessedly, has produced the very best biography which has been written in modern times deserves a more favourable verdict from mankind than that which has been pronounced upon him by the great essayist and historian.

I confess I do not altogether like the account that Boswell gives of Johnson's writing; and yet without that inimitable piece of description we would not have been able to see him as he really was. The great thinking, near-sighted eyes brought down to within two or three inches of his plate; the sweat standing out from his forehead in big brow glistening with perspiration; and the silent and concentrated energy with which he devoured his food, which he chewed so long until the cravings of the inner man were fully satisfied, though they do not, taken together, form a picture of the most delicate and refined pictures imaginable, are too characteristic of the man for them to have been omitted without leaving a blank in our conception of its truthfulness and reality. We should not have fully known the greatest Englishman of his time if this description had been left out.

I do not know how the Scotch people like the ill-timed attempts of Johnson's supporting themselves and their country which have been preserved. Its appears to have, for some centuries, been the fate of Scots to be aware, has never been explained, formed an inveterate prejudice against Scotland as if the Scotch, in the cold, apparently see nothing either in "the land of mountain and of flood," or in the people who live in it at all worthy of his admiration. The country itself is too barren to feed a horse and the only ground upon which he found himself able to justify the ways of Providence in permitting such a thing, was that "it was made for Scotchmen." Sidney Smith confessed that he would like to roast a Quakerness occasionally I suppose, of course—and evidently it would have been just as agreeable a pastime to Johnson to roast a Scotchman in the same sense. Even in his dictionary he finds occasion to vold his bile upon the North Briton. His definition of *oats* is well known: "A grain commonly fed to horses in England, but used as food for men in Scotland." He admitted to a Scotch gentleman that God made his country, but he hastened to modify the admission by reminding him that the same great Being had made hell.

And yet it is a remarkable fact, that ought to be mentioned to the credit of the grace and good sense of God's people, that among no other nationality has he more ardent admirers than among those people whom he would have as believe are brought up on horseflesh. To say nothing of Macaulay and Sidney Smith, of whom are Scotchmen, Thomas Carlyle is perhaps the only man in the last generation that has had the courage to fight the enemy before he has captured the inner defenses, and who are supposed to be strong enough to do a reasonable amount of walking, and some solid thinking. For botany, though the simplest of the sciences, can not be mastered without some effort. You must set right at the threshold by that fearful, technical vocabulary which must be conquered before advancing a single step—a labor so formidable and repulsive, that it should be, according to the old school-book method, (that) I do not wonder to many have shrunk away from it in disgust or in despair.

Health.

Spring Winds and Colds.

Our early spring weather is peculiarly trying to delicate persons, and no one who has any affection of the chest, or bronchial tubes, should expose himself to high winds, especially those that blow from the east. As a rule, still, cold weather will never hurt any one, if properly clothed, but if moderate weather is accompanied by cold winds, then beware. Nervous people will usually find a hesitancy, and general depression of the whole system, to be the result of a walk on a cold, damp, windy day. But there are many whose business calls them out in all weathers, and to these we would say, take the greatest pains to tone the system so as to resist cold, and protect the body against sudden changes. Chest-protectors of silk, chamois skin, or even layers of newspapers, should be worn both back and front, for the lungs lie nearer the shoulders than the chest. It is the food which is digested that supplies life. It is a good plan, too, to dash the neck, chest, and arms, every morning with cold water, rubbing them vigorously afterwards with a rough towel dipped in alcohol. Hot baths should only be taken at night, and cold ones in the morning. If a cold should be contracted, as felt, and the first symptoms of a cold appear, three or four drops of camphor on a lump of sugar, or two grains of opium, will induce a reaction, and frequently ward off the threatened attack. Healthful sleep is Nature's great restorer, and it should always be procured, but by rational means alone; narcotics, except in extreme cases, should always be avoided. A biscuit, a bowl of cut meal porridge, or glass of warm milk, taken on retiring, will aid in drawing the blood from the brain, and produce sweet, healthy refreshing sleep. Bedrooms should be well ventilated and comfortable, and the bed-clothes warm, but not heavy. It is said that children should never sleep in bed, and those with weak chests will do well to wear the lung-protector at night, as well as by day, as the portion of the frame most frequently unprotected is that between the shoulder blades.

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A Hopeless Minority.

A story is told of a Toronto drummer who practised in a small town in Western Canada while a revival meeting was in progress. He had met a party of convivial friends during his stay there, and was "treated" to a little too much "as load on." Nevertheless, he drifted into the revival meeting and took a seat well up to front. He was rather late in the church, and the warm air was conducive to sleep. The drummer yielded to the drowsy god, and, after nodding a little, sank into a profound slumber, and slept there for the minister's rather long and dry discourse. The audience sang a hymn, and the drummer slept on. Then the evangelist rose to address, and wound up his fervid appeal with this request: "Will all who want to go to Heaven please rise?" Every one in the church except the sleepy drummer arose. When the evangelist asked them to be seated one of the people at his side woke as the sleeping drummer accident ally brushed against him as he sat down. The drummer woke up, and, partially awake, heard the last portion of the appeal, and the request, which was: "Now I want all of you who want to go to Hell to stand up." The drummer stood up a little, looked for

PERSONAL POINTS.

King Theebaw is an expert poker player.

Sir Charles Dilke lives in the old home of Charles Reade, called by the latter "Naboth's Vineyard."

Thomas Carlyle's house in Cheyne row, Chelsea, is the property of a proprietor of quack medicine.

Irongh, the chemist whose experiments led to the discovery of the modern match, has just died at Pesth.

The centenary of the birth of Ludwig I. of Bavaria will be celebrated elaborately at Munich on July 8, 9 and 10.

The late Prince Torlonia left a fortune of $20 000 000 to be divided equally between his only child and her eldest son.

Although Kossuth is eighty-four years old, it is said that he entered with spirit into the recent carnival festivities at Naples.

Lord Wantage has given twenty acres of land at Blewbury, near Willingford, England, for the site of the Gordon Memorial Industrial Schools.

Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of Gen. Grant, is lecturing in Massachusetts under the auspices of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Dan Rice, the one-time famous Shakespearean circus clown, is lecturing in Texas and is said to receive $500 a week for his oratorical ground and lofty tumbling.

Queen Victoria's recent attendance of a performance of "Mors et Vita" at Albert Hall, London, was to a day ten years after her last previous visit to that building.

Grace Hubbard, a civil engineering graduate of the Iowa State University, is employed by the United States Government Survey in Montana to make maps.

The late Gov. Seymour said: "I never yet made or procured an appointment for a young man for a clerkship which did not in the end prove to be a great injury to him."

Cope Whitehouse, the American expert in Egyptian lore, has left Naples for the Nile. He claims to have discovered in Central Egypt the basin of ancient Lake Moeris.

Mr. Erastus Wiman has entered the lecture field and has been entertaining his fellow-citizens on Staten Island with a discourse on "Rapid Transit on Staten Island and its Effect in New York on Suburban Development and Harbor Enlargement."

Professor J. H. Siddons, a grandson of the great Sarah Siddons, died in Washington recently. He was born in Calcutta in 1800, and built and managed the first theatre in that city. He was at one time editor of the London *Army and Navy Gazette*.

Prince Louis Napoleon is having a good time in India. On the 13th of January he went into the jungle and shot his first tiger. The next day his contribution to the bag was a rhinoceros, and a few days later, in a hunt after wild elephants, he brought down a fine old "tusker."

President Cleveland denies that he has the marvelous memory his flatterers have ascribed to him. He says his memory is very capricious, often retaining trifling details regarding some cross-roads postoffice while letting slip matters of the first importance.

Countess Irene Taaffe, wife of the Austrian Premier, recently told a friend that she would be obliged to sell her wardrobe to give a marriage dowry to her eldest daughter. There is a question whether she is slightly deranged or was merely giving her friend a little taffy.

Mr. Henry Irving's eldest son, having been successful in amateur dramatic performances, is determined to go upon the professional stage, but his father, although anxious to do so, declares himself unable to assist him in doing so, on account of the present system of organizing theatrical companies.

A wonderful Chinese boy is mentioned in the report of a missionary at Pekin. At a recent examination he repeated the entire New Testament without missing a single word or making one mistake. He is now committing to memory Dr. Martin's "Evidences of Christianity," a task which he will soon accomplish.

Alexander H. Stephens' grave is still unmarked, but above the grave of Harry Stevens, his colored servant, a stone has been erected bearing the legend: "He was for many years the faithful, trusted and beloved body servant of Alexander H. Stephens. Like him he was distinguished for kindness, uprightness and benevolence. As a man he was honest and true. As a Christian he was humble and trusting."

It is said that the head of a great dry-goods store in Paris, M. Jaluzot, was about to marry recently a lady of high position and noble family. He requested the head of the Orleans family, the Comte de Paris, to serve as a witness. The answer returned by the secretary of the Prince was "Monseigneur cannot render such a service except to a titled person." This answer is about the most unpopular statement that the Comte de Paris, who pretends to be something of a democrat, could have sent to a Frenchman.

Princess Ypsilanti, whose bankruptcy has excited so much gossip in Vienna, and, in fact, thoughout Europe, is a daughter of the celebrated banker Baron Sina, and widow of the late Grecian Minister. Prince Ypsilanti was an incorrigible gambler, and before his death had spent several fortunes, mortgaged his estates, and induced his wife to sign heavy bills guaranteed by her personal property. At the death of the Prince his creditors immediately besieged the unfortunate Princess, who, to protect herself, was obliged to declare herself a bankrupt. Her health broke down under this strain.

Miss Braddon and her husband, Mr. Maxwell, says a correspondent, are familiar figures at the Princess and also the Lyceum Theatre on the first nights. The lady is in the prime of maturer womanhood. Her hair has taken on a partial frost. Her face is a ruddy one, suggesting a comfortable English matron, mother of a numerous family, rather than one of the most prolific writers of the day. She wears a pretty lace cap and carries around with her a decidedly comfortable, good housewife atmosphere. Her figure is buxom and of traditional English build. She is not a handsome woman, save when she talks, and then her face is full of marvellous expressiveness, and she has bright speaking eyes and a strangely sweet smile.

Standing on a Technicality.

John Austin was helping load a mower on a wagon—"Look out for the cogs," said the man, handling the pole of the machine. John was rolling at the wheel. "Ouch! Ah! Wow! why didn't ye tell a fellow to look out for his fingers?"

"I told you to look out."

"Ha! yes; why didn't ye tell me to look out for my fingers? The cogs can take care of themselves."

A woman who was disguised as a man was found out from the fact that there were no suspender buttons in her pocket.

"All the clothes he bought me was a bunch of hair and a nail brush," was the wail of a woman in court the other day, who was applying for a divorce.

It is proposed that a medallion portrait of the late Charles Reade, modeled from a cast a few hours after death, shall be placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

A man, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it. She was a great deal stuck up by his attentions.

A husband who had incurred the anger of his wife, a terrible virago, seeks refuge under the bed. "Come out of that, you brigand, you rascal, you assassin!" screamed his gentle companion. "No, Madame," he replied, calmly, "I won't come out. I am going to show you that I shall do as I please in my own house!"

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPIDER," "THE RUSSIAN SPY, ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

"YOUR DAUGHTER IS ALREADY MY WIFE BY MOSLEM LAW."

Nellie was in a very agitated and hysterical state by the time she got indoors.

A glass of wine restored her in some measure, but her agitation grew stronger than ever when Arabi Pasha entered the room, closely followed by a Ulema or Moslem bishop in long flowing robes and a Protestant clergyman in orthodox black coat and white tie.

"I hope you will not think me guilty of any unseemly haste, Miss Trezarr," said Arabi Pasha, coming forward. "My time belongs to such an extent to my country that I can devote but very little of it even to my nearest and my dearest. It is also of the greatest importance, both for your parents' sakes and your own, that you should all three as quickly as possible regain the safer shelter of my palace at Cairo, where at present the populace are much less incensed against your creed and race than they are in Alexandria, where, perhaps, in a very short while even the soldiers would refuse to protect you. Your parents having decided that it will be for your supreme welfare that you become my wife, I have here a priest of my faith and one of your own, in order that nothing may be wanting to make our union a sacred one, and believe me when I say that in the future you shall never regret it," and here he came to a full stop and waited for a reply.

"Oh, God, have pity on me. I believe that you mean me well and that you love me also, but I cannot marry you. I am not yet twenty-four hours a widow and my heart is in the bloody grave of a murdered husband, murdered by the fanatics of your creed."

"The fanatics of all creeds murder upon occasion," replied the war minister, somewhat bitterly, "and, besides, I gather from your priest (pointing towards the Anglican clergyman) that your marriage yesterday was not a lawful one and that, therefore, you have no husband. He says that being under age you could not have really married without your parents' consent."

"How came you to learn that I was married at all yesterday? I only informed my parents of the fact a quarter of an hour ago," exclaimed our heroine, sharply.

The war minister looked confused for a minute, but then he made answer:

"I cannot explain at length, but I know of everything that occurs in Alexandria. It is a necessity of my position and of the disorganized times. Come, Miss Trezarr, or, rather, my own Nellie, surely your parents know what is best for you? They are your natural protectors and your best advisers, your truest friends, and those that have your interests most at heart. You will yield to their advice and entreaties, I am sure?"

"In all other matters but this present. But in this I would die rather."

This looked very like a dead block and as it might have proved had not the Anglican clergyman came to the rescue.

No doubt he was a well meaning man and was, moreover, grateful to the war minister for having preserved his life, an event that had taken place an hour previously.

"In France," said the minister, "which I need not say is a Christian country—to a great extent at least—parents marry their children without their having any voice in the matter, and I have been told that such marriages, as a rule, turn out happier than those wherein daughters are left to choose for themselves. Perhaps it would not be well to follow such precedent except in exceptional cases, but where such important stakes are at issue as in the present instance—hem—haw—that is to say—"

"Quite so, my dear sir—quite so. I catch your meaning perfectly. And you would have added, if I hadn't interrupted you, that this is just one of those cases—aw—aw—where a beloved child is non compos mentis by reason of severe and repeated shocks to the system, and so really does not know what is good, proper and right for her to do."

This in excited tones from Mr. Trezarr, and the clergyman nodded assent.

"Then the ceremony shall proceed," said Mr. Trezarr, still more rapidly than before. "This marriage is the dearest wish of both her father's and mother's hearts, we know that it is for her future interest, happiness and welfare, and that her choice—that is to say, their choice—is a noble-minded, large-souled patriot, whom history will pronounce the greatest man of his age—the preserver of his country—the—the—the—and so forth."

It was at this juncture that an Egyptian male domestic, somewhat showily apparelled, brought in a tray of refreshments and laid it on the table.

As he turned round to retire, he winked at Nellie and also screwed up his mouth in an odd kind of a way, yet she noticed neither action.

But the fellow did not seem to be one bit disconcerted, for the next instant he performed the same impressive though not particularly expressive pantomime right in Mr. Trezarr's face, as the banker stood somewhat apart from the rest and nigh unto the door, and then he said in impressive, but low-toned accents, "You'll get into a mess, old cock; you'll fall between two stools, you will," and finished up by pressing something into his hand.

The scrap of paper proved to be a cutting from the morning's Commerce, a daily paper published in Alexandria, and though he dared not take time to read it all through, he in half a minute or less had glanced over and caught its full significance.

It was an official notice from the Khedive, stating that in view of the vast number of the native population who were thrown out of work and actually starving, owing to the closing of the European places of business in Alexandria and Cairo, his highness would guarantee against any loss at the hands of the rebels all who would be bold enough to return to their banks, counting houses, manufactories or shops and carry on their respective trades or businesses as usual; but that at the same time no Europeans should be entitled to any indemnity who had, save under compulsion amounting to fear of death, afforded any aid to or consorted with the rebels, whether such aid consisted in money, arms, rations, or even their open countenance and support, but, on the contrary, their wealth should be confiscated, and they themselves should be out-lawed," and then the proclamation went on to say that "with the aid of his highness's allies the rebellion would very shortly be quelled and order restored throughout Egypt."

The expression of Mr. Trezarr's face when he had finished reading was the most comical one imaginable.

"Wealth confiscated! outlawed! for only consorting with rebels! By Jove, what then will become of me for bestowing my daughter on this arch rebel and availing myself of his protection and countenance all through the entire affair if the Khedive's party only get the upper hand again? Can that sea, Gladstone, really mean anything more than his usual bounce, I wonder? Arabi has persuaded me, and I've persuaded myself, too, that it will be all smoke and no fire, just as it was at Dulcigno. I wish I knew what those d—— ironclads really meant to be about."

Thus the banker reflected, and it might have been as well perhaps if he had not reflected quite so long, for the war minister at this moment came up with a smiling face to inform him that the Ulema had done his work, that the Moslem marriage rite was over and that the Christian one was about to be commenced.

"Don't you think that after all the second ceremony had better be postponed," stammered Mr. Trezarr. "At all events for a few days; yes, for a few days, we will say."

"That is as you like," responded Arabi, with a slight elevation of the brows. "The second ceremony was to satisfy your own scruples. Your daughter is already my wife by Moslem law, and as my wife I shall as surely henceforth treat her."

"You told me your position was quite secure. That the fleets would only threaten!"

"I said rightly. Look out of the window and you will see the entire French squadron steaming away toward Port Said. The British will soon follow them."

"I hope so; I really hope so. But it seems to me that the ships of every other nation are getting away as well, and under every inch of canvas that they can spread."

Arabi gave utterance to what sounded very like an oath, as glancing in turn toward the window he perceived that Mr. Trezarr spoke the truth.

"It looks strange, as though they were running from some apprehended immediate danger," said he. "True I received the British admiral's ultimatum yesterday, but of course it is merely an idle threat made to please and humbug the bondholders. A British Liberal government will hardly dare to trample under foot a national uprising such as ours, I therefore say again, as I have often said before, that it is Dulcigno repeated."

Hardly had the words quitted his lips, however, when a sonorous boom came from seaward that caused every window in the house to shake, and it was quickly followed by an awful roar as though the very heavens had been rent asunder. The terrible bombardment of Alexandria had commenced.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN WHICH THE CANNON ROAR AND THE DUMB SPEAK.

The voice of the "loud mouthed artillery" spoke only one sentence to Mr. Trezarr, and kept on repeating that sentence, which took the form of "You've fallen between two stools, for it's all up with Arabi. You've fallen between two stools, for it's all up with Arabi." The bombardment opened, he knew that Great Britain had gone too far to recede with honor, too far to be able to back out without disgrace, and that she stood irrevocably pledged to stand by her protege, Prince Tewfik.

But the effect of the roaring of the cannon, the rattling of the Gatlings and Nordenfeldts and the shrieking hiss of the rockets had a very different effect on Arabi Pasha to that it had on any of the other auditors in that room assembled.

It seemed to change his aspect, usually so calm and benignant, into that of a perfect fiend.

"I have been deceived, betrayed, lured on by false hopes only to be crushed at last by the most unexpected of events. Curse the British government for not being consistent in its duplicity and for raising the lying cry of 'Wolf! Wolf!' so often that at last no one believed that the animal would ever be unchained. But this is no time for idle words, for great deeds are expected of me, and by Allah and the prophet, great deeds shall yet be wrought. Ladies and gentlemen, you must at once take refuge in the underground cells and cellars, where alone you will be safe, for this building stands directly open to the fire of at least three of the British ironclads, whose huge balls may at any moment knock it into a shapeless heap of stones, and yet you are a hundred times safer here than you would be in the streets," he said.

Nellie's expression of face betokened that she felt safer now than she had done five minutes previously, before the bombardment had commenced, and the war minister noticed this and bit his lip savagely.

He clapped his hands thrice, and then walking across to her said brusquely:

"You are my wife, little one, whether you like it or no, and so you will have to submit to the will of Allah and to content yourself with what cannot be avoided."

He threw his arm around her and would have kissed her had she not struggled violently and so escaped the embrace.

Her mother did not censure her for so doing, but sat phlegmatically still, and Mr. Trezarr did not even notice the action, for he was still muttering "D——Gladstone!" and "I've fallen between two stools," by turns.

Arabi Pasha plainly enough noticed the change in Nellie's parents' sentiments toward him, and equally plainly knew the cause.

"If after all I can climb to the top of the tree and maintain myself there I will show them that I remember it, and give them good reason for remembering it also," he muttered to himself, but as his two orderlies at this juncture entered the room in answer to his handclapping he turned round and said to them:

"Ratib and Khassim, escort these, my honored guests, below stairs and make such empty cells as you have at disposal as comfortable for them as possible, with carpets and other necessaries taken from the rooms above. Place at their service as a guard over them—a guard, I mean to say, for their protection—such men as you can depend on for fidelity, and remember that you two will have to answer to me with your lives, if necessary, for whatever evil happens to them whilst they are in your keeping."

Having thus issued his instructions he turned again to Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr and said:

"You will do well to at once follow my orderlies, and to take your daughter, my wife, with you."

He then again tried to take Nellie's hand, and this time she gave it him, for she did not like to part with any one in anger, especially when there was a possibility that she would never see them more. But when encouraged by this action, he essayed to kiss her, she once more repulsed him and her eyes flashed angrily as she did so.

He made no further effort, but said, somewhat pointedly:

"Farewell, then, my wife, until we next meet," and nodding haughtily to them whom he considered to be his father and mother-in-law he adjusted his sword and sallied out of the room.

No sooner had he gone than the orderlies (the same two who, on the preceding day, conducted Captain Donelly to his place of his imprisonment), made a sign to the Trezarr party to follow them, which they lost no time in doing. They soon found themselves in a narrow passage, and descending a somewhat steep incline into what was evidently, from the humid smell that came up from below, some sort of a subterranean.

When they had got to the bottom they came to ranges of doors on either side, some of which were open, others closed and fastened with heavy chains and bars.

A minute or two later she beheld her father and the clergyman pushed into one of these prisons, whilst a few seconds more saw her mother and herself the tenants of another, and before leaving them there one of the orderlies said in a mixture of French and Egyptian, which Nellie could just make out the meaning of:

"We must lock you up, but not so much to prevent your getting out as to hinder others from getting in to cut your throats. But that our lives would pay the forfeit we would gladly do that ourselves, but as his excellency would have our heads, even if others did it, we will take the greatest care of you, for great is the self love of most men."

"I don't think that anything can hurt us here," said Nellie, "for the ground rises outside even to half the height of the window, and the bottom of that is at least four feet above our heads as we stand upright. Oh, there is a strange noise at the door."

"I believe it is some one trying to speak to us through the keyhole. Hist, Nellie."

At first it sounded like a mere blowing through the keyhole—a blowing that was first cousin to a human whistle, however—but on Nellie going close over to the door and bending her head down until it was almost on a level with the lock, the whistle changed into plainly articulated words, and this was what the words were:

"I'm dumb, but I've my wits about me, so cheer up, for fair and easy goes far in a day and all's well what ends well, only the ending ain't come."

Then the voice ceased and the sound of stealthy receding footsteps took its place.

CHAPTER L.

STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE, NOR IRON BARS A CAGE.

Surely no prophecy, even of the Sphinx, could have been much more incomprehensible to the uninitiated than the one which had just been telephoned through the keyhole.

It was intended to give hope, that was certain, and it was spoken in English, which perhaps, was the most hopeful thing about it, but more than those two facts had to be guessed at.

It is impossible to detect the natural tones of a man's voice when it is sent through such an orifice, more especially when it is reduced to a whisper, so that Nellie, convinced of the futility of the attempt, soon gave up even guessing, and her mother had never commenced to guess.

Perhaps it would have been just as well had both ladies occupied their minds in that manner, since it would in some degree have relieved the monotony of their confinement, for it was impossible for either of them to climb up and look out of the upper portion of the little square window (the lower half was beneath the level of the ground outside) as Frank Donelly had done in his cell the preceding day, but was not now doing.

The reader may wonder at this and think it most strange that he should not be seeing all that he could see of the momentous events that were occurring without.

But the fact was that like a true Irishman Frank didn't care much about a row unless he could plunge into the very middle of it; and besides, he was turning the terrible excitement and the terrific din to (as he most sincerely hoped) better account in another way.

For he had found in one of his pockets one of those knives that seem to comprise an entire tool chest, the majority of its instruments being o'erlapped at the back by a crooked picker for getting a stone out of a horse's shoe, and the young officer had taken it into his head that with it he might be able to pick his way through a stone wall to freedom.

He thought he remembered that the cell next to his own on the right was unoccupied and the door open.

If, therefore, he could tunnel through the wall into it he would have no further obstacles to overcome save the living ones, and he decided that he wouldn't even think about them just yet.

So he set to work at once, and as modern Egyptian mortar is very poor and Egyptian stone of a very soft and crumbling nature, he now discovered that in all probability his task would be an easier one than he had at first calculated on.

As, however, under the most favorable circumstances, it will take several hours to accomplish, we will leave him at his monotonous labors and perhaps pop back to see how he gets on by and by. For the present, place aux dames.

Not that we shall gain much by the change of scene, for one prison cell is very like another, and even lady captives are not wont to be very lively companions.

Once their dungeon door was opened to admit of a quantity of rugs and cushions being thrown in, to which was presently added a basket of somewhat dainty comestibles, a jug of sherbet and a couple of chibouques, with the necessary accompaniments.

Nellie spread out the rugs, arranged the cushions, and generally set their little room in order, though more for a mother's ease and comfort than her own.

Meanwhile, the thunder of the monster guns continued without interruption, mingled with the shrieking hiss of rockets and the hoarse rattle of the Nordenfeldts and Gardens.

Nellie would have given much had she only been able to clamber up to the window to look out, but there was no wooden stretcher bedstead in this cell, as in Frank Donelly's, to drag underneath to mount on, and even had there been, with the block pillow as well, Nellie, when standing atop of both, would still have been too short by a good head and shoulders to have been able to see out.

As for eating, she felt that the mere attempt would choke her, but the cool, refreshing sherbet was most grateful to her parched throat and her hot, fevered lips; for, added to her mental torture and the deep grief which she felt for her husband's supposed death and which she did not dare to express openly, the blows and lashes which the cruel and vindictive princess had inflicted on her still pained her excessively.

Once or twice she wondered how her father and the Anglican clergyman were getting on in the adjoining cell on the right, and oftener still she wondered what a strange kind of scraping noise would betoken against the other side of the wall on their left, which, having a very sharp ear, she could plainly distinguish whenever there was any perceptible lull in the fury of the bombardment.

When she called her mother's attention to the fact the good lady said first of all that it was sheer imagination, and then declared all of a sudden that she heard it distinctly, and that it was the death watch and foreboded their own immediate slaughter.

This cheerful way of regarding the phenomenon hindered Nellie from making any further reference to it, and so the day wore on, and on, and at last the increasing darkness (where it had been dimness and gloom from the first) told them that night was at hand; indeed, the shrill Muzzin cry, which from the many minarets rose above even the thunder of the artillery, had proclaimed the sunset some minutes previously, even as in peace and war alike it had proclaimed it for nearly two thousand years.

All at once, too, the roar of the cannon, which had continued without intermission for ten hours, ceased, and the stillness appeared heavy oppressive after so much noise.

And yet it was not a complete silence, for now that all other sounds were still, that monotonous scraping and tapping could be heard more plainly than ever, as well as Mrs. Trezarr's oft repeated ejaculation of "The death watch! The death watch! No doubt about it!"

It seemed to give the good lady a kind of morbid satisfaction to be continually croaking forth an ill omened prediction, but after awhile Nellie ceased to hear it, and for the simple reason that sheer exhaustion at length won the victory over her mental and other sufferings and plunged her into a deep and dreamless sleep.

'Twas destined, however, to be only of a very few hours' continuance, and to be disturbed in a very strange, alarming and unaccountable manner, for she was suddenly aroused by some one tumbling over her, and then as she opened her eyes, she felt two hands feeling her face and heard a voice exclaim in half angry and half despairing accents:

"All my labor has been in vain, then I thought this cell was empty and the door open, instead of which here is another unfortunate, and doubtless as securely locked up as I was. I have turned two dangers into one, that is all, confound it."

"Nellie, don't be talking in your sleep," granted Mrs. Trezarr in a semi-conscious state, but the fair girl never heard the protest, for her heart stood still at the sound of that other voice, which seemed to be so strangely familiar to her.

The owner thereof had, however, caught Mrs. Trezarr's words, or at all events the word to him most important of them, the name of Nell, and now he exclaimed in an excited whisper:

"For God's sake, speak. I cannot, dare not ask who you are. Speak! speak!"

But there was no need of speech, for at that instant the electric light from one of the British ironclads (again searching along the shore to discover what the Egyptians were about inside their batteries) threw a radiance as of a newborn day into the dungeon cell and showed the wife unto the husband and the husband unto the wife.

In a moment Nellie had sprung to her feet and thrown herself into Frank's arms with a glad cry; whilst Mrs. Trezarr, turning her heavy head on the pile of cushions which she had heaped underneath it to consign herself to the arms of Morpheus, at last succeeded in opening her eyes, which no sooner had she done than (taking in what looked very like a most ghostly stage tableau with lime light effects) she screamed out: "Their spirits! Their spirits! I knew that the death watch didn't tick for nothing," and would undoubtedly have gone into hysterics under the supposition that her daughter had been dragged forth and murdered whilst she slept, and that her ghost, in company with her previously slaughtered husband's, had come to visit her in this melodramatic manner, had not yet another cause of alarm acted as an antidote.

This second cause of alarm lay in the sudden opening of the dungeon door and a voice exclaiming therein, in an angry whisper:

"Dry up, will ye? Bedad an' if the faymale tongues don't beat a mill wheel at clacking. I wonder how ye'd hear it, old lady, if ye was as deaf and dumb as meself?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUMBO AND HIS SKELETON.

He Has Been Stuffed and Will Join the Circus Again.

When Jumbo tried to knock out a freight locomotive at St. Thomas, Ont., last September, he not only made a failure of it, but got so badly mangled that he died three minutes later. If this had happened in England, the chances are that Jumbo would have been buried, the Prince of Wales would have worn crape on his arm for a while and a ton tombstone would have held him down. But Phineas Taylor Barnum knew that the American people would never forgive him if he let Jumbo slip out of sight in that way. He wrote to Professor Henry A. Ward of Rochester and asked him if he would set the big elephant up in such shape that everybody who had ever seen him bossing things in a circus procession would know him at once. So since October last Professor Ward and four of his men have been at work on the reproduction. It is now finished.

A tawny haired post named Tody Hamilton guided six young New York citizens to Rochester to see the elephant. They drove through blizzards to Professor Ward's big museum on top of a high hill to take a look at it. Professor Ward met the elephant hunters half way and led them toward a big yellow building that looked like a locomotive round house. He threw open a wide door, and standing on a thick oaken truck, and filling up half the house, with a jovial smile wreathing his tremendous trunk into a gigantic hook, there was Jumbo as natural looking as could be.

When the Canadian locomotive got through having fun with Jumbo, he was not much more than a heap of poker chips and cold meat. There were 1,538 pounds of elephant hide around the wreck, and it was with this that the Professor set about building up a new Jumbo. After the skin had been thoroughly tanned by two month's soaking in arsenic and corrosive sublimate of lime, it was ready for a mounting. When the hide arrived at Rochester Prof. Ward began to make a model to mount it on. On a foundation of nine-inch oak beams he planted eight standards of two-inch wrought iron. Two of these were to form the core of each leg, which was then built out with wood.

With the aid of a life photograph and an elaborate scale of measurement, made long before Jumbo's death, the builder was able faithfully to reproduce Jumbo's giant form in wood. This frame he hammered and chiseled and planed until it looked like an elephant with his coat off on a hot day. Then began the task of laying on the skin. Every wrinkle was replaced exactly as it used to be when Jumbo wore it, and all the cruel rents made by the locomotive were so carefully mended that his own mother couldn't have found them. It took 74,480 Swedish iron nails to fasten it all on, and it now fits him better than it ever did before.

The way in which Jumbo's mild brown eyes are imitated in glass would delight a poet's heart and make him tune up his lyre for all it was worth. C. A. Akeley and W. J. Critchlidy, two young men who knew all about building elephants, gave Professor Ward lots of valuable help.

As it stands on its platform the new elephant weighs over 6 000 pounds and is as solid as a rock. It is so braced that all the travel and knocking around in the world cannot damage it. During circus hours Jumbo redivivus will be saddled and children will ride around the ring on his back like they used to when he was alive. Between the performances he will ride from town to town in a specially constructed car. He is the biggest job a taxidermist ever worked on.

The chalk white skeleton of Jumbo stood a few feet away. The mounting of it was the biggest problem in articulation that Professor Ward ever tackled. Every bone in its colossal framework has not only been made to keep its proper place, but the whole is made so strong that it will be able to bear all the knocking about and rough handling, by land and sea, that falls to the lot of a skeleton in the circus business. Professor Ward is authority for the statement that it is the only mounted skeleton of an adult African elephant in this country, and at the same time the largest skeleton, of a modern terrestrial mammal in the world. Stuffed Jumbo and Jumbo's skeleton are the most gigantic specimens of the naturalist's art that the American public has ever had a chance to gaze on.

Buried in a Stone Jar.

Near Barkesville, Ky., on the Cumberland River, a man named Raven was one day fishing off the bank. This was in 1866, or a year later. The bank was of clay, six or eight feet above the water, and Raven sat with his legs hanging over. He had been sitting there for an hour, swinging his heels against the bank, when his boot struck something which gave out a curious sound, and he instinctively looked down. Between his feet he saw a stone jar, or at least a portion of one, protruding from the bank. It was at least four feet below the surface, and he had considerable trouble to unearth it. When he had done so, however, and removed the wooden cover fastened over the mouth, he found the contents to consist of gold watch, three or four gold rings, six silver teaspoons, $300 in Kentucky State bank bills, $50 in gold, $20 in silver half dollars, and about a quart of dimes and five-cent pieces. Although the jar was tightly corked, the dampness had got in and mildewed the bank notes until they fell to pieces in his hands. Had they been all right, however, they would have been of no intrinsic value, as all the State bank circulation had given place to greenbacks. Speculation as to who planted the jar brought no clue to the owner further than that it could have been no resident of the country. It had probably been in the ground many years, for the river had been eating away at the bank with each freshet, and finally brought a portion of the jar to light. It must have been buried six or eight feet from the bank at first.

The difference between the modern pugilist and organized labor is that when the latter strikes it hits something.

Our friend X has just established a newspaper. One of his friends, meeting him, asked him how his new paper was getting along. "Oh! it is selling like bread," he replied enthusiastically. "How is that, by the pound?"

HOUSEHOLD.

Women as Beasts of Burden in Sweden

At Stockholm, Sweden, the debasement of woman is perhaps more thorough and complete than in any city of northern Europe. She here practically supplants the beasts of burden. And the writer is not altogether unfamiliar with woman's work in Europe. I have seen her at the pit's mouth, at the forge, and barefooted in the brickyards of "Merry England," and filling blast furnaces or tending coke ovens in "Sunny France." I have sadly wat hed her bearing the heat and burdens of the day in the fields of "Fatherland," and in Austro-Hungary doing the work of man and beast, on the farm and in the mine. I have seen the women emerge from the coal-pits of Belgium, where little girls and young women graduate underground as hewers of coal and drawers of carts; for it is no uncommon thing in Europe to hitch women and dogs together, that manufacturing may be done cheaply. I have seen women, aged, bent, and sunburned, with ropes over their shoulders, toiling on the banks of canals and dikes in picturesque Holland.

Having witnessed all this, I was yet surprised to find in a city so beautiful, and seemingly so rich and prosperous as Stockholm, woman still more debased. In Stockholm women is almost exclusive employed as hod carrier and bricklayer's assistant. She carries brick, mixes mortar, and, in short, does all the heavy work about the building. At the dinner hour you see groups of women sitting on piles of wood and stone eating their frugal meal.

The entire dairy business of the city is in their hands, and here they take the places of horses and dogs, carrying on their shoulders the heavy cans of milk from door to door. While woman thus slaves in Stockholm, man parades. You will see him in a sort of uniform in the market place, lounging all day "for hire," to run errands or to do light portarage. Whenever any light work that pays fairly well is to be done, there is the man. On dress parade you see him as a soldier, swaggering about beer-gardens, loafing in the barrack-yard, or fishing on the outskirts of the town. It is a pity that some of the showy soldiers of these little European powers could not be converted into expert hod-carriers or skilful mortar-mixers, instead of weighing women down under the yoke of double burdens.

Spring House Cleaning.

No matter how regularly the routine of daily work has gone on during the winter months, the opening spring reveals to the ambitious housewife the absolute necessity of a thorough overhauling. Don't be too eager about it, sisters, unless you are exceptionally strong. A clean house, however satisfactory of itself, will be dearly purchased at the expense of health. Let some strong-armed humble worker lend a hand in the "rough of it," if the services of a domesticated Bidget are not available. Begin in good season, undertaking one or two rooms only at a time, instead of having the whole house in confusion at once.

The cellar is a good place in which to begin hostilities. The ash bin should be emptied, the furnace cleared and every bit of useless rubbish disposed of. A faithful search for overlooked and decaying vegetables is necessary, for they are a prolific cause of disease. If needful the air of the cellar may be purified and parasitical growth destroyed by burning brimstone in an old pan, closing doors and windows meanwhile for a few hours. After the floor has been sprinkled and swept a coating of whitewash should be applied to the walls and woodwork. Add to the wash copperas, which is a cheap article, in the proportion of six or eight pounds to half a bushel of quicklime. This has fine cleansing and disinfecting properties, and is a sovereign prophylactic against the ravages of rats and mice. Once a year is none too often for this to be done.

The drain of the kitchen sink must never be neglected. Dissolve a few cents' worth of copperas in a pailful of hot water, and pour a little of this liquid into the drain-pipe daily, and it will be freed from its noxious odors. The grease from dish-water often clogs the pipe. Ammonia, used instead of soap for dish-washing, would soon clear away the obstruction, as it works chemically upon grease and "kills" it. A solution of lye would have the same effect.

On examining the accumulations of superfluous furniture or cast off clothing in the attic, sort out, with a free hand, what may be spared for the greater need of others. Winter clothing must be cared for before the insidious moth-miller claims it for its home, and hatches these destructive little worms that live but to destroy. Hang the garments on the line out doors, and beat them well with a whisk, then envelop them in brown paper and mark the name of garment and its owner with ink on each package. Carpets infested by buffalo bugs should be steamed with a damp cloth and hot flat-iron, which will kill the eggs, and the adult miscreant that shows himself will, no doubt, meet the fate he deserves on the spot. The steaming operation should be repeated frequently. Bedsteads washed occasionally with kerosene will never be troubled with vermin. Dalmatian powder sprinkled in the way of ants when their visits begin will cause them to disappear. Powdered borax also is said to be good.

When a room is to have new paper, the old ought to be removed first. A boiler of hot water set in the room, and the doors closed for a will, will cause the paper to loosen so that it may be taken of without difficulty. The wood-work may then be cleaned easily while the dirt is softened by the steam. Weak lye is invaluable for cleaning painted wood-work, and saleratus water is good, but both must be thoroughly rinsed off before the final wiping. Whiting or finely powdered quartz is serviceable for the most soiled spots. Ammonia, used in the proportion of a tablespoonful (or less if very strong) to a quart of hot water, is an excellent cleanser. Afterward use it still more diluted for the paints.

A Canadian Dog Story.

A lad was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed and ran for his life. He struck into a piece of woods and the dog gained on him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and, tumbling over a stone, he pitched over a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn, when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and, perceiving the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there or have dragged his broken limb along and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought help. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Not receiving the attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety that the family followed him to the place where the child lay.

Accurate Information.

Wife—Mrs. Smith is an awfully slovenly woman. She leaves everything to the servants, and her three children just run wild. It's a shame.

Husband—How do you know all this, my dear?

Wife—How do I know it all? Am I not over there half the time?

Young ladies and young men too had better be fast asleep than fast awake.

"All men are equal before the law." Yes, before the law, but after it gets hold of them then it's different.

OVER THE OCEAN.

The recent census in Bavaria has brought to light the following terse, though somewhat lengthy title: "A——B——, Royal Bavarian Railroadconstructionsectionfire-wood storehousekeeper."

Mr. Arch appeared at the recent Parliamentary banquet given in his honor in a pepper-and-salt suit and scarlet tie. He sat beside Mr. Chamberlain, who was in full evening dress.

Poor Lord Bute, having spent £1,000,000 on his new house, can only afford to give 15 000 of that sum to the widows and orphans of the colliers who were killed while lately working for him.

A diamond, larger and more valuable than the Koh-i-Noor, is about to arrive from the Cape. The lapidary has been engaged eighteen months in cutting the gem. The Koh-i-Noor is said to be worth $140,000.

In 1799 the Parliament of Great Britain had to transact the business, so far as home affairs were concerned, of about 12,000,000 people; to-day of about 35,000,000, and the affairs of Ireland (then transacted in Dublin) absorb about three-fourths of time, so that pressing English business has to stand over.

Dr. Phipson, in a German scientific journal, advocates the general use of sugar as an article of diet, not simple as a pleasing addition to food. He affirms that during forty years he has eaten at least a quarter of a pound of sugar daily, not counting sugar-forming substances taken at the same time, and has been benefitted by it.

No Russian lady can travel without her husband's assent to the issue of her passport, but in Austria woman's right to a veto has just been recognized. It is stated that a decree has recently been promulgated to the effect that no married Austrian subject shall henceforth receive a passport for journeying beyond the frontier, without the express consent of his wife.

Prince Krapotkine, the "Citizen Prince," as he is now affectionately called by the Socialists, is a studious-looking man of middle age, with a bald head and Shakespearean face, and wears a sealskin cap and spectacles. He speaks English with scholarly correctness and French with vernacular fluency. His ideal of government is what he terms anarchical communism.

A large number of maharajahs and rajahs will attend the Colonial exhibition in London next summer. They will be accompanied by their ladies and native suites. Durbars, with all the gay and gorgeous trappings of the East, are to be held in the grounds, in order to familiarize English people with one of the most interesting phrases of princely life in India.

The entire efflux through the sewers of Paris is ascertained to amount, on an average, to 362 000 cubic metres a day, or about 66,000,000 gallons, this being almost exactly three-quarters of the total amount of water furnished by the aqueducts and the rainfall, the other quarter being carried off by evaporation absorbed into the soil, or by flow over the surface directly into the Seine.

The Danes do not purpose to have any deception in their butter supply. A law enacted in Denmark last year compels all makers and sellers of adulterated, imitation, and bogus butter to pack it in elliptical tubs, conspicuously marked "margarine," and punishes infractions of the law by a fine from 200 to 2,000 kroners about ($54 to $540). The enactment was forced by the agricultural element of the country, despite the opposition by the bogus butter people.

A young girl had a remarkable adventure while travelling on the railway between Dover and Canterbury. At the further end of the open carriage were several men, one of whom climbed over the partition into the middle compartment to close the window. The girl was alarmed, and, opening the door of the compartment in which she was travelling, jumped out. The train was at this time running at full speed, but the girl escaped without injury.

There would seem to have been something more in the questian put to George Stevenson, "What if a cow should get on the railway?" than he, by his answer, was willing to admit; for near Sheffield the other day, a four year old cow escaped from a car, ran up the railway and proved very troublesome. The trains had to be stopped, and various devices resorted to to catch the creature; but she kept the track for two miles, knocking everybody down who attempted to reach her, and she could not even be shot till three hours had elapsed. Such is the story.

In a sketch of the Fair Isle it is told that this isle is part of a Shetland parish, and is visited, or supposed to be visited, once a year by a minister of the Established Church of Scotland. Some years ago the visits of the then ministers were so few and far between that a boy waiting to be baptized had grown old enough to use highly improper language when the tardy rite was at last administered. What was felt or said by impatient lovers who had been waiting so many years to be married is not recorded, but a registrar, it appears, has now been appointed.

M. Charles Girard, chemist of Paris, recently amused himself by investigation of the ingredients of a beautiful red currant jelly charmingly put up for export to the United States. There was not an atom of fruit in the mass, as was demonstrated by the adding to it of methylated alcohol, which would have turned it green had it contained any fruit acid. It was found to consist of gelatine, sweetened with glycerine residue, colored with picrine (a poisonous mineral extract), and flavored with no one knows what. A great many people in this country imagine no currant jelly so good as that which is imported from France.

It is announced that Messrs. Appert of Clichy, France, have discovered a process that will make glass blowing by mouth unnecessary. Many attempts have been made to get rid of this painful process in the operations of glass making, but to this day in every bottle house, may be seen pale-faced men with their cheeks hanging limp in folds, the result of years of glass blowing by the mouth. Cases have been known in which men's cheeks have worn so thin that they have actually cracked, and it is a common sight in a bottle house to see blowers at work with their thin cheeks puffed out like the finger of a glove.

SEASONABLE SMILES.

Awfully bored—Artesian wells.

A sweet letter—A candied a vowel.

Has a big boom—The full schooner.

Gladstone's favorite composer. Chopin.

Isn't an attempt to prove an alibi self-denial?

A false face—The face of the girl who jilts you.

When the car drivers strike they do not break anything.

A vessel is called she because you see her bow before meeting her.

Foun'-dry men: Most saloonkeepers have had this experience.

When a man planks down his awl for his board is it a fair inference that his finances are knot hole?

Occasionally a good idea comes from Prussia. She has just ordered the poet Krazowski to return to prison.

Iron is much cheaper than gold, and still there is more demand for gold, and it requires some brass to get it.

The only way in which to permanently settle the Indian question is to permanently settle the country they live in.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that ticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf. "That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful time-piece. It is worth two hundred dollars, and will run three years without winding." "Great Scott!" gasped the granger. "Three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the thing run if she was wound up?"

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Coming! Dr. Kergan's Surgeons.

Next Friday, the 23rd inst., will be Good Friday.

Plum Grove cheese factory commenced operations on Monday last

Secure a copy of Dr. Kergan's latest Health Messenger. Read advertisement.

The *Intelligencer* says a few of the cheese factories of this district will open on Monday, the 19th inst.

Don't neglect calling on Dr. Kergan's Surgeons. Opinion regarding any disease free.

Fishing is now the popular amusement. A number of very fine pike have been caught lately.

Capt. M. W. Wescott, of the Salvation Army, arrived home from Michigan yesterday morning.

This is said to have been a very good maple sugar season and large quantities of sugar and syrup have been made.

Mr. W. Boulter, of Picton, brother of Dr. Boulter, of this village, has been elected President of the Provincial Horticultural Association.

A Maple Sugar Social and Literary entertainment will be held in the Baptist Church on Tuesday evening next, the 20th inst. All are cordially invited.

We are requested to state that a social will be held at the residence of Mr. C. F. Stickle, on Friday evening next, the 23rd inst. The public are cordially invited.

If you want to get your pictures framed in the best style and at lowest living prices, leave your orders at the News-Argus office. A full assortment of mouldings now in stock.

On Wednesday, April 21, on lot 4, con. 6, Huntingdon, a quantity of farm stock and implements, the property of Mr. Paul Collins. Sale at 1 o'clock, sharp. C. Butler, auctioneer.

Mr. Frank Ackerman made his old friends in Stirling a visit on Friday last. Brampton has been his home for some time past; and he thinks it is a smart little town. It has electric light, etc.

Mr. Dinwoodie, of Campbellford, has received the contract from the Grand Trunk Railway to repair and fit for traffic the road from Madoc to Eldorado, so that connection can be made with the C. O. R.

Messrs. R. P. Gilbert, Thos. Heard and — Charters, of this village, and Mr. Wannamaker, of Sidney, left per C. P. R. on Tuesday night last for Winnipeg and the North-west. It is probable they may go as far as Calgary.

Mr. B. F. Butler, brother of Dr. Butler, of this village, and who has just graduated as a veterinary surgeon, has decided to locate at Campbellford, and left for that place on Monday last. We wish him every success in his profession.

The great storm of last week retarded spring operations on the farm about one week, and made the roads far worse than they would otherwise have been. Farmers are now commencing to plough, and the season, in spite of all draw-backs, is considerably in advance of last year.

The Baptist brethren of this village found their church rather uncomfortable on Sunday last, on account of the roof leaking. We understand they intend putting a new roof on a part at least, and perhaps the whole, as soon as material can be procured. Service will be held in the church next Sunday as usual.

Mr. Henry Utman has just received a letter from his sons, Delbert and George, who left here for California about the last of March. They arrived there all right, and are well pleased with the country. They are enjoying all kinds of garden vegetables and fruits such as strawberries, oranges, etc., and no doubt pity us poor Canadians who are just emerging from the snow drifts of winter.

A man named Joseph Whiteman has been arrested in Peterborough County charged with bigamy. The chief constable of Peterborough has conclusive proofs of his second marriage. Whiteman married his first wife in Napanee, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Bull, and, after 8 years, deserted her and five children, leaving them penniless. Mrs. Whiteman at present lives at Trenton.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"A gigantic law suit will soon occupy the courts between Messrs. Wm. Coe, of this village, and S. J. Ritchie, et al, of the Coe Hill Mining Company. Mr. Coe sues Ritchie for $50,000, amount due for the purchase of shares in the Coe Hill mine, and Ritchie returns the compliment to Mr. Coe with a suit for $500,000, for alleged wrong information regarding the resources of the above mine before the purchase took place.

One Robert McDonald, of Thurlow, who has already served two or three terms of imprisonment for various offences, lately succeeded in fleecing a lawyer and the keeper of a grocery in Belleville, and then went to Frankford, where he hired a rig from a livery man to go to Foxboro, and there traded the horse for another and $10 to boot. The livery man and a county constable are in pursuit, but at last accounts had not succeeded in capturing the thief.

We are informed that a number of boys—perhaps they think they are young men—are in the habit of congregating on some vacant lots near the creek on Sunday, and there indulging in various sorts of amusement, little becoming the reverence that should be given to the Sabbath day. Last Sunday they engaged in revolver practice, much to the annoyance of others. If these youths are so lost to all sense of self-respect as not to care for the Sabbath, it is time they were taught that there is a law in the land applicable to such cases as theirs. If they do not take warning, and still persist in their evil course, the authorities should take the matter in hand and teach them that Canada is a civilized and christian country, and that the Sabbath must be respected.

Village Council.

A special meeting of the Village Council was held in Mr. F. B. Parker's office on Monday evening last.

The members were all present as also some thirty or thirty-five ratepayers.

As intimated in last week's News-Argus the meeting was called specially to consider the question of rebuilding the bridge across the creek at Ferguson's.

A petition was presented, signed by 118 ratepayers, praying that the bridge be not rebuilt.

The Reeve suggested that those in favor of the petition be heard.

Mr. Bradley moved, seconded by Mr. McKee, that the petition be not entertained on the ground that the petition was not properly represented to the ratepayers. Mr. Bradley stated that false representations had been made to some to induce them to sign the petition.

Mr. F. B. Parker and Mr. Wright, as the persons who circulated the petition, repudiated the charge, and said they had not made any statements to influence parties to sign, only that they considered the bridge unnecessary, and that it must of course increase the taxes.

The reeve read the sections of the statute in reference to the building and maintaining of bridges, closing up streets, etc.

Mr. Boldrick, Dr. Boulter, and others spoke against the rebuilding of the bridge, maintaining that it was unnecessary in the public interest, as there were two bridges now over the creek within a few rods each side of the one washed away.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. Thos McKee, Mr. W. H. Berry, Mr. Wm. McKee, Mr. Stickle and Mr. W. S. Martin, spoke in favor of the rebuilding of the bridge, contending that if not rebuilt it would cause considerable damage to adjacent property, and to those who owned property on the other side of the creek.

The reeve said he considered that it would take about $40 to $50 per year to keep up the bridge, that is allowing the ordinary lifetime of the bridge to be seven years. He read a letter which had just been placed in his hands, from Mr. H. S. Ferguson to Mr. Bradley, claiming a reduction in rent from $100 to $60, on account of the bridge being carried away.

Mr. Graham said he had come to the meeting with the intention of opposing the building of the bridge, but he would now vote for it.

After some further discussion the motion was put and carried,—Messrs. Bradley, McKee and Graham voting for it.

Notes from the Country.

The big snow storm of last week made the roads very bad but the warm weather has made them some better but they are quite bad yet.

The sugar season is about over and on the whole it has been a very good one.

The farmers are getting ready for spring work and a few are ploughing this week.

B. F. Butler, V. S., has gone to Campbellford to practice his profession. Success to him.

Springbrook.

Spring—mud—slush — bugs—flies — and other consequences.

Mr. George Wiggins, sr., has returned from a six months visit in Marquette and other parts of northern Michigan. Mr. Wiggins says he did not fall in love with that part of Uncle Sam's domains.

Mr. G. D. Wiggins has sold several more lots as follows: Marshal Mason, butcher; Jeremiah Wilson, baker; William Kimmerly and George Rombough, laborers P. Welch has also sold a lot to Charlie Lott, carpenter.

The revival meetings which were carried on for nine weeks have been closed, or rather reduced to tri-weekly meetings, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings. The meeting was probably the most successful ever held in this Township. More than one hundred professed conversion, and some seventy-five or eighty connected themselves with the church here. "Blessed are they that endure to the end," do right all the way along, and make restitution, "the same shall be saved."

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, April 13th, 1886.

Last Wednesday morning about nine o'clock Mark Devlin arrived home from Nye Yorick, where he was for seven weeks. He brings with him a more thorough knowledge of cutting, acquired at the well-known school mentioned before.

Since last account we have been informed Jos. Jewell does not intend going to Colborne, as before stated, but intends commencing business for himself in Flinton. While here he made many friends and they all unite in wishing him success in his new sphere.

Business at the Arcade is assuming such proportions as necessitates the employment of another hand and the erection of an addition to the building. J. W. has secured the services of Mr. H. Wells, of Port Perry, whose suavity will win the respect of the customers.

Rev. G. D. Cleworth preached last Sunday evening to a large audience. It is pretty generally known that it was his farewell sermon here. He intends starting in about four weeks for the Western States, where he will continue in the work of the ministry.

There was considerable stir in the village yesterday and a good deal of money changed hands. It was pay-day with Rathbun & Son and Gilmour & Co., and the employees and all who had any claim on them assembled at G. McWilliam's hotel and received their share of the filthy lucre.

Is it not strange that pickets are torn off fences and always by some person or persons unknown? Those who indulge in the contemptible practice ought to remember the Golden Rule, and not only that, but act upon it.

Last Friday was a day of sad intelligence, especially to the bereaved wife and now fatherless children of the victim. We refer to the death of Thos. Littell, of Deloro. He and several companions were in the village on Thursday, where they imbibed too freely of "fire-water." On leaving for home he and a man named Foote went together as far as the Indian camp, east of here. Littell insisted on remaining. Foote going home. Early in the morning the deceased was found out by the station in a comatose state. In the course of the forenoon it was ascertained that he was dead. The funeral took place on Sunday and now there is some talk of having him disinterred in order to hold a *post mortem* examination. There is a suspicion of foul play in the minds of some, though it is the general opinion that death resulted from exposure while in a state of intoxication. More probably the latter, as he had no money on him. Such horrors often occur, though it does not seem to lessen the consumption of the vile stuff, and in the face of these things men stumble on.

Births.

In Stirling, on April 1st, the wife of Wm. Gould, of a son.

In Belleville, on the 9th inst., the wife of Mr. Geo. A. Skinner, of a son.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 7th inst., by Rev. W. H. Peake, of Shannonville, Mr. James Coyle Brown, of Peterboro' County, and Miss Mary Eleanor Embury Patterson, of Frankford.

In Rawdon, on the 7th inst., by Rev. C. M. Harris, Mr. Thomas Spry, of Seymour, Wisconsin, and Miss Annie Eastwood, of Rawdon.

Deaths.

In Belleville, on the 7th inst., Ida, wife of Mr. Henry E. Filliter.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Chicago church is reported to have recently put up in the vestibule the sign "Salvation is free, but the pews are not."

Perfect soundness of body and mind is possible only with pure blood. Leading medical authorities indorse Ayer's Sarsparilla as the best blood-purifying medicine in existence. It vastly increases the working and productive powers of both and hand brain.

Owing to a dispute between the lessees of the road and the contractors, the opening of the Northern and Pacific Junction Railway will be deferred till the 1st Nov.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills are suited to every age. Being sugar-coated they are easy to take, and though mild and pleasant in action, are thorough and searching in effect. Their efficacy in all disorders of the stomach and bowels is certified to by eminent physicians, and many of our best citizens.

A Montreal youth aged thirteen has confessed to eleven burglaries.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

Japan, according to the new census, has a population of 38,000,000.

FOR Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Europe is stated to have an available military force of 9,000,000 soldiers.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

Jumbo's heart, weighing forty-seven pounds, has been sent to Cornell University.

OBSTRUCTIONS of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

Sir John Macdonald's health has improved so much that it is probable he will be able to resume his duties in the House of Commons some time this week.

JACK FROST CONQUERED.

Although during the cold season "Jack Frost" gets in his work lively, yet Hagyard's Yellow Oil beats him every time, curing chilblains, frost bites, and all their painful effects. It also cures croup, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

Another report is out that United States President Cleveland is about to marry.

THE LOST RESTORED.

Ira McNeill, of Poplar Hill, Ont., states that his brother aged 12, was afflicted with a terrible cold, from the effects of which he lost his voice. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured the cold and restored his voice in the most perfect manner. He says it cannot be exceeded as a remedy for coughs and colds.

A barn belonging to Mr. John Moore, 4th con., Proton, was struck by lightning a week ago and destroyed. Two boys who were in the building at the time were stunned and a horse was killed by the lightning.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaints.

By a Japanese process, seaweed is made into paper so transparent that it may be substituted for window glass.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.

Mr. Frank Hendry, writing from Seaforth, says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it, and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B.B.B. is always successful.

The first reading of the Home Rule Bill passed without a division.

A VALUABLE FEATURE.

One of the most valuable features of Hagyard's Yellow Oil is that unlike ordinary liniments it can be safely and effectually taken internally as well as applied in cases of pains, inflammation, sore throat, rheumatism, and all painful complaints and injuries.

A fourteen-year-old daughter of the King of the Belgians has been selected as a bride for the eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Mrs. Salter, of Franktown, Ontario, was for four years afflicted with a fever sore that baffled all treatment, until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. 4 bottles cured her. All chronic sores and humors of the blood must yield to B.B.B.

The Boston Traveller very sensibly suggests that the way to stop prize fights is to stop reporting them.

HORSEMEN, ATTENTION!

When your horse is galled, scratched or cut, or has an ugly sore, bathe twice daily, and apply McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it. Be sure you get McGregor & Parke's. Sold for 25c. per box, at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

The Ottawa Journal says that: "The apparent intention of the militia department to issue the medals sent out for the Northwest volunteers by the English government without the names of the volunteers being engraven thereon, causes considerable comment, and that of an unpleasant character, in militia and other circles."

FLUID LIGHTNING.

All sufferers from that terrible torment, Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning briskly rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning also cures as effectually Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

The London Board of Trade will begin an inquiry at Liverpool, on the 16th inst., into the loss of the Cunard Line steamer Oregon.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregors Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. Ask your neighbor or any person who has used it. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottle given free.

AT DREWRY'S

THE BIG FIVE!

Five Crushing and Unapproachable Bargains.

ONE. Three hundred and fifty yards of fine Plushes, in all the popular shadings, worth $2.00 per yard, sale price $1.15.

TWO. Bales of very heavy sheeting Cottons, 37 inches wide, worth 10c., sale price 5c. per yard.

THREE. Three thousand yards of 22 inch, colored Silks, sold in every other house that handles them for $1.00 per yard, sale price 50c.

FOUR. Fifty dozen three button, Ladies Kid Gloves. They were $1.00 per pair, Drewry's price 39c.

FIVE. Cases of twenty and twenty-five cent Dress Goods, to go at 10c., 12½c. and 15c.

AND Still the Monster Sale goes on.

And still the crowds continue to buy.

And still we show fresh bargains every day.

And still people wonder at the enormity of the sales

AT DREWRY'S

BON MARCHE,

TRENTON.

Don't Read This!

Unless your health or physical condition need improving. If they do, the best thing you can do is to call on

DR. J. D. KERGAN'S

British-American Surgeons,

WHEN AT

SCOTT'S HOTEL, STIRLING

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28,

Or at the

MADOC HOUSE, MADOC,

THURSDAY, APRIL 29.

Consultation, opinion and advice regarding any disease, deformity or disease peculiar to the sex free.

The reputation of Dr. Kergan and his Medical Council is a sufficient guarantee that all who apply for their opinion or treatment will be honorably, fairly and satisfactorily dealt with. Each case is treated upon its merits, every one being carefully reviewed and prescribed for by Dr. Kergan and his entire Medical Council.

References, instances of cases cured and illustrated pamphlets free, from the surgeons or headquarters. If it is impossible for you to call, please write for necessary question blanks in order to obtain a free written opinion. Address all letters plainly and to

DR. J. D. KERGAN,
Cor. Woodward & Gratiot Aves., Detriot, Mich.

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to James Johnston, owner, or to

A. GLASS, Stirling

MORTGAGE SALE.

PURSUANT TO A CERTAIN MORTGAGE, default having been made in payment thereof, and made by the late John Clemenger, I shall offer for sale at

SCOTT'S HOTEL, in STIRLING,

—ON—

THURSDAY, the 22nd Instant,

At noon, that parcel of land in the Township of Marmora, composed of the east quarter of lot 20, in the first concession of Marmora.

TERMS CASH.

GEO. A. SKINNER, Vendor's Solicitor.

Belleville, April 6, 1886.

MORTGAGE SALE.

I SHALL OFFER FOR SALE AT

SCOTT'S Hotel, in STIRLING,

—ON—

THURSDAY; 22nd of April, 1886,

At noon, under and by virtue of a mortgage which will then be produced, village lot 6, on the north side of Church Street, and lot 6, on the south side of Shurch Street, in Stirling, known as the "E. D. Allen place," lately in possession of Mr. Mendell. A good dwelling house is on the lot on the south side of the street, and a fine brick building, which can be converted into a dwelling, on the north side. Terms upon application to

GEO. A. SKINNER, Vendor's Solicitor.

Belleville, April 6, 1886.

NOTICE.

License District of North Hastings.

A MEETING OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS will be held in the

Town Hall, Stirling,

AT 10, A. M., ON

Wednesday, 21st day of April,

For the granting of tavern and shop licenses for the license year 1886-7.

The names of applicants for licenses that were not licensed during the present year, are:

Bryan Lynch, for the "North American," Village of Madoc.

William McMunn, for his house, known as the "Hermon," Township Mayo.

George Whitty, for the "Harold House" in the Township Rawdon.

Garrot Badgley, for the "Scott House," Stirling.

Duncan Nerrie, for a house at Springbrook, Township Rawdon.

Dennis Hogan, for his house at Millbridge Station, Township Tudor.

Robert Arkles for his house at the Eldorado, Township Madoc.

The number of licenses issued during the present year was 28 tavern and 6 shop.

The number of applicants for tavern and shop licenses for the ensuing year is 32 tavern and 6 shop.

E. MOUNCEY, Inspector.

Madoc, April 5, '86.

CHEAP

Furniture

—AT—

MARTIN'S.

10 per cent. discount off for Cash only.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

VALUABLE FARM

—IN THE—

TOWNSHIP OF RAWDON.

UNDER POWER OF SALE IN A CERTAIN mortgage from Henry Gibson to the vendors, which will be produced at the time of sale and on default being made in payment of the moneys thereby secured, there will be offered for sale by PUBLIC AUCTION, at Bennett's Hotel, in the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, on

Friday, the 16th day of April, A.D., 1886,

At 11 o'clock, a.m., by Charles Butler, auctioneer, the following property, being lot number 18, in the 12th con. of the said Township of Rawdon, containing by admeasurement 200 acres more or less, about 100 of which are said to be cleared and under cultivation, balance timbered. On the premises are said to be a frame house and a barn. This lot is situated in a first-class farming and dairy district, and is only a short drive from the C. P. R. and G. T. R.

TERMS—10 per cent. at time of sale, 15 per cent. within one month thereafter, and the balance to be secured by a mortgage of the premises for five years, with interest at six per cent. yearly, or such other terms as may be arranged with purchasers at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to the auctioneer, or to

MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK, Toronto.

Toronto, March 20, 1886.

HATS THAT

R

HATS, AT

J. BOLDRICK'S!

WELCOME!

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3.25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW

SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.

New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.

New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.

New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.

New Scotch Tweed Suitings.

New English & French Worsteds

New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

CALL AND SEE HOW

CHEAP GOODS

CAN BE SOLD.

THE SUBSCRIBER OFFERS HIS LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS

AT COST PRICES.

PARTIES DESIROUS OF

SAVING MONEY

Will find it to their advantage to give a call.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF BEST

TEAS,

Just to hand, which is offered at a small advance on Cost.

THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Is complete with everything required by families.

A CALL IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

G. W. FAULKNER.

NIAGARA

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, - ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN

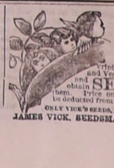
AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE

—FOR THE—

COUNTY of HASTINGS

I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to.

T. G. GILLESPIE, Campbellford, Ont.



VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and SEEDS and how to obtain and grow them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

CONSTIPATION.

SYMPTOMS Inactive or irregular acting Bowels, Pain across the Bowels or in the lower part of the back; accumulation of wind; straining at Stool, inducing Piles, and often Fistula; Sallow Complexion; Headache; Eruptive Sores; and, finally, general derangement of the entire organism is the result of neglected Constipation.

CAUSE Neglect of Regular Habits; Food hard to Digest; Torpid Liver; Spices, Stimulants and Astringents; Too free use of Cathartics, &c., of a harsh nature, which destroy the tone of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

CURE Eat ripe Fruits and Vegetables, Oatmeal, Coarse Bread, Mush and Molasses, Broths, etc. Shun harsh Physic. Be strictly regular at efforts to evacuate the Bowels. Correct the inactive Liver and Biliary Organs with that best of all regulators

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Which tones and regulates the Bowels, promotes the flow of Bile, which keeps the blood pure and healthy, and secures a natural action of the Bowels, without weakening in any manner.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURES CONSTIPATION

HARDWARE.

Tarred and Felt Paper,
Axle Grease, Castor Oil,
Paints & Oils,
Buggy Tops,
Buggy Gears,
Buggy Wheels,
Garden Rakes,
Hoes & Forks,
Springs & Axles,
Grindstones,

A car of Land Plaster just arrived.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 32.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drugstore, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year,
If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve., April 22, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec,

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room.
P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

Grain Cracking!
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREPARED TO do all kinds of Grain Cracking at
SPRINGBROOK.
On Tuesday and Friday of each week. Satisfaction guaranteed.
MILES MASON.
Springbrook, Dec. 22, 1885.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.55 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.46 "	......
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	11.03 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	11.19 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	11.35 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.45 "	4.55
Peterboro'	6.42 "	12.31 p.m.	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.44 "	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.50 p.m.	3.20 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	11.29 "
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	......
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	......
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.23 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of ROBERT J. CRAIGE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107, of the revised statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Robert J. Craige, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, merchant, deceased, who died on or about the sixth day of March, A. D., 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, to Charles Craige, of the Village of Stirling, agent for Jane Craige, of the same place, executrix of the last will and testament of the said late Robert J. Craige, deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 8th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses, and a full statement of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the said executrix shall not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by the said executrix, or her said agent at the time of distribution.

Dated at Stirling, April 7th, 1886.
CHARLES CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, the above named executrix.

Notice to Debtors!

IN THE MATTER OF ROBERT J. CRAIGE, DECEASED.

ALL PARTIES IN ANY WAY INDEBTED to the estate of the late Robert J. Craige, in his lifetime of the Village of Stirling, either as a member of the firm of Chas. Craige & Brother or otherwise, are requested to settle their accounts before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1886.

After that date all accounts, notes, etc., will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection.
CHAS. CRAIGE.
Agent for Jane Craige, executrix.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the stock of goods of the late firm of Chas. Craige & Brother, I am now getting in a full stock of spring and summer goods, and will continue the business as usual, and hope to see all our customers and as many new ones as possible.

CHAS CRAIGE.

THE ARCADE!
MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.
The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for -	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for - - - -	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel - - - - -	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup - - -	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap - - - - -	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea - - - - -	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea - - - - -	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

I OFFER FOR SALE THAT NICE RESIDENCE now occupied by Mr. W. H. Hastings, on Front Street, formerly the late Wm. Martin's residence.

Also to rent, if not sold,

65 ACRES MORE OR LESS,

Being part of Lots 18 and 19, in the 8th Concession of Sidney, lately owned by Bird Vandervoort, lying between the road leading to the Oak Hills from Hart's Mill and John Hanna's place and on the south by the concession line and on the north by the Frankford road and Hart's Mill.

G. A. SKINNER,
March 23, '86. Belleville

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner,
or to A. GLASS,
Stirling.

WE HAVE CLOSED OUR BRANCH OFFICE in Stirling. All business or work done with or by us must be done at Belleville. We have arranged to lend MONEY AT 6 PER CENT. per annum, on good security. Charges moderate.

FLINT & SHERRY,
Barristers, Belleville, Ont

NOTICE.

HAVING DISPOSED OF THE WATERLOO Mill, and wishing to close up my business as speedily as possible, I have placed all my accounts in the hands of Mr. F. B. Parker for collection. All interested will please settle without further notice.
JOHN T. HART.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of John Jeffrey Jr., Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of John Jeffrey, Jr., late of the Township of Rawdon, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of March, 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned, executor of all and singular, the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of the said John Jeffrey, Jr., deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 15th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the undersigned executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required; and the undersigned executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the undersigned executors, at the time of distribution.

Dated at Rawdon, April 6th, 1886.
JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor, Stirling P. O.

VICTORY CERTAIN.

Over the pains and sufferings of **Rheumatism** is sure to follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "Two years ago I was prostrated with Rheumatism. I used a number of remedies, and received no benefit until I commenced taking

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

saparilla, four bottles of which effected a permanent cure."—Charles Foster, 231 Prince st., Boston, Mass.

Swift and sure are the benefits to be derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "One of our children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous sores on its face and neck. Physicians earnestly recommend us to administer Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A few doses produced a marked change, and, its continued use, a perfect cure."—B. T. Johnson, Hutto, Texas.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. For Sale by all Druggists.

The Bible in Schools.

The agitation which took place a few years ago in reference to placing the Bible as one of the text books in the public schools resulted in the compiling of a book of Scripture selections for use as a text book in place of the whole Bible. The selections were made by a committee of clergymen from all denominations, and are said to be admirably adapted for the purpose.

Lately some parties have been trying to work up an agitation against the use of these selections and demand that the Bible be used in its stead. The Toronto School Board recently had the matter under discussion, and by a large majority decided to do away with the book of selections and order that the Bible be used in its stead.

Referring to the matter the Toronto *News* has the following sensible remarks:—

"A word as to to the question at issue as between the whole Bible and the book of scripture selections. Every right-minded man must admit that there are a few things in the Scriptures which, owing to the phraseology, or peculiar oriental allegory, it is not advisable to read aloud before young children of both sexes. It is necessary to exercise considerable discrimination in this respect. Of necessity the time devoted to Bible reading in the schools must be limited. The "whole Bible" may be put into the children's hands, but only a small portion of it, owing to a lack of time, can be read. Selections must be made, and it is surely preferable to have the most suitable passages culled out by competent and judicious clergymen of different persuasions, as has been done under the instructions of the department, than to leave the matter in the hands of individual teachers."

The Home Rule Bill.

OFFICIAL TEXT OF THE MEASURE.

The House of Commons having voted permission to Mr. Gladstone to introduce his bill for the better government of Ireland, the official text of the measure is now made public. It debars the proposed Irish Parliament from legislating concerning the *status*, dignity or succession to the Crown, from passing laws affecting peace or war, the army or navy, militia or volunteers, or defence of the realm, and from taking any action concerning the foreign or colonial relations of the Empire. Among the other subjects placed beyond the power of the Irish Government to deal with are: Dignities, titles and honors, prizes and booties of war, offences against the law of nations, treason and felony, navigation, copyright, patents, mails, telegraphs, coinage and weights and measures. The bill further prohibits Ireland from doing anything to establish or endow any religion or to disturb or confer any privileges on account of religious beliefs, and also forbids it to impose customs or excise duties. To the Queen is also reserved the same right to summon, prorogue and dissolve the Irish Legislature that she has with respect to the Imperial Parliament. To Her Majesty, also, is reserved power to erect forts, arsenals, magazines and dockyards. The Irish Legislature is permitted to impose taxes to be paid into the Consolidated Fund, to defray the expenses of the public service in Ireland, subject to the provisions of the Irish Land Purchase Bill, but is not to either raise or appropriate revenues without the Queen's recommendation, made through the Lord Lieutenant. Church property in Ireland is to belong to the Irish people, subject to existing charges. The executive government of Ireland is vested by the Queen in the Lord Lieutenant, who will govern with the aid of such officers and council as the Queen may appoint, and will give or withhold the Queen's assent to such bills as the Irish Legislature may pass.

The Irish Land Bill.

Mr. Gladstone introduced his scheme for the purchase of the estates of the Irish landlords into the House of Commons on Friday last. The Bill, if passed, is to go in force on the same day with the Home Rule Bill. He proposes to issue £180,000,000 new three per cent. Consols during the next six years, the proceeds to be applied to the purchase of the land of such landlords as wish to sell, the land to be handed to the tenants if they wish to purchase. Power to expropriate land in congested districts is given, but it is not sought in any case to compel the tenants to purchase. Such tenants as purchase will have to pay an annual rent sufficient to return the principal and pay interest on the sums for which they purchase. The Irish Government, it appears, is to appoint the rent collectors. A sum of £2,000,000 a year is to be paid to the Imperial Government by Ireland on account of these rents, which, added to the Imperial contribution, will make £6,242,000 that the Irish taxpayers will have to pay annually to Britain. Mr. Gladstone shows that at the present they pay £3,980,000, and it is not clear that this includes any of the rent now paid to absentee landlords. Mr. Gladstone also shows that Britain would make large savings by adoption of his recommendations.

The Bill has not met with a very favorable reception, and is opposed by Chamberlain and others.

Mr. Gladstone had two serious difficulties to meet in connection with his land purchase scheme—how to make the peasantry pay for their farms and how to make Ireland pay the Empire for money advanced to the landlords. The latter liability Mr. Gladstone has pretty well secured by taking the customs and excise duties collected by imperial officers in Ireland in payment of this as well as of Ireland's contribution to the imperial expenses. The duty of collecting from the peasants is laid on the Irish Government which is all very well for England, but if the Irish Government cannot get the money out of the people, being indeed in sympathy with their refusal and answerable to a parliament made up almost exclusively of members pledged by their constituents to resist such payment, there is very likely to be a remonstrance of a sort more forcible than elegant against the Empire carrying off from Ireland the equivalent for a debt which will never be paid.

British Finances.

Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced the Budget in the House of Commons on the 15th inst. It shows an actual deficit of £2,642,943. The diminution in revenue was most marked in the case of alcohol, the receipts derived from which were £971,000 below the estimate, and £1,179,000 below the receipts derived from alcohol in 1884-5. Within a decade there has been a decrease in the revenue from alcohol of £4,500,000. This has been due to changes in the habits of the people, and has been concurrent with an enormous increase in the revenue derived from the comforts of life. The falling off in the receipts from alcohol has been reduced about one half by increased receipts derived from tea, tobacco and fruits. There has been no substantial decrease in the source of revenue from other sources. For the fiscal year of 1886-87 the expenditures are estimated at £90,485,599 and the revenue at £89,885,000. It is proposed to meet the deficit by taking £800,000 from the £6,750,000 applicable to the reduction of the national debt, which has been reduced £30,000,000 in the past five years. It is also proposed to abolish the license tax on private brewing in cottages, the annual rental of which is under £8, entailing a loss of £16,000 in revenue. Thus there will remain a surplus estimated at £258,771. No further changes are proposed in taxation, which the government regrets its inability to reduce. The house adopted the budget.

A Terrible Cyclone.

On the 14th inst. a terrible cyclone visited parts of Minnesota, doing an immense amount of damage and causing great loss of life. The storm passed over the town of St. Cloud. It came from the southwest and passed directly over the place. The clouds hung low and rolled over and over, and were accompanied by loud roaring and a crackling sound. The cloud was funnel-shaped and the point dragged along the ground, lashing everything that came in its path into atoms The citizens had hardly time to flee to their cellars and seek refuge before the air was filled with flying boards, shingles, bricks and other debris that was thrown over the country and piled in promiscuous heaps. It came from the southwest and moved up in a northeasterly direction until it reached the river, where it followed the river banks until it reached Sauk Rapids, where it passed through the town. The people were not warned of the danger before it was upon them They were picked up and tossed in the air and rent into a thousand pieces. The earth was ploughed up in the line of the cyclone and covered nearly a quarter of a mile in width. The cries and shrieks of the wounded rent the air, and the ground was strewn with the bodies of the dead. About 20 were killed and 40 injured. The loss of property is estimated at $150,000.

The cyclone then went on its destructive career passing over Sank Rapids, Minn., and wrecking every house in the town except one hotel. About forty persons were killed and 100 injured. The loss of property is estimated at $300,000.

The same cyclone also passed over a place called Rice Station, killing 22 persons and injuring a large number. It struck a church east of Rice Station, in which wss a wedding party, and thirteen were killed, including the officiating minister. A number of persons were also killed and injured in the County diftricts through which the storm passed, so that the deaths will be over one hundred, with probably double that number injured.

A Wise Policy, But Not the Wisest.

A person applying for work to the Fall Brook Coal Company, of Elmira, must present a certificate that he is a teetotaler, and must sign a pledge that he will continue to abstain absolutely from intoxicating drinks while in the service of the company, whether on duty or not. Since this rule was adopted by the coal company the list of fatalities in its mines and on its railroads has decreased 50 per cent., and the employees all have money ahead.—*New York Sun.*

We are aware that a good many companies and individual employers of labor have regulations for their employees similar to that referred to above. Our present object is not to comment upon or discuss such regulations, but to call attention to the remarkable fact that the list of fatalities has decreased fifty per cent. since the adoption of the rule. The company named is a large one, employing over one thousand men and doing an immense business. The regulation referred to is known as Rule No. 1, and has been in operation since December, 1882. Since then the company has discharged over three hundred railroad hands, and equally as many other employees, for violation of the regulation.

We understand that the State of Michigan has a statute punishing railroad companies that employ drinking men, and there is no doubt whatever that the State has a right to legislate for the protection of its citizens against the many dangers with which intemperance threatens them. A thorough system of law regarding this matter would no doubt be a public benefit, but how much simpler and easier would it be to totally prohibit the traffic from which all the evil springs.

A man by the name of Wm. Thompson, living in east Trenton with his son, Byron Thompson and wife, hung himself in a shed behind the house on Sunday night. Thompson was about 60, and was a very respectable, industrious man. The family cannot account for the rash act.

Mr. A. B. Vanblaricom, Picton, has a St. Bernard dog, eight months old, that weighs 133 lbs., stands 30 inches high, measures from tip of nose to tip of tail 6 ft. 6 ins., and girths 3 ft. 1 in. This is by all odds the biggest "purp" we have heard of. Bring along something to beat him.—*Times.*

A prohibitory law is in force in the Northwest Territories, nevertheless some parties endeavor either to smuggle liquor into the territories or to manufacture it. Last week before Judge Richardson, at Regina, three parties from Qu'Appelle, for illicit distillation, were tried and fined in amounts ranging from $150 to $900 and imprisonment of from two to seven months.

For the Easter holidays the C. P. R. announce that they will issue return tickets at one fare and a third on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, April 22nd, 23rd and 24th, good to return till Tuesday, April 27th. Tickets at the above rate will be sold at all stations and at regularly authorized ticket offices of the company. Tickets must be procured before starting, as regular fare will be charged on trains.

Mr. Powderly, the head of the Knights of Labor, was, twelve years ago, in his own words, "a poor, forlorn, houseless wanderer in search of employment—a tramp." To-day he is one of the most influential men in the United States. The secret of his success is, of course, that he has mental abilities of no mean order, and that he is energetic and industrious. These would have been comparatively useless to him, however, had he been a tippler. "He has," says an American paper, "all his powers under the best control; does not touch either liquor or tobacco. He has made it impossible for a liquor dealer, or one who lives by the traffic, to become a Knight, and is planning how to carry this part of the rules of the Knighthood far enough to shut habitual drinkers out of the body."

The United States crop reports indicate that March in Michigan, Kansas, a good part of Illinois and some parts of Indiana was very unfavorable for winter wheat because unprotected from the frost. In Dakota the ground is very dry and many are now seeding oats in place of spring wheat, fearing to take chances on wheat. Stock raising will be increased also at the expense of wheat growing. In Nebraska the spring had been wet and unfavorable. Heavy rains have set things back in Illinois and west of the Mississippi. In Oregon the spring wheat area is reduced owing to low prices. The crop prospects south are fair, and Pacific coast reports favorable. Generally speaking, there is reduced acreage over the entire winter wheat belt compared with 1885, though the condition of the crop is better than at the same time last year.

A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice is how to use them so that they will do the most good, as follows:—Most people know the benefit of lemonade before breakfast, but few know that it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of the bilious system, without blue pills or quinine, is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons, as appetite craves, in as much ice-water as makes it pleasant to drink without sugar before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least a half hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humour and bile with efficiency without any of the weakening effects of calomel or congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear.

Origin of Easter.

Easter Sunday, or, as it was formerly called, the "Sunday of Joy," like many other ceremonies which have come down to us from earlier times, has been changed from its original, and to some extent pagan, character to a religious observance, until now, more especially limited to the Romish and Episcopal churches, it is the festival of the resurrection of Christ.

In olden times there was a feast of the Teutonic goddess Ostera (in the Anglo Saxon *Easter*, whence naturally comes our Easter), the goddess of spring, and the Anglo-Saxon name for April was Easter month. The pagan worship of Ostera was strongly rooted in Northern Germany, and was brought into England by the Saxons; and the early missionaries, finding it impossible to abolish it, endeavored, as with some other ceremonies, so far as was possible, to change it to a Christian festival and to give to the rites a religious significance. This was easily done in this instance; for joy at the rising of the sun, at the bursting of spring from the bonds of winter, the resurrection of the natural world, could quite easily be changed to joy at the rising of the sun of righteousness, at the resurrection of Christ, his triumph over death and the grave. Easter has often been called the Christian Passover, because the Jewish Passover was celebrated, according to the Mosaic Law, on the 14th day of the month of Abi, that is, within a day or two before or after the vernal equinox.

Although the church has always been united as to why Easter should be celebrated, there has been a wide difference of opinion as to when it should be observed. This controversy grew out of a diversity of custom, the Judaizing Christians keeping their paschal feast on the same day the Jews keep their Passover—the 14th of Nisan—the Hebrew month corresponding to our March or April—while the churches of the west, in remembrance that Christ arose on Sunday, had their festival on the Sunday following the day observed by the eastern church. This discussion was kept up until the time Constantine, who (A. D. 325) brought the subject before the Ecumenial council of Nice, from which time to this Easter Sunday has been everywhere one and the same day—the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March; and if the full moon comes upon a Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after. This decision was in favor of the western usage, that body holding that the Sunday after the 14th of April was proper for the commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The introduction of the Gregorian calendar made some changes necessary, and the ecclesiastical authorities at last decided to regulate the time of Easter by the moon—not, however, the actual moon, nor what is called by astronomers the "mean moon," but an imaginary moon, whose movements are so arranged that it follows the real moon by some two or three days.

Easter, which is now preceded by Lent, in early days was introduced by fasting on one day only—the Friday in Passion week, known as Good Friday; by and by the time was extended to forty hours, in token that Christ had lain that long in the tomb, and from this it was at last prolonged to forty days—the season of the temptation in the wilderness. The primitive Christians on the morning of this day saluted each other with the words, "Christ is arisen," to which the person addressed answered, "Christ is arisen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon," a custom which is still retained in the Greek church. "Indeed," says an eminent foreign writer, "All the ceremonies attending the observance of Easter were at first exceedingly simple, but in the early part of the Fourth century a decided change was brought about. Constantine, naturally vain and fond of parade, signalized his love of display by celebrating this festival with extraordinary pomp. Vigils, or night watches, were instituted for Easter eve, at which the people remained in the churches until midnight. The tapers, which it had been before customary to burn at this time, did not satisfy his majesty, but huge pillars of wax were used instead; not only in the churches, but all over the city, were they placed, that the brilliancy of the night should far exceed the light of day. Easter Sunday was noticed with most elaborate ceremonials, the pope officiating at mass, with every imposing accessory that could be devised."

During the interval between Easter and Pentecost, a period of fifty days, the Christians were not expected to pray kneeling, for this attitude was considered as a token of humility, but rather with outstretched arms, and faces looking to heaven, at this season, when only songs of joy and gratitude were expected. Both Easter and Pentecost Sunday were accounted fortunate days on which to baptize children, and the interval lying between these days as favorable for marriages.

Various ceremonies, spirits and superstitions have in time past characterized the day, and still are many of the old Easter customs practiced in different parts of the world. That of making presents of colored eggs was at one time almost universal, eggs being considered symbolical of the revival of nature, the springing forth of life.

A contract has been made for the construction of fifty miles of the Manitoba and Northwestern railway, and work will be begun immediately.

A notice has been placed on the paper in the Dominion Parliament in Sir John Macdonald's name proposing to give representation to the Northwestern Territories.

Montreal is suffering from the worst flood ever known in the history of the city. The river became blocked by ice, and thus caused the water to rise until it flooded a great portion of the business part of the city; while the inhabitants of the lower part of the city were all driven from their homes. The principal newspaper offices, as the *Gazette, Herald, Star, Witness, Post* and others were all flooded out, and had to get their papers printed elsewhere. Some 30,000 people were driven from their homes by the water, and many narrowly escaped drowning in their houses. The streets were veritable canals, and were navigated by boats more easily than in any other way. The loss of property is immense and is estimated at from three to eight millions of dollars. The Grand Trunk depot was flooded, causing great damage to merchandise and baggage there; and it was with difficulty trains were run.

The first report of the Royal Commission on the trade depression in England has been published. The evidence goes to show that hostile tariffs in protective countries have worked great harm to the export trade of England in textiles along with other branches. The Huddersfield Chamber of Commerce thinks "the protective tariffs of other countries, and even of our own colonies, have much to do with its present depression," the effect being most seriously felt on low-priced goods. The Leeds Chamber says the same, and thinks the legislation affecting trade has increased the cost of production and thus interfered with export. The Manchester Chamber lays it down as a principle that "the less legislative interference with trade the sounder will be the basis of commerce," but they admit that foreign tariffs have undoubtedly placed Manchester at a disadvantage. It is strange, however, that no matter to what country we may turn, or what may be its laws or its commercial policy, there exists more or less depression. In Canada and the States we are as well off, if not better, than most countries,—this no doubt being due to the bounty of Providence rather than any feature of our fiscal policy.

A True Story.

"Where is the baby, grandma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosy kitchen
With its dainty whitewashed walls.
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of a baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through the house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search nooks and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid,
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village;
No use to look for him.
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I knew he'd find her!"
"Rover!" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding to baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessnss.

She stretched her tiny arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a 'ittle dirl in the 'ater;
She's dust as big as me:
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:
"My darling understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see! he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover." Baby struck him,
But grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

Sweet Home.

Something more than well arranged rooms and a well filled pantry is necessary, in order to secure a literally "sweet" home. The housewife with an untiring vigilance, which needs to be, must keep watch from garret to cellar, lest disagreeably odors invade and take possession of the house—a domestic evil far too common among us Many housekeepers would not be a little embarrassed if they knew how often the nostrils of visitors are taking silent and unpleasant inventory of the fried meats, boiled vegetables, burnt fat, soapy ill-dried floors, and even the steaming contents of the wash-boiler, all the varied scents from which thoroughly prevade the house, and too often the garments of the household. The kitchen is in a large measure responsible for the odors that creep into halls, chambers and closets, finding lodgment in carpets and curtains, in bed and other clothing, and even among books and bric-a-brac. But it is not the kitchen alone which creates the unsavory atmosphere too common in many homes. Rooms not in constant use should receive at least a weekly airing, to prevent the close, musty smell almost sure to gather in unused apartments. The ways and means by which the home air can be tainted are so many, and so greatly increased by modern conveniences, that every loop-hole, however small, through which bad air and bad odors may stealthily creep, needs to be carefully guarded to secure the health and sweetness of our homes.—*American Agriculturist for April.*

The Umbria, one of the Canard line, has just made the passage across the Atlantic in 6 days and 10 hours.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company will start the first through train from Montreal to Vancouver City, British Columbia, on the Queen's Birthday.

The village of East Lee, Mass., was inundated by the bursting of a reservoir on Tuesday morning. Nearly the whole village was destroyed and some ten or twelve persons lost their lives.

The largest shipment of grain ever made from one port at one time left Chicago on Monday last. There were one hundred and forty-eight vessels, loaded with six and one-half million bushels of grain. Their destination was Buffalo and Oswego.

The waste and loss occasioned by labor strikes is illustrated by the last annual report of the New York Bureau of Labor Statistics, which states that the 222 strikes occurring in that state during the year 1885 involved an expenditure of $206,159, in addition to the loss in wages and employers' profits. An important and encouraging phase of the question noted by the report is the growing reluctance on the part of the leaders of trade unions to encourage strikes. The report states that "strikes are on the decrease in the older organizations at least, or rather that every attempt is made to prevent them." The newer unions are the most anxious to try their powers in a strike, while those who know by experience what it means try by every reasonable means to avoid them. This should be reassuring to those who are inclined to look upon the growth of labor organizations with apprehension. The more the principles of labor reform are understood, the less disposed will men be to rush into strikes on every slight provocation.

A Chicago engineer has invented a device for telephoning between moving trains and railway stations. The invention is to all appearances an extremely simple affair, consisting of a circuit wire, resting on an insulated slab between the railway tracks. On this wire rests a circuit rod made of a strip of metal, having attached to it a moveable metal roller, making a continuous connection to all stations and all trains of the line. The return circuit is gained by means of the rail wheel and axle, and up through the frame work of the engineer's cab to the telephone. A wire runs through the train connecting the cars, so that conversation can be kept up from all parts of the train to all stations on the road and between all other trains on the line. The inventor thinks the adoption of his device would render needless the employment of telegraph operators at railway stations and would afford direct means of communication between any one train and all other points, so that in the event of an accident the intelligence would be promptly communicated and relief summoned. It would also, he says, prove a check on train robberies.

There is a capital anecdote of King Ernest of Hanover's abhorrence of medicine. He was seriously ill, and saw numerous doctors, but he would not take any medicine:—As any bottle or powder was brought, his Majesty said, "Put it in the cupboard"; and again and again it was "put it in the cupboard." Not one drop was touched. Starving and patience were the only remedies resorted to. At last his Majesty got his good turn, and began to feel that he could eat again with a relish; and, by degrees, nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His Majesty was up and dressed early, and at business. "Get all those bottles, powders and pill-boxes out of the cupboards," he said, "and range them in a row round the room." It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in smirking and smiling, and congratulated the King upon being up again, and looking so well. "Yes doctors," said his Majesty, "thank God it is so. But, look there—count it up. Don't you think if I had taken all that d——d stuff I should have been dead long ago?"

THE FARM.

Poultry.

Meat is expensive, but it pays to feed it. It is the best material that can be used for stimulating egg production, and many hens remain unprofitable for the want of it.

Breeders, like nurserymen, prefer to raise and sell new things. They can obtain higher prices for them, as they are desired by amateurs, while they have little competition.

A Bantam lays a larger egg in proportion to size than any other class of fowls, and for food consumed yields as large profits as do the larger breeds. They are excellent as pets for the children, and usually educate the little ones to a knowledge of keeping poultry.

No man can tell what sex the egg will produce. In fact, it is almost impossible to tell, after the chicken is hatched, until the comb and tail begin to grow. It seems safe to assume that the rules for determining the sex of eggs will be monopolized by "scientific amateurs."

The favorite egg for setting appears to be as nearly oval as possible. The best breeders reject every pointed or irregular egg, or a very large one. It is customary to pick out the eggs very carefully in breeding fine stock. Generally eighty per cent are rejected as liable to produce inferior chickens.

When the farmer attempts to hatch thousands of chicks the most discouraging spectacle is the apparently great mortality that occurs. He becomes appalled and wonders how the "old hen" can be so successful, while the brooders seem to fail. But let him reflect and apply the standard of eight chicks raised from ten hatched, and make his comparison. Supposing, for illustration, that she was capable of hatching 5000 she would lose 1000. Hence with the use of incubators we may hatch 5000 chicks, suffer a loss of 1000 and be, proportionately, at par with the hen that hatches ten chicks and raises eight.

We believe in forcing the hens to their utmost, and getting as large profits as possible in the shortest space of time. The cow brings forth only one young in a year, while the hen is capable of laying enough eggs to fill her place with fifty pullets, which require but half a year of growth to be made serviceable. Hence, to force the hens means to supply them with all the elements necessary for producing eggs, as well as a variety for the promotion of health and vigor. It means warm, dry quarters, clean water, ground food, and opportunities for exercise.

A dozen of the largest eggs have been found to weigh twenty-four ounces, while a dozen of the smaller ones of the same stock weighed only 14½ ounces. The fair average weight to the dozen is about 32½ ounces. About one-third of the entire weight may be regarded as nitrogenous and nutritive matter; a greater proportion than that of meat, which is rated at only about 25 to 28 per cent. while the nutritive part of the oyster is only about 12 per cent. If a pound of eggs, therefore, should be valued at 22 cents, a pound of beef would be worth 24 to 28 cents, and a pound of oysters 12 cents.

The editor of the *Farm, Field and Fireside*, says: "We have realized as much as $5 from a single hen, and as the hen was valued at only fifty cents, the gross sum derived was equal to one thousand per cent. And we have also known of flocks that gave a net profit of $7 each. But the conditions were favorable. The hens were fed regularly; they were supplied with all that they required; they were carefully sheltered, and kept warm, dry and comfortable; had *unrestricted range*, and consequently were contented and happy, secured plenty of exercise, and were capable of assisting themselves whenever the proper conditions of food were overlooked by the owners.

Run Down by Infernal Dogs.

After this when dogs chase my sheep every one run down or heated will be disposed of without delay. A number of years ago dogs killed and scattered a flock of Merinos, and we kept all that lived. It took some of them two years to die, but die they did, and as they pined so long I examined them and found that they lived as long as they had any lungs. Two years ago the dogs chased and bit a number of a flock of course-wooled lambs. None died, but several of them have not done well since. They are poor this winter in spite of all we could do, and I am sure their lungs are affected, the same as the Merinos were. They really have consumption, and in time will die of this disease, caused by overheating and congestion of the lungs at the time the dogs chased them. They were so tired out that they did not eat for several days, but lay quiet in the stable where they were taken when found. The Merinos hid in the underbrush in the woods and were there three days after being hunted down by the dogs. It is a folly to attempt to keep sheep under such circumstances and get anything out of them. As soon as they have cooled off they should be slaughtered. They will not gain in condition and food is wasted upon them.

Timely Suggestions.

Hogs often become covered with ticks and lice. If a little sulphur is fed in their feed occasionally it will entirely rid the swine of these pests. Often the hogs are covered with these parasites when the owner would not suspect it from the appearance of the animals, and consequently it is always well to examine them closely occasionally, so as to be sure they have no such tax on their vitals, to steal away what should go toward making growth and flesh.

The treatment of warts is to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run off the wart upon the neighboring skin, for if it does it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity, paring the surface of the wart when it gets hard and dry, the wart may be soon effectually cured.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the meeting had been opened in due form Brother Gardner said he desired to call the attention of the meeting to the following circular recently issued by the keeper of the museum:

To the public: "The Lime-Kiln Club Museum now contains about 4,000 relics, ranging in interest from the sword of Bunker Hill to the jack-knife of John Quincy Adams. We have room for at least 2,000 more, and are making an earnest effort to build up something which will live after us. If you have anything in the nature of a relic which you are willing to part with we will receive it with grateful hearts. We sadly need another skull of Nero, and can make room for any old boots belonging to Plato, spades or shovels used by Diogenes, or shot-guns with the name of Cæsar engraved on the breech. We are the only museum in this country which accepts relics as marked and swear by 'em forever after."

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sir Isaac Walpole wanted some information. He had been looking over the annual report of the Detroit Police Board, and had noted the fact that, out of over 7,000 arrests during the year, there were only four Africans. However, when it came to colored people born in the United States the figures were 453. Did this go to show that civilization corrupted the colored man? Didn't it give a black eye to the generally accepted theory that the better a colored man was educated the higher above crime would he soar? He would like the views of the President on the matter.

"My theory in regard to your figgers am dis," replied Brother Gardner. "Dar' war' only fo' real ole Africans in Detroit, an' arter dese had bin run in de stock was exhausted an' de perlice had to go fur cull'd Americans to fill up de gap. When only one fish-hook out of sebenteen cotches a cull'd man I doan' reckon he am slidin' down hill so werry fast."

DECLINED.

A communication was received from Prof. Wagerman, prophet and predictor, offering to furnish the Lime-Kiln Club with a spring two weeks earlier than usual in consideration of the small sum of five dollars. The Professor is a resident of St. Louis, and has predicted more dark nights during the watermelon season than any other man in America.

Giveadam Jones moved that his offer be accepted. He was getting tired of his chilblains and sighed for a rest.

Trustee Pullback hoped the motion would prevail. If he couldn't go barefoot two weeks earlier than usual this year he would have to sit in the house.

"De offer will be socintly declined," replied the President. "I am not only agin fooling wid de weather, but if de white folks kin stand it we shouldn't let on dat it hurts us."

STATISTICAL.

Waydown Beebe said he had been thinking for some time that the club ought to take it upon itself to gather and compile certain statistics regarding the colored race of this country, and he trusted that a movement in that direction would be favorably considered.

Pickles Smith supported the idea. He wanted to know just how many colored men were hanged every year; how many left the profession of whitewashing for that of law; what number became bald-headed; how many committed suicide, and why they did it.

Several other members discussed the subject favorably, and it was finally agreed that a statistician should be appointed at an annual salary of $2. Brother Gardner announced that he would appoint Prof. Clarified Walkingbeam to the position, and instructed him to enter upon his duties at once. The salary is intended to be just sufficient to keep the Professor's hair cut close the year round. The office is distinctively honorary, and the incumbent's social position will at once be raised a good many pegs.

NO CHANCE.

Whalebone Howker offered a resolution to the effect that the price of whitewashing be advanced ten per cent. on the 1st of May, and that the price of carpet-beating be advanced fifteen per cent.

Judge Cabiff favored the idea. Prices were now so low that a real artist could scarcely buy lean pork and frost-bitten potatoes for his family.

Elder Dayball Jenkins was delighted at the idea. He lately put in two weeks frescoing a ceiling in seven different whitewash colors, and his wages were less than $10. No man with any of the inspirations of the true artist in his soul could keep at his best on such wages.

"It am my opinyun," observed the President after the Elder had subsided, "dat any move jist now to increase prices will react on us. If we begin to put up de prices we shall skeer people out of de ideah of whitewashin' or takin up ca'pets. When de summer has fa'ly opened dis subjick kin be brought up agin fur discushun."

NOTES.

A motion that a barrel of lemonade be placed in the hall at every meeting hereafter was voted down, and Elder Toots, who made it, was fined $11.

Judge Arbitration Smith attempted to get a resolution through the meeting declaring the accordion to be the national musical instrument of America, but received no support.

Uncle Ben Thompson wanted the meeting to express itself on the subject of a war with China, but was ordered to sit down.

The janitor reported twenty-two new leaks in the roof and fifteen in the stove, and was instructed to draw on the Treasurer for twelve cents to buy cement.

The meeting then adjourned.

Expected on the Train.

If you are standing around a railroad depot about the time some train is expected in you needn't look twice to identify the man who is down there to welcome his wife. She has been away three weeks, but the time seems like three months to him. He was never so glad in his life as at the thought that she is rolling towards him as fast as steam can travel.

There was such a man at the station the other day. He expected his wife on the up train. He rushed up and down to see if the train was on time. Then he rushed out and engaged a hack. Then he promenaded up and down and wiped his brow, and he was still at it when a man who had been across the road to wet his whistle with old rum came slouching back and inquired:

"Expecting someone, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wife, probably?"

"Yes."

"Bin away long?"

"Over two weeks."

"Coming on this train?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I dunno," continued the man as he rubbed his back against the ticket window shelf. "I wouldn't be too enthusiastic about it. Wimen are mighty onsartin. I've had two of 'em run away from me. Is your wife any hand to make acquaintances while travelling?"

"No, sir!"

"Couldn't be induced to elope?"

"Sir! Do you intend to insult me?"

"Gosh! no. I wouldn't insult nobody nor nothing. Could your wife be carried away by good looks and lots of money?"

"If you wasn't an old man I'd thump you for your impudence!" exclaimed the husband as he grew red all over.

"You would! Well, I won't talk to you. If your wife comes in on the train, all right; if she doesn't you needn't blame me."

He went into the sitting-room, and presently the train came in. The husband dodged about as if he was walking on glass, and the passengers came out one by one until the coaches were empty. There was no wife. It was ten minutes before the husband could give up, and when he did and started out doors the old man lounged out and said:

"I told him! I've lost two wimen just that way, and I knew what I was talking about!"

The Points of a Good Editor.

A man who runs a paper
Should know every human caper
And hold up the torch of knowledge like a gleaming midnight taper.

He should be profound as Plato
Pliant as a boiled potato,
And as humble to his patrons as a street and crossing scraper.

He should honor in his journal
Every captain, crank and colonel
And dish up their proud achievements in a hodge podge cooked diurnal.

He should puff—the hardened liar—
Clubs and concerts, church and choir
With long adjectives sonorous—sweet, seraphic and supernal.

He must write the funny column
That makes all its readers solemn,
With the fashions, frills and flounces, furbelows and—what d'ye-call-em?

Quell the copy fiend's wild revel,
Squelch and massacre the devil
And put on a brow of thunder that shall petrify and appal'em

He must be a news' reflector
Of the lyceum and lectur'
And rain down his taff/ torrents on the veteran milk inspector.

He must be a prompt adviser
Of each foreign king and kaiser,
And keep out his key hole telescope to dodge the bill collector.

Some figures of speech: "Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my lieut's pocket with impunity."

It is asserted that Henry Irving takes snuff. This is prima facie evidence that he is a good enough actor at a pinch.

NORTHWEST VETERANS.

Some of the Wounded Soldiers who are Still on the Sick List.

Gunner Asselin, of "A" battery, who was wounded in the shoulder at the battle of Fish Creek, has received his discharge. He receives a pension of 55c. per day and will reside in Jolliette, Quebec.

Provost-sergeant Gaffney, of "B" battery, is to be discharged, and his pension will be 90 cents per diem. During the fight at Cut Knife Hill, he received a bullet wound in the arm, and, a piece of serge having penetrated the wound, his arm will doubtless be useless.

Gunner M Wilson, late of "A" battery, wounded at Fish Creek, will be the recipient of a pension of 55 cents per diem. He has been appointed an usher in the Quebec legislature. The bullet that disabled Wilson struck him on the breast first; but, happening to hit one of the buttons, glanced off and entered the left arm. After the amputation of the arm, the button, which was not before noticed, was taken out.

Gunner McNamee, of "B" battery is in Ottawa. McNamee served with his battery in the Northwest, but lately purchased his discharge.

Corporal Williams and several others of "B" battery, after returning from the scenes of the troubles, went to England, where they now are.

Corporal Morton, of "B" battery, wounded in the groin at Cut Knife hill, has received his discharge.

Gunner A. Malvey, of "A" battery, who returned from the Northwest last October, is in the hospital at the Tete de Pont barracks, and is not expected to recover. He is a native of France, and is on the list for a pension of 60 cents per diem. He caught a very severe cold on active service, and has been in the hospital since January.

Gunner Pierre Langlois, of Grosse Isle, P. Q, served five years in "B" battery and six in "A," and is still a member of the latter corps. He returned from the Northwest in November, suffering from rheumatism, and is unable to do any hard work. Longlois has been recommended by the medical commission for a pension.

Gunner King, of "A" battery, was ruptured to the Northwest. His pension will be 55 cents per diem.

Gunner Fairbank, of "A" battery, who was wounded in the leg at Batoche, will receive a pension of 55 cents per day. He is still on the sick list.

Gunner J. Stout, of "A" battery is another man yet on the sick list. He was run over by a gun carriage at Batoche, his spine was injured, and three ribs were broken. For seventeen weeks he lay between life and death, but is now recovering. His pension will be 60c. per diem.

Staff-sergeant Mawhinney, who acted as sergeant major of "A" battery in the Northwest, will receive 90 cents per diem pension. His experience is a very remarkable one. In the engagement at Fish Creek, he was shot three times within a period of five minutes—the first bullet went through his right thumb; the second stauck his forage cap, knocking it and the tuque off; and the third bullet, when he had his rifle in position for a shot, penetrated the muscle of his right arm.

Staff-sergeant Walling of "A" battery, will receive a pension of 90 cents per diem. He is suffering from eczema and enlarged veins, brought on by excessive marching in the Northwest.

VERY SAD.

A Tragedy in Real Life Stranger than Fiction.

A romantic though melancholy history is that of Miss Frances Hranuell, of San Francisco. In 1879 she met, loved, and was loved by a dashing young seaman named Herman Schady, who sailed away soon after their troth was plighted, promising that when the voyage was ended he would return and claim her for his bride. Miss Hranuell's relatives opposed the match, and she being convinced that they were trying by treachery to keep her from her sailor lad. When she was informed some months later that her lover's vessel had gone down at sea, and that he was drowned, she refused to believe it, insisted that his letters to her were intercepted, and, in a violent paroxysm of rage, vowed that she would never again open her lips in speech. Since that time for seven long years, she has kept her vow, and all the efforts of her friends to induce her to break her voluntary silence have failed. The publication of this story a few days ago in a San Francisco paper attracted the attention of a guest at the Grand Hotel in that city, who called at once at the young lady's residence, and told her that he had shipwrecked in 1869, off Gibraltar, in company with a young man named Schady, who informed him subsequently that he was engaged to be married to Miss Hranuell, who lived in San Francisco, and that he had been separated from her through treachery. The stranger added that he had seen Mr. Schady a short time since in St. Petersburg, and had been requested by him to try and find his sweetheart, in order to tell her that he still loved her and was waiting for her. During the recital the stranger's story Miss Hranuell sat apparently listening, but what he said seemed to make no impression upon her. Her mind was evidently a blank, and if her sailor lover comes back to claim his bride, he will find, instead of the sprightly and beautiful young girl he left behind him seven years ago, a hopeless imbecile.

How a Bachelor Makes His Couch.

It used to take him about thirty minutes to get the linen to lie perfectly smooth, it usually taking a notion to puff up and recline in a confused heap in any portion of the bed but the one he wanted. This is no longer the case. His bed he makes as well and as quickly as the most deft feminine fingers could. He has invented a plan which, being well off, he has decided not to have patented, but is willing to make public for the benefit of the rest of suffering bachelorhood. By an ingenious contrivance he has fixed heavy shot on the end of buckles, which he adjusts to each corner of the sheet, throws the sheet in air over the bed, and presto! the weights shoot out and the sheet lodges squarely and fairly in the place where it ought to be.

Black hosiery is worn by men, women and children.

DEATH DEALING ARTILLERY.

A Sketch of the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich.

The operations at historic Woolwich in connection with the manufacture of British ordnance are Titanic in their proportions. In what is called the East Forge were cast the monster guns to which have been given the name of "Woolwich Infants." Down the length of this forge are furnaces in which are heated almost to a white heat the bars of the coils from which these guns are built up. At the mouth of the furnace is a machine which, when the bar is of the proper temperature, seizes it and winds it round and round in a glowing spiral. There are several steam-hammers at work in this forge, varying from 3,000 to 6,000 pounds in weight, used for welding together short bars of iron to form one long bar for coiling. In the West Forge are two steam-hammers of immense power. The largest, a twelve-ton hammer, is used for producing the large forgings for the trunnion hoops. The force of its heaviest blows is computed at 400 tons, while it is under such perfect control that a blow can be struck by it which will crack a nut without wounding the kernel.

THE FORTY-TON HAMMER

Is in a shed close by and was first used in May, 1874, on the occasion of the visit of the Czar of Russia. Its falling portion, or "hammer-head," weighs exactly forty tons, and the "striking fall" is fifteen feet, but by the injection of steam into the cylinder above, it is driven down with such immensely increased force, that the blow is equal to what it would be if the hammer fell of itself from a height of eighty feet. The framework required to sustain aloft this weight is formed of two immense iron piers, which at about ten feet from the ground bend over so as to form an imperfect arch, open in the center for the rise and fall of the hammer, and bearing the upper portion of the apparatus. The entire height is forty-five feet; the base covers an area of 120 feet square, and the entire structure weighs 550 tons. It rests upon a foundation of blocks of iron weighing 650 tons, under which to a depth of thirty feet is concrete and timber. As nearly as percussion can be represented by weight a blow from this hammer counts for 1,000 tons.

THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY

Is at the east end of the long front of the arsenal; is supported by the subscriptions of the officers and, though occasionally assisted by the government, is a private institution. It includes a large collection of guns and arms of all sizes, dates and countries. There is also a most extensive and varied collection of stuffed birds and beasts, sent home by officers from abroad, brought down by their guns in several parts of the world, and sent home to be kept at their former quarters. There are skulls of the elephant, walrus and mammoth, mummies, heathen gods, groupes of geological specimens, models of saddles, etc.; in fact, objects of all kinds which are likely to instruct or interest those for whose benefit the museum was instituted.

THE EAST LABORATORY

Is isolated from the rest of the arsenal and is closed to visitors unless by special authority. Here the small arm cartridges are made; as are the rockets, cannon cartridges and other articles, the manufacture of which are dangerous. In these portions of the arsenal a few men and hundreds of boys are employed, and so perfect is the system upon which the work is conducted that accidents are of very rare occurrence. Machinery has been devised by which risky operations are performed in a tube, through which the force of an accidental explosion is carried away, and other precautions are taken by which the chances of the loss of life through accident are reduced to the narrowest limits. Everybody employed in these works changes his clothes on entering so as to avoid the possibility of taking in any dangerous article, and they all put on boots in which there are no nails but copper ones. Large slippers in which persons entering the inclosure on business encase their feet are also provided. Within the limits of the arsenal is a 500 yard range for testing small arms and ammunition, and outside is a longer range for testing larger guns. The very large guns, however, are taken to Shoeburyness, off the Nore, for testing.

OTHER PLACES OF INTEREST

Are either directly or indirectly connected with the arsenal, but the limits of this article will permit only a passing reference to two of them.

The Barracks for the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery are the best in the Kingdom and the principal front is one of the finest buildings of the kind in England. In connection with the barracks is a theatre and a handsome church, while everything possible to devise for the comfort and pleasure of both officers and men is provided.

The Royal Military Academy was originally established in 1719, but was not fully organized until 1741, when George II., by royal warrants directed the founding of an academy "for instructing persons belonging to the military part of the ordnance in the several branches of mathematics, fortifications, etc., proper to qualify them for the service of artillery and the office of engineers. Prince Arthur and the Prince Imperial of France were educated here.

Economy in Love.

De Guy—Fred, I saw you at the Academy with a strange girl last night. Who was it?

Ponsonby—That was my spring and summer girl. I've shaken my fall and winter love.

De Guy—I'm afraid I don't fully envelope your drift.

Ponsonby—Nothing easier to explain. My winter girl likes icecream and hates oysters, and my summer girl despises icecream and adores the bivalves. By this plan I save enough each year to buy my clothes in Lunnon.

The fashion papers say several new varieties of ladies' hose are shown. We presume it is all on account of the muddy crossings.

One of our brother journalists went into a barber shop the other day to have his hair cut and fell asleep during the operation. The barber, who awoke him when he had finished, said to him: "You are tired, I understand it. It's the same way with me when evening comes. Ah, this head work is something terrible."

Near-sighted Old Gentleman (entering Store): HAVE YOU ANY LINEN DUSTERS?
Young Snobson (with his most sarcastic manner): I AM NOT A CLERK IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT *yet*, SIR.
N. S. O. G.: NOT YET A CLERK, EH? ERRAND BOY, I PRESUME? WELL, LEGS ARE AS GOOD AS BRAINS IN SOME DEPARTMENTS.

YOUNG FOLKS.

That Disreputable Cat.

BY ALAN FORMAN.

Nobody knew where he came from, and certainly nobody invited him to come in. He walked into the dining-room one summer evening through the open window, and flapping one mangled ear, or rather the fragment of an ear, which remained a silent witness of many a hard-fought battle, he surveyed the family calmly, and curling up on the sofa, went to sleep.

"Look at that disreputable cat!" exclaimed mother, and the entire family joined in a chorus of "Scat!" But he did not "scat"; he simply opened his remaining eye, winked good-naturedly, and went to sleep again. His impudence was so cool, so determined, that we were speechless, and he was allowed to remain until we had finished dinner, when father said to Tom: "Take that disreputable cat out into the back yard and give him something to eat and let him go."

But the disreputable cat had no idea of going. He had come to stay. When the servant opened the door in the morning, he walked calmly in and took up his place on the sofa, where we found him when we assembled at the breakfast table. As the various members of the family entered the room, his catship was treated to a shower of "scats" and exclamations which would have disconcerted a less self possessed cat. But it had not the slightest effect upon him; he simply yawned, winked blandly with his single eye, and went to sleep again. The fact that he was unwelcome, or that his general appearance was not such as to warrant an enthusiastic reception into a respectable family circle, never seemed to strike him, or, if it did, he did not mind. He hung around the house for a day or two, until one morning mother gazed at him, asleep on the sofa, and exclaimed, in despair:

"What are we going to do with that disreputable cat?"

"What is he going to do with us? you'd better say," replied father, sarcastically. "He's taken possession."

"But he looks so much like a tramp," objected mother, faintly.

"He does look like a hard case," replied father, laughing. And there the subject was dropped.

The cat had won by his impudence; and from that day he was recognized as a humble member of the family. We tried to christen him, and called him Tom until our own Tom objected, then it was Mose and Rough and Tramp and half a dozen other appropriate names, all of which he accepted with the same easy philosophy which distinguished all his actions.

But, after all, we found it easier to refer to him as "that disreputable cat"—a title which he recognized by blinking his lone eye and pricking up the fragment of ear in a most ridiculous fashion. He grew fat and healthy, but no amount of prosperity, of good dinners, and comfortable naps could restore his lost eye or ragged ear; he only looked more like a tramp. He never seemed to have any desire to be petted, though he endured stroking from members of the family, blinking in a half-contemptuous way at any evidence of kindness on our part. He slept most of the time; in fact, I never saw a cat which spent so much of its life in dreamy repose.

He would dream, too, and often surprised the family by suddenly starting up from the sofa with most unearthly howls, and then calmly turning over to sleep again. Prosperity, however, developed two annoying traits of character in "that disreputable cat." One was a most decided objection to being put out in the yard at night (and he would quietly slip off and hide in the most unheard-of places when bed-time came); the other was a most intense hatred of any one outside of our own family. When visitors came, he would arch his back, fluff out his tail, and spit and growl at them, and several times it was with the greatest difficulty that he was restrained from flying at them. Beggars were his especial aversion, or, in fact, any one who did not come up to his standard of elegance of attire. This trait was sometimes funny, but oftener annoying, and we daily debated plans for getting rid of him.

As we went into dinner the cook said, "Master Tom, I thought you took that cat away this afternoon?"

"We did," replied Tom, shortly.

"Well, I think it was about an hour before you got home that I saw him shoot in through the back door and up the stairs."

A search was made. No sign of the cat was found, and it was decided that the cook must be mistaken.

That night, about twelve o'clock, a slight noise was heard upstairs, followed by a most unearthly yowling, mingled with muttered oaths. Father, Tom, and I appeared in the hall at the same moment, and saw a man dashing down-stairs, about six steps at a time, with "that disreputable cat" clinging tightly to his shoulders, scratching and spitting and growling with all his strength. He was nearly at the bottom, when he gave a yell of pain and fell. We ran down, secured him, called for the police, and had him taken to the station-house. The next day, in court, he explained how he had effected his entrance through the scuttle, and was softly descending the attic stairs, when something suddenly landed on his shoulders with a horrible yell, and began to make vicious scratches at his eyes. He was trying to escape, when we caught him. The cat had bitten through his ear, and the pain caused him to stumble and fall.

That night the "disreputable cat" was asleep, as usual, on the sofa in the dining-room, and took all our expressions of gratitude with his old philosophical indifference. From that time, however, no thought of getting rid of him was ever expressed. He is getting older and fatter and lazier now, but not a bit more respectable in appearance. Despite a good home and all the comforts the most luxurious cat could desire, he preserves his tramp-like appearance and air of cool impudence. He will never be anything but "that disreputable cat.

The Rights of Labor.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A. B.

When these labor troubles are finally settled the world's civilization will recognize ideas on the subject of speculation widely different from those now entertained by respectable people. Now the world languidly admits that gambling is bad if done under that name. But modify the form, and give it another name, and even the people in the Christian church can see nothing improper in it. On this subject the best moral sentiment is alarmingly low. It offers no restraint to any man's selfish ambition to become the owner of towering millions. It is not by industry that such giddy accumulations can be amassed. That is only possible through a course of reckless speculation. But, when once a man gets fairly on in the way to wealth, he is seized with a passion to found what, by foolish courtesy, is called one of the first families. First family indeed, founded upon reckless but respectable gambling! If he is what is falsely called fortunate, and gets well up into the millions, then he can control the markets used for speculation, or at least know their temper absolutely, so that he no longer takes any risks, but has only to divide with others, in the same position as himself, all that small operators are insane enough to risk. By such a course the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds heap up their vast accumulations. In many cases it has been clearly shown that these millions were diverted from channels which would have carried them naturally into the hands of the laborer. The claims set up that the laborer should have a larger share of the wealth produced are right and just in fact, but they are often laid at the wrong door; for the employer is frequently utterly unable to divide a larger dividend with them than he has done because so much has, through speculation, been diverted from the channels of legitimate business to swell up the useless millions of some speculator on a gigantic scale of gambling. The lot of the working man will not be greatly and permanently improved until he, and all the rest of society, come to entertain a different sentiment from envy, towards the position of the man who has accumulated millions by respectable gambling. Now, the only fault the laboring man, and the average Christian, has with such an abnormal development of wealth is that it is not owned by himself. He would gladly change places with the owner. He would not trouble himself much about right and conscience in the matter. Now this conflict will never end until all good men come to feel that these things are wrong, and guilty, and offensive, in the sight of God. Good men must rise to such a refinement of moral sensibility that they would not be a Vanderbilt by the same methods if they could. Christian people must learn to count the fear of God as better than great riches not gotten by fair methods. This is one of the side lights which shines upon this conflict waged by the "Knights of Labor."

If this difficulty were removed there would be no trouble in reaching an adjustment which would grant to the laborer his rights as fully as recognized in the three principles layed down by Mill.

But, if this were done, still the working men would find themselves face to face with one of the most difficult problems of socialism. An equal division even on Mill's principles would be most unjust. Another element which must be taken into account is *idleness*. All men will not work. The Scripture principle that, "If any would not work neither should he eat," must be upheld. To ignore it is not civilization but retrogression. There is evidence enough that much acrimony and bitterness are added to the present disputes, by this element entering into the problem. Laziness can clamour more loudly than honest industry for a juster division. It has always been so. Probably it always will be so. No solution of the problem will entirely eliminate this unknown quantity.

Another weighty factor which must be taken into account is incompetency, even where there is willingness to do all ones part. Men are not equal, and no laws can make them so. No labor, or other organization has any right to demand that all hands be put upon a basis of absolute equality.

But another graver question, in which every good citizen is interested, is thrust up in this conflict. Not only are the rights of labor and of capital up for re-adjustment, but incidentally the liberty of the citizen is involved. Capital is of no use without labor. Certainly, its power lies in being able to employ labor. That is all clear enough. But labor, in order to enforce its demands goes upon strike. But the strike can have no efficacy if other laborers, who are not in the strike, may enter the places vacated by those who are in it. Supposing such laborers to be on hand, and willing to work, the strikers have no means of enforcing their claim, unless they can in some way intimidate these men, who are willing to take their places, and work. How can they do this? Not by any legal process, for no Government can uphold strikes. There remains then only to the strikers to take the law into their own hands, and restrain all citizens from entering upon the work they have for a time abandoned. But that is an unauthorized interference with the rights of free citizens, which, if tolerated, will overturn all our modern ideas of government. That method of controlling men will carry us back into the Feudal ages, when one man, because he was stronger than another, compelled that other to follow him as his man, in life and limb, and held him absolutely subject to his command. Every member of the community is interested in preventing such unauthorized interference with the liberty of citizens. Free institutions do not permit even the Government to infringe upon a citizen's liberty except by a regular process, and the Government must not make any long delay in showing why it has restrained a man's liberty. Will the same civilization allow a labor organization, or any other organization, to restrain any citizen's liberty, without any process but violence, and that, too, for an indefinite time? If it be said, in extenuation of such a course, that the strikers have no other way of enforcing their will, then why not say the sandbaggers and the garrotters have no other way of getting a man's money, and that the thief has no way of escaping but by shooting the owner of the house which is being burglarized. That is poor justification. Free men will object to be ruled by any but authorized authority. If the Knight of Labor cannot carry their points without setting up an irresponsible government over their fellow citizens, then their time for action has not yet come. All reforms have had to endure vexatious delays. By delaying the time of action, under such circumstances, they will go forward, when the right time comes, with a great increase of influence. The most ardent friends of the laborer must feel that the maintenance of established authority is of incalculably higher importance than the triumph of any movement a few years earlier than it could do by a strict adherence to lawful methods.

In this connection a queer conundrum is suggested. The Governments of Canada and the U. S. proceed upon the principle of affording protection to manufactures. Since this policy has been adopted the troubles between laborers and employers have increased. Protection may not be the cause, it may be simply due to the natural development of a great movement. All the same, one cannot but enquire after the true value of a protective tariff, if, as some are beginning to admit, no Government can protect manufacturers in the right of hiring other men who may be available when their hands go out in a body on strike. The question of protection to home industries will soon mean more than simply a high tariff.

This difficulty experienced by the organized laborers in securing their rights without restraining the liberty of any in an illegal manner, can be overcome as soon as they are numerous and strong enough to elect Parliaments, and make Governments, likeminded with themselves. If this be not possible then the success of the movement will have to wait until a nobler moral sentiment grows up in all civilized communities, on all the side issues affected in this struggle. In this improvement of moral ideas the laborers, alike with their employers, and professional men, will need to participate.

If labor organizations combine to affect elections they will help this movement onward. They will form a political party around one of the living issues of their time, instead of abdicating the right to pronounce upon the deeds of their chosen legislators, as so many electors do who think it almost a sin to vote differently from what they have always done, and their fathers before them.

Take any view of it we will, this is not an agitation that is going to end in a little time. It is one of the great movements in the thought of people which often take centuries to work out their results. In its progress much that now seems violent and wrong will be found to be a stepping stone to a grander civilization, and only the storm which leaves the earth a purified atmosphere.

Whiskey or Whiskey.

I am inclined to think that the trade spelling of this word varies somewhat with the nationality of the particular member. I have observed that the Scotch firms seem to adopt the form *whisky*, Irish firms the form *whiskey*. In a London periodical devoted to subjects connected with the liquor trade generally, entitled *Drinks*, of which the February number is now before me, I find the spelling *whisky* used, moreover, quite incidentally throughout a short article in such a way as to indicate that it is the ordinary orthography of that journal. On the whole, therefore, I think that the evidence points to *whisky* as being both the modern Scottish orthography and that generally in use except in Ireland.

A writer says that corporal punishment is no longer practiced by parents possessing common sense. This may be true in regard to boys, but we notice that girls are still brought up with a "switch."

HEALTH.

Recreation.

Recreation is an act by which a person exhausted by physical or mental work is re-created, made over "good as new." The ancients invented the word, and seem to have had a penetration that was in advance of the physiological knowledge of their day.

But recreation, in popular usage, has dropped down from re creation, almost as far as "holiday" has dropped down from "holy day." All sorts of sports and pleasure seeking are jumbled together, and called recreations. That, however, alone is a recreation which, interchanging with customary labor, aids in keeping the system in a state of high health, or helps to restore it after undue exhaustion.

What may be recreation to one man may not be recreation to his neighbor. A dance may thoroughly recreate some parties, but it is seldom a benefit to the class addicted to it, and never as generally indulged in through the midnight hours, and in vitiated air. The various employments of life generally use men and women up faster at some one point than at others. This is apt to establish a weak point at which they sooner or later break down. What is needed is that the overworked part be allowed to rest, by calling some other part into action.

The overworked brain should have its energy diverted to underworked muscles. Exhausted muscles are equally recreated by interchange with interesting brain-work.

The overtaxed housewife and mother is best renovated by a pleasant ride, by a congenial visit to pleasing scenes, and by really diverting amusements. Often an hour or two a day with some instructive or entertaining book may actually keep her from becoming unduly strained by her cares and work.

Brain-workers may find recreation even in varying their mental employments. Gladstone diverted himself with translating Homer, and ex-Gov. Long with translating Virgil. Rufus Choate, whose excitements were mainly in the court-room and in Congress, said that, were it not for books, his brain would craze.

He whose mind tends too strongly to any one mood needs to arouse an opposite mental stimulus. Poor Cowper wrote his John Gilpin as a help against gloom. The sick need to be diverted from their ails by whatever is soothing or hopeful or cheering. To do it effectually often requires as much tact as tenderness on the part of friends.

Fresh Air and Ventilation.

The question naturally occurs, What rule can we have so as to know that we get enough fresh air and not too much? The general principle is simpler than its application. It is this:

The average amount of air breathed by every person is about 24 cubic inches at each breath, with about 20 respirations a minute. This would be a cubic foot in three and a half minutes, or 400 cubic feet in 24 hours, or the contents of a room seven feet square and eight feet high. But this is only a fiftieth part of what every healthy person needs, for breathing vitiates the air rapidly, because the air exhaled has 100 times as much carbonic acid gas as the atmosphere, while twice the amount contained in the atmosphere, or eight parts in 10,000, is as large a proportion as can be breathed without injury to the health. Crowded rooms in winter, schools, etc., are sometimes found to contain three or four times as much, and headaches and other ailments are the consequences of breathing the same air over and over again.

There should, therefore, be enough fresh air for every person daily to amount to 20,000 cubic feet, or enough to fill 18 rooms 10 feet square and 10 feet high. This would be amply supplied by an opening, tube, or orifice three inches square, with a moderate curren In the daytime there is usually enough air introduced into rooms through opening doors, cracks in window casings and in other ways. The chief danger is in sleeping-rooms, where pains should be taken to have a circulation. When the room is warm, the air outdoors is quite cold, constant, and often sufficient currents are caused. A hundred persons should have a ventilating orifice equal to two and a half feet square.

Contagion in Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever can be communicated by infected milk, and, as far as we know, the milk has only to stand in the room where the disease exists or has existed to absorb the germs, which are so subtle, so light and yet so tenacious as to float in the air and adhere to particles of dust.

We all know how much dust is constantly floating in the air. Let a beam of sunlight pass through an opening in the shutter, and we can readily see how the scales of skin from the body, pieces of lint, etc., can carry these microbes, which may be thrown off in the mucus from the nostrils and mouth or in the perspiration, and even in the urine.

Not only are these secretions germ carriers—that is, contagious—and they have all been proved so by direct inoculation, but the passages from the bowels, as well as the urine, are so—in that way sewer-air may be a means of their conveyance; drinking-water also, as well as the vapor from soil on which those matters have been thrown. Bear in mind, then, that the scarlatina poison can be carried in this way hundreds of miles; that it does not need the personal contact of individuals; that it retains its vitality for months, and even years, unless it be subjected to certain influences that either entirely destroy it or deprive it of its malignancy. These are intense heat, especially boiling or steam, plenty of fresh air and certain chemical substances, as chlorine, sulphurous acid, and others. There is one other point which is important. It is now known that animals, such as horses and dogs, have a disease which is evidently scarlatina; they can be infected by the scarlatina of man, and probably their disease can be communicated to man.

The poison of scarlatina is, then, either inhaled by the individual or is swallowed. It is then taken up by the circulation, and, finding itself surrounded by material which develops it, vivifies it, becomes rapidly reproduced, and the symptoms of the disease show themselves. This period between the reception of the poison and the appearance of the symptoms is called the period of incubation; this is known to be either from one to six days, in some cases longer.

PERSONAL.

Archer and Wood, the two noted English jockeys, according to the income tax assessment, made last year respectively $50,000 and $45 000.

One of the wives of King Thebaw was presented by some British officers with a bottle of gin, which she used to perfume her clothing, refusing to drink it.

It is said that Tom Keene, the tragedian, has a lot of ground on Staten Island for which the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will pay him $300,000 at any time.

The Pundita Ramabai, now visiting America, is a daughter of the Pundit of Poona, who devoted his wealth and life to the cause of emancipation of the women of India.

The late M. Glequel and General Gordon were the only Europeans authorized by the Chinese Government to wear peacock's feathers in their caps and tunics of imperial yellow.

The Prince of Wales intended to make his recent trip from London to Cannes without a stop, but could not resist the temptation to spend thirty-six hours in Paris to see "Sapho."

Miss Braddon's next novel will be entitled "The One Thing Needful," and will first appear as a serial in journals at home and abroad. It is the twelfth novel of the author thus published.

Princess Isabella, heir to the throne of Brazil, is extremely religious, and sometimes the astonished subjects of her royal father have beheld her sweeping the floor of the church clad in a coarse gown and humility of spirit.

THE MAYA INDIANS.

Some Fables from Their Writings.

Among the great number of languages now spoken by man kind, one of the most melliflous and expressive is the Maya tongue of Yucatan, Tobaco, and the frontier of Guatemala; and travels to a great degree in listening to fables told by the natives of those places as they have learned them from their fathers, one generation after another, for centuries past.

The ancient Maya poets, who as writings were burned by the first Spanish priests that went among them, generally sought in the voices of the animals for something that would enable them to give a pleasing lesson in morality. Thus it is that the songs of the various birds, and even their most mournful cries, are explained in fables. We have already published the story of that gorgeous bird called *Tok*, and how it always cries *tok! tok!* (straight) straight! because at the time of the deluge (destruction of Atlantis) it was ordered to perch at the cross roads and direct divers creatures to a place of safety.

The pretty dove called *cucutcb* seems to be ever grieving. From the depths of the forests where sunbeams dance among the leaves and struggle with them in a vain endeavor to reach the delicate flowers and shrubs that nestle below, her sweet but plaintive cry is wafted to us on the breeze that comes laden with forest odors. The story is that, each syllable strikes our ear, *cuucutu-tusen!* ending as with a sigh, and the Maya poet tells us why the bird is mourning.

This violet-plumed dove, emblem of the faithful wife, was, on a lovely morning, carefully guarding the little eggs in the nest. Along came the squirrel, a bright and active fur creature, and perched on a plant bough near by the tranquil nest. Making himself as joyous and winning as possible, he addressed himself to the dove.

"My dear friend, why do you thus always remain at home, lonely and unsociable?"

"My husband is out," said the innocent wife, "when he returns I will go. We must not leave the tiny eggs unguarded and all little one!" replied the sly animal, "while you are taking care of the nest, your husband is amusing himself with other doves; this very day, I have just now seen him with my own eyes."

Like a poisoned arrow, jealousy wounded the heart of the dove and she hastily abandoned the nest.

Immediately the squirrel devoured the small eggs, having won his wager, and by his own cunning, and the credulity of the simple and jealous dove.

When she returned to the nest, alas! she sighed with anguish to find it empty and the frail shells scattered in fragments upon the ground beneath. Shortly then she only repeats in soft and sorrowful accents, *cucutu-tusen! cucutu-tusen*, that is, "the squirrel deceived me, the squirrel deceived me."

The fable concludes by saying that in view of what happened to the dove, the married woman should always be extremely prudent, and that people in general should be on their guard against malignant and cunning mischief-makers, who are ever ready to reach their own ends by cheating unsuspicious people.

A similar fable is that of the owl and the iguana (large lizard), supposed to account for the doleful cry of certain birds of prey at vent to prolonged Os! at all hours of the night.

In a snug little grotto the mother owl was arranging her feathers and saying to herself, "I shall go when he returns."

Near her mate was the lizard, and she told him to be very watchful, because she had seen a large iguana close by. "Be sure you do not abandon the nest one minute," she said, as she put the last touch to her feathers and flew away.

Hardly was she out of sight when an squalidness came to invade the nest. Put to go a short distance with her to look at her own beautiful offsprings that had just opened their lovely eyes.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, "why! I have only been away a minute. What can I do? Come what may, I shall not say that I have left the nest, and I will try to persuade my wife that there was but one egg when she went from here."

Very soon he saw her coming and his heart was all flutter, but he tried to look unconcerned as if nothing had happened. He stood on one side of the nest and made himself as pretty as he could to attract her attention, but the maternal eye instantly fell on the nest, and a cry of indignation made the owl start. However, with feigned surprise he said: "Why! what's the matter?"

"Wretch! where is the other egg?" she demanded.

"Other egg!" echoed he.

"Yes, other egg! There were two, and well you know it. Monster! you have been away and the iguana has eaten one."

Pretending to be very innocent, the owl opened his eyes wider and said: "You are certainly mistaken, there was only one egg."

But his wife knew better, and upbraided him bitterly, in spite of his assertion that he knew nothing about it. Loudly lamenting her loss she searched around the grotto, piteously exclaiming O! O! O! and soon found fragments of egg shell which told their own sad story, and destroyed all her doubts and all confidence that she ever had in her mate, who had lied to her and charged wrong he had done. Ever since then the owl has remained inconsolable, and in the dead of night we hear her bewailing her loss in ways repeating O! O! O! And this, concludes the poet, should teach us never to be persuaded to do what is contrary to our conscience or good judgment, if we would keep out of trouble.

Formal Opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The formal opening of the Canadian Pacific railway early the coming spring for through business to the Pacific will be a most interesting event and will be a great and important epoch in the history of the great Northwest. There has been nothing strange about the policy of the Canadian Government in its relations to that great enterprise, and that its liberality will be thoroughly appreciated and approved by the Canadian public so long as the road exists we cannot see for a moment doubt. The building of the road has not only opened up an important through line between the Canadian Pacific, rendered possible to settle and profitably occupy vast areas of country which would otherwise always have remained unoccupied except by wild Indian Tribes. Far beyond Winnipeg are many millions of acres, the possibilities of which for the production of small grains are almost unlimited. Already prosperous towns and communities are springing up all along the line as if by magic, and as was the case with the Northern Pacific, redgers are proving themselves to be exceedingly fertile which had been supposed to be almost sterile.—*Railway Age.*

The young woman who can broil a steak in five minutes is more useful than the young woman who can successfully speak five languages.

A Jewess, engaged to marry a young man of her race at an early date, astounded the relatives by eloping with a Portuguese servant. She wanted a husband accustomed to moving in the highest circles.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

THE WAR MINISTER RETURNS SOONER THAN HE'S WANTED.

Captain Donelly, notwithstanding the metamorphosed in his outward appearance, recognized his man as well as voice in the twinkling of an eye, and exclaimed joyously: "What! Pat Monaghan alive and kicking? You come as our guardian angel, my boy."

"By the piper that played before Moses, I've brought yez the duds that'll help the blessed lot of us to get off safe."

"Pat, this is fine news," ejculated his master. "Open your bundle and spread out your things. Though Nellie, I see, is already dressed like an Egyptian lady.

Nellie, who had entered over the disguises as he thought would suit the denizens of the next dungeon, which he and the captain now quickly entered.

It also was delighted with the electric light, which was flashed on the arsenal almost continuously through the night, since it was known to be a signalling station, and the British admiral desired to be as well acquainted with Egyptian tactics as the Egyptians themselves.

Mr. Trezarr received Captain Donelly with considerable surprise, for Nellie had quite forgotten to tell him and her mother that he was dead.

His first question, however, was after neither his wife nor daughter, but as to how the bombardment was progressing, and which side was getting the worst of it.

"It looks bad for Egypt, sir," said Pat, unceremoniously. "It's all up wid the Egyptians. It'll be pace to-morrow, an' Herrbis Pasha will eat humble pie, but, by this an' by that, there'll be some murdering of Europeans going on to-night."

"By the by, what are your plans for our ultimate escape, Pat?" asked his master.

"Why, yer honor, when we've once got out av the house, an' dessayed any sentries that may be about the yards we can run back. I know where to lay my hand on a whopping big boat that'll hold the whole lot of us with ease."

"Gentlemen," said Frank Donelly, "if you will cast in your lot with us, on with these disguises that my man has brought you at once. You don't seem to have thought of weapons, Pat?"

"Bedad, and I'd enough to carry as it was. If I'd have left swords and pistols go faith about the place at every step I tuk a pretty noise they'd have made. I know where we can lay our hands on lots on 'em as soon as ever we want 'em."

Soon Mr. Trezarr and the clergyman, whose name, by the by, was Rollingstone, had Egyptianized themselves as nearly as considering their pallor, it was possible to do. Nellie had brought her mother out of their own cell into the passage, so that in another minute all the party were together and looking towards Pat Monaghan as their guardian angel.

Nellie had found her missing veil, but as it was not a regular yashmack it only concealed her exquisitely lovely face in part.

She had actually persuaded her mother to don the cavasse uniform, by means of the oft reiterated assurance that as the skirts of the bright blue, goldbraided frock came up so very long and also so ample as regarded material, it took away even the faintest suspicion of petticoats.

With her by no means abundant back hair pushed up under her tarbouch, Mrs. Trezarr looked the fat, indolent, pompous self-conceited cavasse to the very life, and no sooner did her husband's gaze rest upon her than, notwithstanding his evident terror and the extreme hazard of their situation, his lips expanded for a moment into a broad grin, while even the Reverend Rollingstone uttered a spasmodic "God bless my soul!"

But Pat turning sharply round, whispered, "Let every one pray for himself an' the Blessed Vargin for us all, for in that way God Almighty will hear us an' the Egyptians won't."

Having uttered this aspiration, Pat glided or rather shuffled, on in front, those whom he was attempting to save following as noiselessly as they could in his tracks, and so they quitted the subterranean and reached the occupied rooms of the house, though they all hoped that they would not find them so on the present occasion.

But in the very first that they entered they beheld Rahib and Khassim, lying on the floor as drunk as two fools, and snoring in their sleep like a couple of angry hogs.

"Here's the room where we'll find the weapons," whispered Pat Monaghan, and he already had his grasp on the door handle when a sound like the whizzing of a shillalagh many feet, the sound of angry and excited voices, yells of "Rahib! Khassim!" and the opening and slamming of doors seemed to take away his presence of mind for an instant, and then, before Captain Donelly could push to the front, into the very apartment which the war ministers, closely followed by at least a score of evidently half maddened Mohammedans, the majority of whom grasped a blood-reeking sword, whilst not a few held cooked pistols in their left hands.

They had arrived too quickly even for the little party of Europeans to sell their lives at a satisfactory price.

Naught remained for them but to be slaughtered like sheep.

CHAPTER LII.

UNARMED YET MENACED BY A SCORE OF SWORDPOINTS.

Slaughtered like sheep they would have been but for Arabi Pasha himself.

Despite the disguises he recognized the entire party with the exception of Patrick Monaghan, and he came to the very rational conclusion that the thoroughly well-disguised Irishman was one of the men people whom the Feringhee by dint of threats had frightened into serving them.

Against the Europeans his rage knew no bounds.

Causing his followers to recoil by a single wave of his sword, the only one that seemed to be perfectly right and sustained, he addressed Mr. Trezarr with:

"So you are anxious to shake the dust of Egypt from your feet! You are about to desert what you think to be a tottering and lost cause for a prosperous and triumphant one! You would fly to-day to the land of those whom only a few hours ago you were so eager that I should take for one! But it is a wife's duty to cling to her husband in poverty as well as in prosperity, through evil report as well as through good report. Thus your daughter shall cling unto me."

He gnashed his teeth as he concluded, and, striding forward, seized Nellie by an arm; but no sooner had he done so than, his rage and indignation getting the better of his prudence, Frank Donelly smote him in the face with all his might.

Arabi Pasha staggered, but recovered himself adroitly and the next instant the point of his sword was at the dragoon's throat, who, folding his arms on his breast, awaited death undauntedly.

His undaunted demeanor it was that saved him, for the murderous look that had come into the war minister's eyes died out of them again and he sheathed his sword with a clash, saying:

"No, I will not be tempted into slaying a brave man, no matter how great the provocation."

"You will wrong him far more by stealing away from him his lawful wedded wife," said Frank.

"I am not conscious of doing any such thing," retorted the war minister indignantly. "Her parents declared unto me when I took her to wife that she was not yours, that it was an idle ceremony that had been performed between you. They should know, and I can hardly believe that they deliberately lied unto me, whilst, on the other hand I know that the ceremony which united us together was a holy, a solemn and a binding one according to my own creed. Thus, in my opinion, I lawfully and rightly claim her as my own, and thus do I seize upon her and give her in charge of my people."

And as he concluded Arabi Pasha once more pounced upon Nellie and his blade swung low down into the arms of two of his followers, to whom he said:

"Take her out and mount her on one of the swiftest, yet strongest of our horses, and death to all who would rob me of her, for every man has a right to defend his own."

When Nellie had been borne away, the war minister turned on her parents.

"You deserve no consideration at my hands. You are about to desert a man in his heartless. I cannot express my contempt for you both. If you wish to accompany your daughter, for her sake you are welcome to do so."

"I wish to accompany my child, of course," said Mrs. Trezarr, in a tone and a manner which she in vain attempted to make dignified. Her get up as a cavasse was against that, and, indeed, Arabi's fierce followers could not all of them restrain a grin.

"I, too, wish to go with my wife and child, your excellency," said Mr. Trezarr, with no attempt at dignity even, that article, if he still preserved any, having slipped down and hidden itself away in his boots.

No sooner had he thus delivered himself than the war minister, without deigning to make him and his wife any reply, signalled, addressing his followers generally:

"Take them away and mount them on quick horses, and while preparing may at attempt at escape, see that they come to no harm."

Thereupon the banker and his wife disappeared from view as suddenly as their daughter had done, leaving only Frank Donelly, Pat Monaghan and the clergyman to be disposed of.

Arabi Pasha did not look as though he should take long about this task.

"You are a man of peace," he said to the minister, "so here is a safe conduct, with my seal and signature attached, which will enable you to go in peace whithersoever you may feel inclined. Have no fear, for even the fierce Bedouins, who cannot read, know the seal well enough, and your showing it will render you as safe in the streets of Alexandria, even at a time like the present, as though they were those of London. No thanks, sir, but go. The way lies open and I have no time to listen."

Mr. Rollingstone did not require to be a second time bidden. He had fired his pistol against his head covering in such a way that the curious seal of yellow wax should be conspicuous even at a distance, and he drove a pin through both so that by no possibility should it get lost.

Then he shuffled off as quick as fast as a Rollingstone could do, and so disappeared in turn.

"Captain Donelly," said the war minister, "you are with a grim temple, "we must try to encounter each other at the most inopportune moments, and perhaps I never felt prompted to cut you down as I do at the present one. If you were only armed—"

"That can now be managed," exclaimed our hero. "Bid one of your followers to lend me a weapon and here on this spot, foot to foot and blade to blade, we will decide who is the rightful husband of the fair girl who is your prisoner."

"Allah has decided that already, through the agency of the Divine Law. Your petition, it is the request of a madman and as such is refused. My life is still my country's and not my own, and there are other means of ridding me of it."

"I call you a brave and honorable man, and I look upon you as in every way worthy of my sword." As he said this, hoping it might as well expect you to supply me with a swift dispatch to pursue you on. I am well content to be left to my own resources, and I shall be sure to find you have not taken, even though it lay at your feet."

"I know yet understand each other. Adieu until we next meet. You have been liberated, I see, by a fool, but a fool is unacceptable for his own actions, therefore Allah forbid that I should punish them. With traitors and unfaithful servants it is very different. Dispatch me those drunken dogs who are wallowing under the table."

The last words were addressed to his followers in Arabic, and the next instant there was the simultaneous report of a pair of pistols and the sleeping men's brains were blown out as they lay.

The deed was scarcely yet dead accomplished, the war minister gave the word to retire, and he and his fierce followers immediately quitted the house, leaving the Europeans captain and his faithful but disguised attendant apparently the only occupants thereof.

CHAPTER LIII.

THROUGH BURNING ALEXANDRIA AND OUT AT THE ROSETTA GATE.

"Pat," said his master, as the two passed out of the house, "tell me, in as few words as possible, how you have managed to impose upon the Egyptians so effectually as actually to get into their camp. I dare it might put me up to a wrinkle or two, you know."

"Bedad, yer honor, and its little that I've got to tell. You know about where yez left me. Well, the nagurs didn't think I was worth locking up and for some reason or other accepted my bluff and let me go, and so they turned me out of doors with more kicks than ha'pence and told me to go to the devil."

"And what happened next, for I see that you did not take their advice?"

"Faith, no; for I'd been out av Egypt a deal too hot for my tastes. But wdn I got out into the town I might aisily have fancied myself in purgatory, and I was wid the flames an' the blood an' the screeching an' throat cutting, faith, Donnybrook fair would have been a Quakers meeting to it. Well, I was just wishing I had a good idea an empty house, for I was never the chap to thrust myself into company where I wasn't invited, and wishing I was anywhere, hardly had I lain myself down on a sophy when an Egyptian rushed into the room with a sword in his hand, and I thought he had, and, luckily, before I'd time to fall asleep, and who, seeing me alone in me glory, thought, I suppose, I was a man after his glory wid a few inches av cold steel in me bracket. I got up quite politely to receive him, an' as he was in a hurry, and that in a great, big, ugly, sharp sword, I tuk the blade, and at the end of a tussle got it away from him and then runned it through him, and he fell down and left mine behind, an' whin I'd put on his duds, I mathought me of a little bottle which I'd left in me weskit pocket, an' which I'd appropriated for better or worse at the hotel we put up at."

"If it was whiskey you wished it a larger dose, I'll be sorry, Pat."

"It was labelled Paon, an' sure it was just the remains av what the landlord gave yez to cover yer honor's face and hands with. I'd collared it against eventualities through seeing it lying neglected on the carpet in one corner while I came in for me lady's traveling box. I'll be as good an Egyptian as any av them now, I says to meself as I rubbed it in, an' I think yer honor will allow that I've been a better Egyptian than most."

"But how did you get back to the cavasse, and how did you impose upon everybody there?"

"Oh, bedad, an' that was the easiest matter of all. I shammed dumb because I knew so little of their lingo, an' I played the fool to get into their good graces. They say here that the devil makes a rogue, but God makes a fool; so they beat the one and pet and pamper the other."

"They thought you were harmless as a dove, Pat, whilst in fact you were as artful as a fox, and so they let you go about the place unwatched, getting all these disguises and so forth, thinking the while that you had no more spirit in resembling them than a plundering jackdaw."

"Your honor's about right, which proves that the Egyptians are not so clever as they takes a wise man to play the fool. I only knew wid the aisie to steal a pair of horses before we took to flight."

"Well say 'requisition,' for it has a better sound, Pat. Well, we go into the armory, after all, so that we can defend ourselves if attacked and sell our lives dear ly. But horses we must obtain, for I have sworn that I will follow my stolen bride throughout the length and breadth of Egypt before I will let the miscreant her up to a Moslem like Arabi Pasha."

"Bedad, and as long as yer honor follows up the young lady, so long will I follow up yer honor, and if I hadn't better play dummy again, for here we are in the public street."

"Yes, Pat; I think you had," answered his master, and they walked on in silence a while.

Not that there seemed to be much need for such a precaution, since the whole place seemed to be deserted, save by a few wandering dogs.

No sentries were at the arsenal gates, a white flag waved from the summit of the arsenal, the sentries were looking down the broad thoroughfare to the left the Rasel-Tin palace was observed to be burning fiercely, but everything was shut out of every window and even upwards through gaps in the roof.

At the moment the sound of desultory firing proved that the town was not quite empty, the evidence being confirmed by an occasional pistol shot, but Frank Donelly guessed that the sounds were caused by those human vultures, who in all countries gather on such occasions like ravens to a dead carcass, and who are engaged in robbing the wounded and the dead kill all who have strength enough left to struggle.

From such grim birds of prey they had little to fear, for a dozen of them would shriek away from Frank and Pat and at a pack of wolves scamper off at the mere rear of a lion; so the two Irishmen walked on unhindered, guarded by the little bands the loaded revolvers which they had appropriated from the war minister's private armory after he had taken his departure, as it now appeared, from his dwelling.

Dotting the vast place in all directions were bodies of murdered Europeans, and the moonlight showed the ghastly wounds they lay in heaps and in number to certainly upwards of a hundred, some with their throats cut, others with their heads slashed entirely off, nearly all with their limbs gashed or cloft in twain, and their trunks disfigured by many a hideous and vengeful wound. Women and children had not been served thus, and even many little children, and Frank Donelly's blood boiled within him as he beheld the sight, which, in truth, affected Pat almost as much as his master.

Now whilst regarding it the latter heard a sound that at once attracted his attention.

"Arrah, yer honor, it's no luck we are. There are horses calling to us from inside the arsenal, and I'm sure I can see our right. They are surely picketed just under those carob trees.

"Come along and we'll soon see, Pat. If they are there we'll at once confiscate them."

They entered the garden through the wrenched off iron gates, and in a couple of minutes had discovered a couple of shaggy, long-tailed horses and also a camel tied to the trees, and all three carrying across their shoulders large sacks that were already two-thirds full of plunder.

"Bedad, and they've made of spoil, readjusted the stirrup leathers, and mounting, rode out into the open place or square, meeting the rightful owners of the steeds coming, they had got a hundred yards on their way.

Instead of advancing and laying claim to the property, they turned their horses down such lost as they were carrying and run away, Captain Donelly's bright scarlet cavalry cloak having apparently been the cause of such prompt action.

Spurring after the three rascals, he grabbed hold of the one he Arat caught up with and demanded in peremptory tones which way the army had gone.

"Out through the Rosetta gate and on towards Kafr Dowar," was the sullen answer.

"And the general and his staff! His excellency Arabi Pasha, I mean," continued Frank.

"Has followed the artillery train in the same direction," was the response.

Captain Donelly asked no further questions, but the trembling wretch, who, he immediately rushed after his companions, whilst Frank turned towards his faithful follower and observed:

"I have no doubt the fellow spoke the truth, indeed, not knowing who I am, he could have no reason for deceiving me. At any risk I must go to Kafr Dowar, for wherever Arabi Pasha is there will my wife be also. Distrusting her parents, as he now evidently does, he will keep her under his own eye, of that he is assured."

"Well, yer honor, he'll be a rogue if he does, and he'll be a fool if he don't. So, as sure as yer honor's lady fair wife lest as surely I'll follow yer honor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cruelty to Brazilian Slaves.

The poor slave girl, Joanna, who had been so cruelly beaten by her mistress, D. Mercedes de Oliveira, the wife of the president of the aristocratic suburb of Botafogo, has mercifully relieved from her sufferings by death on the 14th inst., (February.) The unfortunate victim of the cruelty was the sister of the *Gazeta da Tarde* and the Confederacy Abolicionists is caring for her and another unfortunate slave girl, Eduardo, who was discovered in the same house. Both of these girls, one 17 and the other 15 years of age, presented a horrible appearance—their bodies covered with old and fresh scars, bruises and sores, their wrists cut and well-worn cords, and their heads and faces bruised and swollen from the blows received. Fortunately, both of them were immediately photographed, to that there can be no question hereafter of exaggeration. The older girl, Joanna, was so seriously injured that she died on the 14th, and the death scene was the crowning of the horrors of the case, those who witnessed it. In her delirium she called on her companion, "Eduardo! take off the cords, so I can rest better!" And in a brief time merciful death released both body and soul forever from the bonds of an inhuman monster, who will be called upon hereafter for crimes like this. The mistress has been called upon to answer for the cruelties inflicted upon these two slave girls, but as in all the cases heretofore recorded nothing will be done. Brazilian justice has no punishment for the crimes and cruelties of this slaveholder, nor has it even sympathy for the sufferings of such helpless, downtrodden creatures as these two poor slave girls.

A Great Composer.

Mr. Dutcenberry—Well, I'll admit, dear, that it was a little late when I came home. O, it was just astonishing the way he brought music out of the instrument. Being himself a great composer.—

Mrs. Dusenberry—Yes, no doubt, sir. Not only you brought a good deal of him home with you.

"Eh, my dear! A good deal of what?"

"Of the great composer. I found a half-filled flask in your pocket this morning."

"You went to Mentone for your health?" "Yes, for my wife; and I am pleased to state my trip was entirely successful." "Ah, then she recovered?" "No, sir, she died. I said it was successful."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The Mother's Work.

The fact that it is no trifling affair to manage a house is never more fully realized by the feminine head of the establishment than when she is unable from ill health to follow the beaten path. The rest of the family also suddenly realize that she is the main spoke in the wheel. *He* has been used to the pleasant and newspaper himself, and it mistortune appears in the shape of a lost button he knows not truly wretched. It is strange how utterly helpless the married man in general seem become when he has no one to look after him. Individually and collectively he has a great love for being waited upon, all the way from having his boots blacked to being read or sung to sleep.

A lady said to another one day in a fit of confidence, "Twice a week for twenty years, I do nothing but wash dishes. At that moment the opening of a door caused a draught of air to blow on him and he sneezed and with the sneeze the unexpired convulsive which were produced at the sight of water. He was led to his own room and quieted with an injection of morphine.

THIRST NOT TO BE QUENCHED.

Early in the morning Drs. Bradin and O'Gorman called. As soon as the patient saw them he exclaimed:

"Don't send me away; please don't."

"Are you thirsty?" asked Dr. O'Gorman.

"Yes, very," was the reply. Dr. O'Gorman cut an apple into very small pieces and had Neal eat it. This was his first nourishment in three days. He was very thirsty, for convulsions began and atrophia was again set in. Dr. Bradin tried to moisten the sufferer's lips with the corner of a sponge, while Neal's eyes were closed so that he should not see the water. As soon as the sponge touched his lips he cried, "Oh, don't! take it away! I can't stand it." Again the experiment was tried, but with the same result, and attempts to quench a thing his thirst were abandoned. At nine o'clock his temperature was 103½ and his pulse 150. He was moved from his bed to a sofa near a front window. Every draught caused convulsions, and every hour the convulsive symptoms were aggravated. One of the officers passed in front of the window and his shadow fell upon Neal. With a cry of agony he started from the sofa and fell struggling on the floor.

"Go away, for heaven's sake; go away. You torture me," he cried.

A DEVOURED WIFE.

His wife was attended by his side. When rational the unfortunate man placed his hands in those of his wife and sat in silence for a time. Then a fearful convulsive struggle that he turned to her and said:—"I won't suffer long. It will soon be over."

He saw the tears fill his wife's eyes, and it troubled him. Again becoming delirious, he cried:—"If I go, I want Mary to go with me. I can't be separated from her." Another injection of morphine was made, and he was calm for a few minutes. Then a violent tremor had passed over him, he said in a low tone to his wife: "Mary, I wish you would leave me, when I am about to go into convulsions. I am afraid I will injure you in my rage."

Mrs. Neal never flinched. Even the poBloemen and the physicians recoiled from the sometimes shuddering, half-fainting of coming in contact with the deadly virus which flaked from his lips, while struggling in convulsion, but the brave woman never showed a pang of fear, and her devotion never faltered.

At noon he experienced the most violent convulsion. He suddenly sprang from his bed, and cried:—"There, there! see those dogs! They must be drowned! Say, Schuyler, how many dogs did we get to-day? Look, look, at that big black dog! Don't let him come near me. He's mad, mad, mad!"

He sank back exhausted, but all the time muttering about Schold, his assistant at the dog pound; and the dogs, big, little, black, and white, seemed to be ever revolving kaleidoscopic vision. In three days his form had grown attenuated. His face was white as marble and his eyes wild and frightened.

USELESS REMEDIES.

At a quarter to five Dr. Bradin made the first injection of morphine. An ordinary needle point syringe was used, and the injection was made in the back of the neck, between the base of the brain. The patient did not seem to be affected by it. A tepid bath was then arranged, Linn was placed in all the window cracks and all air passages closed. A kettle of water was placed upon a hot fire, and the steam which arose soon filled the room. At half-past five the thermometer registered 84 degrees.

The patient rested quietly for over an hour. Then he was seized with a violent convulsion. He clutched the pillow upon which his head was pillowed and uttered a strange, croupy like sounds peculiar to the disease. The muscles of his neck became rigid and the flesh became hard. His body twitched convulsively, and before he could be restrained he threw himself upon the floor and violently struck himself. He was noted and he rested easier. It was deemed advisable to let him rest on the floor, and with his head resting on a pillow propped against a wardrobe he lay quietly under the soothing influence of the narcotic.

DYING.

Drs. O'Gorman and Herold called at Neal's house at 6 o'clock. They found him free from spasms, but the nervous twitchings of his limbs continued. Dr. O'Gorman saw that the end was near and that further injections of curaara was useless.

"Take me to my bed," gasped the man. The sufferer's face and hands were livid. The two stalwart policemen assisted him to his feet, but he sank again to the floor. The rigidity of death was upon him, and all in the room saw it. His wife's aged father and mother stood by her side comforting her. The four men who had carried the sufferer appalled at the sight. The dying man's two sons recoiled as if in fear.

"Mary!" and Neal clutched at his throat. With a sob his wife sprang to his side, and, pushing aside the officers, supported him in her arms. Gently she laid his head upon her breast.

"Mary, I'm dying," he said, and he was well and sure," and that is a watch.

Swelled heads are more than coronets and "gulit"-edge stock than Norman gold.

"This the widow of my discontent," groaned an old miser who married an extravagant relict.

Among the "society offenders who might well be under ground" we may mention telegraph wires.

There is nothing new under the sun. Noah made the "arc-light" when he drove out the animals on Ararat.

"We will take what we need," is the motto of socialists. That assures a bath, at all events.

"Hello, Judson, how are you?" "Pretty well, thank you." "How are you at home?" "Wife says I'm rather anything."

An exchange says a sure cure for cold is to stuff the nostrils with beeswax and starve the cold out. Certainly if a few wasps on the nose itself wouldn't be quite as effectual?

"The cockroaches in this house are remarkably vexatatie," said an actor at a hotel table, picking up a biscuit. "I notice that they appear in different rolls every morning."

"I am burning up!" he exclaimed. He gasped for breath. Great beads of perspiration stood on his brow. His feet and hands were cold.

At ten minutes to seven he gracand. A strange guttural sound came from his throat. His distorted features relaxed. His chest heaved, and with a feeble groan the sufferer sank back into the arms of his father-in-law, dead. His wife, who had borne up bravely through the terrible ordeal, gave way at last. She was led from the room by her mother, and a sheet was thrown over the sufferer.

THE AGONY OF RABIES.

Bread of Sufferings Ended by a Terrible Death.

George W. Neal, the keeper of the New-ark dog pound, who was bitten by a Spitz dog died in great agony the other evening at a home. The physicians declare positively that he was a victim of hydrophobia.

He had passed a restless night, notwithstanding potent narcotics. At four o'clock Dr. O'Gorman, Schuyler, wife his guardian, Policeman Ash y, and Cosgrove, were in another room he lapped from bed delirious and screaming himself with a poker, dashed up stairs to the rooms of his father-in-law, John P. Moore, uttering wild cries. The officers pursued him

"Go back! I'll not be taken; go back!" he cried, with the poker raised threatening. Mr. Moore ordered him. At that moment the opening of a door caused a draught of air to blow on him and he sneezed with the sneeze the unexpired convulsive which were produced at the sight of water. He was led to his own room and quieted with an injection of morphine.

THIRST NOT TO BE QUENCHED.

Early in the morning Drs. Bradin and O'Gorman called. As soon as the patient saw them he exclaimed:

"Don't send me away; please don't."

"Are you thirsty?" asked Dr. O'Gorman.

"Yes, very," was the reply. Dr. O'Gorman cut an apple into very small pieces and had Neal eat it. This was his first nourishment in three days. He was very thirsty, for convulsions began and atrophia was again set in. Dr. Bradin tried to moisten the sufferer's lips with the corner of a sponge, while Neal's eyes were closed so that he should not see the water. As soon as the sponge touched his lips he cried, "Oh, don't! take it away! I can't stand it." Again the experiment was tried, but with the same result, and attempts to quench a thing his thirst were abandoned. At nine o'clock his temperature was 103½ and his pulse 150. He was moved from his bed to a sofa near a front window. Every draught caused convulsions, and every hour the convulsive symptoms were aggravated. One of the officers passed in front of the window and his shadow fell upon Neal. With a cry of agony he started from the sofa and fell struggling on the floor.

"Go away, for heaven's sake; go away. You torture me," he cried.

A DEVOURED WIFE.

His wife was attended by his side. When rational the unfortunate man placed his hands in those of his wife and sat in silence for a time. Then a fearful convulsive struggle that he turned to her and said:—"I won't suffer long. It will soon be over."

He saw the tears fill his wife's eyes, and it troubled him. Again becoming delirious, he cried:—"If I go, I want Mary to go with me. I can't be separated from her." Another injection of morphine was made, and he was calm for a few minutes. Then a violent tremor had passed over him, he said in a low tone to his wife: "Mary, I wish you would leave me, when I am about to go into convulsions. I am afraid I will injure you in my rage."

Mrs. Neal never flinched. Even the policemen and the physicians recoiled from the sometimes shuddering, half-fainting of coming in contact with the deadly virus which flaked from his lips, while struggling in convulsion, but the brave woman never showed a pang of fear, and her devotion never faltered.

At noon he experienced the most violent convulsion. He suddenly sprang from his bed, and cried:—"There, there! see those dogs! They must be drowned! Say, Schuyl, how many dogs did we get to-day? Look, look, at that big black dog! Don't let him come near me. He's mad, mad, mad!"

He sank back exhausted, but all the time muttering about Schold, his assistant at the dog pound; and the dogs, big, little, black, and white, seemed to be ever revolving kaleidoscopic vision. In three days his form had grown attenuated. His face was white as marble and his eyes wild and frightened.

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Neal's death occurred just fifty-seven hours after he was seized with the first pri-ceyen. The time elapsing since the first bite inflicted on Neal is seventy days. He was within the limit of the time allotted for the development of the disease, the time being from eight to ten weeks. The first symptoms were developed in Neal's case in sixty seven days, although the first infection was two days earlier. The usual time for the disease to become fatal is from three to six days, and Neal's limit was, from the first infimation, six days, and from the first symptoms, three days.

Always remember a lady in going up stairs This maxim is a legacy from a maiden aunt.

The Digger Indians of the Pacific slope rejoiced in the great locust swarms of 1875 as a dispensation of the Great Spirit, and laid in a store of dried locusts, powder sufficient to last them for several years.

A SHOT FROM THE SADDLE.

An Adventure with Apaches.

I never hear the Apaches mentioned without shuddering. It was in the summer of 1878; the Apaches were then peaceful, but in outbreak was expected at any moment. One day, while travelling by rail in New Mexico, and while engaged in conversation with a wild settler about the prospects of an outbreak, the old gentleman suddenly called my attention to

A SERIES OF PECULIAR SIGNS

which he discovered by the distance. Pointing his long, bony finger to a range of mountains, he said: "Young man, your eyes are better than mine; see if you can make it out." The clearness of the atmosphere rendered objects many miles away perfectly discernable. On the top of the Florita mountains, and on either side of a notch in the range in twains, I could easily see two bands of Indians. From the midst of those on the south side of the pass there arose a perfectly

ROUND BALL OF SMOKE,

the signal of the Apaches. That signal was answered by the waving and turning of a blanket fastened to poles, by Indians on the opposite side of the pass. The latter were seaggie Navajoes. The old settler said the signs were unmistakable, the Apaches were about to go on another raid, but in his opinion they were going south, and wanted the Navajoes to go with them. When the train arrived at Dunlig the facts known were reported to the proper authorities there. While staying in the town I learned that a party of miners had struck it rich in the Florita mountains, at a point about fourteen miles from there, and I resolved to visit the camp. I bought a beautiful bloodred horse, fully sixteen hands high, very powerful, and which seemed possessed with the intelligence of a human being, and rode away. I found the camp without any trouble and learned that the reports of the miner's great find had been greatly exaggerated, in fact, they were pulling up stakes preparatory to leaving that day for some 30 miles distant. They begged me to accompany them, giving as a reason that the

INDIANS WERE AROUND THEIR CAMP.

I thought before and it was unwise for me to return, as I had an engagement in Dunlig that night I refused their offer and started on the return trip. The men accompanied me to the trail, where we parted. The trail at the foot of the mountain was abrupt, and was through a small canon. As I emerged from the gorge I saw a sight that fairly chilled me to my marrow. About a quarter of a mile to the right of the trail were seven of the most horrible looking scoundrels I ever looked upon. They were a portion of Jaronimo's savages seated on ponies, and a glance showed me they were heavily armed with Winchesters. Besides having their war-paint each wore a sort of skull cap, on the sides of which were fastened the horns of a bull. At the moment I came out they set up a shout that

MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD.

I couldn't go back

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows: To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.

To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

Next week—Dr. Kergan.

The Spring Assizes for Hastings County will open next Monday, the 26th inst., at Belleville.

There will be a special Easter service in the Methodist Church Sunday morning with appropriate music.

Remember the parlor social at Mr. C. F. Stickle's this (Friday) evening. Proceeds in aid of Presbyterian Church.

Mr. W. J. Butler commenced excavating for the cellar and foundations of his new house on Front street on Wednesday last.

If unable to call on Dr. Kergan's surgeons you should write to him at Detroit. Opinion and advice, either in person or by letter, free.

April has given us some real summer weather this year. The thermometer registered over 80 in the shade on Monday last, the 19th inst.

The fine weather of the past week has caused the ground to become in first class order for seeding, and farming operations are proceeding rapidly.

Mr. Arthur Martin has purchased and removed to the new house on Front street, opposite Mr. Mott's blacksmith shop, and built last summer by Mr. Bird Vandervoort.

If you want to get your pictures framed in the best style and at lowest living prices, leave your orders at the News-Argus office. A full assortment of mouldings now in stock.

Some very fine specimens of parsnips were left in our office last week by a friend. If any person thinks they can beat them, either for size or quality, they can just leave a sample.

We have received, per favor of Mrs. Ira Williams, a fine specimen of a California rose, besides other specimens of California growth. Many thanks for the kind remembrance.

Mr. John Conley has purchased the vacant lot just east of Mr. Geo. Lagrow's grocery and bakery. We understand Mr. Conley intends putting up a fine block of buildings on the premises.

We omitted to notice last week that Mr. John T. Hart has sold his mill property, known as the "Waterloo Mills," to Mr. F. B. Parker, of this village. Mr. Hart is going shortly to British Columbia.

Now for the annual spring house-cleaning, and for the next week or two the male portion of the community may be thankful if they are allowed to eat their meals off the head of a flour barrel in some out of the way corner.

We notice that the Madoc *Review* of last week made free use of several local items from the News-Argus without giving the customary credit. No doubt friend Orr overlooked this matter and we therefore kindly call his attention to it.

The roof has just been finished on the sheds at the Baptist Church in this village, and parties coming to church by team can now find good shelter for their horses. Part of the shingles are on hand for a new roof to the church, and it is expected that much needed work will soon be proceeded with.

We notice by our exchanges that a number of towns and villages are already making preparations to celebrate the Queen's birthday. We have not learned of any movement to this end in Stirling but no doubt there will be a grand celebration as usual.

William Morgan, M. P. P., South Norfolk, was born at Stirling, Hastings County, in 1848, and educated at the common school. He has been reeve of the township of Walsingham for several years, and had command of No. 2 company, 39th battalion of rifles, for 16 years. He is a Conservative and is said to be young, stout, solid and jolly.—*Intelligencer.*

Among the presents received on her marriage day by Miss Warren (daughter of Thomas Warren, Esq., of Marmora,) mention was not made of a valuable lot in the village of Marmora, valued at $200, given to her by her father. The presents received by her from her friends amounted to nearly $200 thus demonstrating their general esteem and affection.

The brass band have been out a number of evenings lately serenading, and purpose making a general tour of the village. They are endeavoring to raise money to pay off some debts, and to furnish new music and instruments. We understand they have been very successful thus far; and by the time they have finished will, no doubt, have raised a considerable sum.

The increase in license fees made by the Provincial government is not thoroughly understood by all those who have made applications for license this year. In villages the amount of license fee fixed by statute is $120. In addition to this the municipality may levy a further sum. In this village the license fee is fixed at $130, or $10 additional to the amount fixed by statute.

By the regulations of the Education Department the first Friday in May is set apart as "Arbor Day," for the purpose of planting shade trees, making flower beds and otherwise beautifying and improving the school grounds. Good work was done last year in this respect, and we hope to see a continuation of it this year. School grounds, not only in towns and villages, but in the country, should be made attractive.

Correction.—In the notice of the marriage of Miss Warren, of Marmora, inserted in the News-Argus of April 2nd, it was stated that she was "the daughter of our respected tinsmith, Mr. Thos. Warren." It should have read "our respected townsman, Mr. Thos. Warren." Mr. Warren is a carriage builder, and we regret that through the mistake of one of our compositors the error should have occurred.

Maple Sugar Social.—There will be a pink maple sugar social in the lecture room of the Methodist Church, Stirling, on Easter Monday evening, the 26th inst., commencing at 8 p m. Hot sugar and a choice programme will make a very attractive entertainment. Admission only 15 cts. (Only one price for all.) Proceeds in aid of the Superannuation Fund. Everybody cordially invited. Come and partake of the "sweets" of life.

The maple sugar social in the Baptist Church in this village on Tuesday evening last was not largely attended, there being only between fifty and sixty persons present. There was an abundance of sugar and cakes; and after these were thoroughly discussed an interesting programme was gone through, consisting of instrumental music by Miss Brydon; song, Ethel Boulter; recitation, Miss Delia Martin; song, Miss Smith; recitation, Miss Nettie Martin; two songs, Mrs. Geary; recitation, Clifford Sine; and reading by Miss Smith. The entertainment was a good one and worthy of a larger patronage.

On seeing the number of cows and other animals on the streets of the village one is led to inquire if there is a by-law in force regulating or prohibiting animals running at large. In many places no animals are allowed to run at large, only milch cows, and those only daytime. The damage to gardens and other property is almost always done at night, and if kept off the street during that time there need be but little danger or annoyance. A good plan is to prohibit cows from running at large between the hours of 7 p. m., and 6 a. m. If such is the law it ought to be enforced; and if not the law our village fathers would do well to give their attention to the matter.

Hotel and Shop Licenses.

A meeting of the License Commissioners for North Hastings was held at the Town Hall, in this village, on Wednesday last, when the following licenses were granted:—

TAVERN LICENSES.

NAME.	MUNICIPALITY.
Sarah Collins	Elzevir & Grimsthorpe
Abraham Diamond	"
Dennis Hogan	Tudor & Limerick
S. S. Stanleck	"
George Pound	"
Thos. Ricketts	"
Robert Thwaites	"
Stephen Golding	"
David Potter	"
George Conley	Village of Madoc
Margaret Moon	"
Bryan Lynch	"
Robert Simmons	"
G. W. Halstead	Huntingdon
Robert Wood	"
Gordon McWilliams	Marmora
Hugh Jones	"
Minerva Pringle	"
John Murphy	Monteagle & Herschel
Wm. McMunn	Mayo & Carlow
John Green	Bangor & Wollaston
R. Arkles	Eldorado
Mary VanKleek	"
Jas. Harris	Bannockburn
George Whitty	Rawdon
Sarah Bird	"
Duncan Nerrie...(to be considered)	"
Robert Bennett	Stirling
Garratt Badgley	"
Susan Downs	"

SHOP LICENSES.

Church & Todd	Village of Madoc
David Wright	"
Gray & McGregor	"
Geo. W. Bleecker	Marmora
Oliver Hewat	Stirling
George Lagrow	"

Springbrook.

From our own Correspondent.

One night last week Mr. Jas. Pickering left ten gallons of maple syrup in his sugar bush and next morning it was gone. Your correspondent, to use the language of a good old Scotch Presbyterian, "is na much in the habit o' sweerin'" but he feels just like saying "dom a thief" or any other man that will possess himself of his neighbor's goods in any way without rendering an equivalent therefor at about one hundred cents on the dollar.

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Marmora, April 20th, 1886.

This remarkably fine weather has a beneficial effect on everything and everybody except those that are inclined to be troubled with that peculiar affection known as spring fever.

We are glad to see our citizen, Mr. D. Bentley, out again, and trust that he will soon regain his usual health.

On account of R. Proutt buying the house occupied by Mr. Deacon, the latter has bought a lot in the south end of the village, where he has commenced building. W. E. Gladney has also commenced his new house next to Mr. Stanley's and W. Rose has staked out a domicile farther down.

If many more new houses are put up we will have to apply for incorporation. Ed. Cowan, having sold his residence to W. Warren, is building a suburban villa on the Norwood road, just above Jas. Osborne's. C. A. Bleecker intends putting up a brick across from G. Loucks', and the latter is going to build another for himself. It is also rumored that G. B. Bleecker is talking of building one, but then everybody knows that he is not—but then, come to think, that is no proof that he will not soon.

Mr. Naylor has been so unfortunate as to be compelled to shoot one of his horses. Loss $8. No insurance. G. E. M.

Chatterton Chips.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Eclipse cheese factory commenced operations for the season on Monday, the 19th inst., one day earlier than last year.

The Ashley factory at Foxboro opened on the same day.

And now the "Hayseed" and his help goeth forth morning and evening with the milk pail on his arm to gather the lacteal fluid, etc.

We have been having very springy weather lately.

Mayflowers are showing up lively, but the maple juice man has had his day and can now store away his spiles and buckets.

The people of the 9th con. seem determined to have no tavern at the Junction. They have been around this way several times with petitions against it. We hope they may be successful, for there are too many taverns already.

Mr. Jos. Foster, who has been very sick, is (we are glad to hear) getting better.

John Hamilton, whose name has been mentioned in these columns before, was able to go out for the first time last Sunday. We hope he will soon be well.

Our merchant, Mr. Mott, now has full fling in Chatterton, as he carries the mail and tends the P. O.

As our postmaster's little boy says, have you "picked" your eggs for Easter.

Mr. Johnson was out taking stock of his farm last week. He does not propose to put a tenant on it this year.

Chatterton, April 20th.

LETTERS FROM READERS.

It is to be distinctly understood that any opinions expressed in communications are those of the writers—not necessarily of any one else. Under no circumstances will any letter be inserted unless the real name of the author is in possession of the editor.

P. S. P.

To the Editor of the News-Argus.

Dear Sir,—I suppose that our Public School Board does not know that the school pump is out of order and that the children have to climb fences and get into people's yards and gardens daily for a drink of water. It seems strange and heedless that our public school scholars should be put to such inconvenience when such a small expenditure of time and money would remedy the evil and give our little folk all the water they need in their own yard. Hoping the Board will attend to this matter at once,

I remain yours,

A Lover of the Children.

The driving park at Picton, which cost $5,800, is now offered for sale for $2,500.

The West Hastings Agricultural Society will give a four days exhibition this year.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"Muskrats were never more plentiful than they are this year. Probably 15,000 have been shot or trapped on the bay this spring.

The most successful maple sugar making that we have heard of in this vicinity for this season was done by Mr. John R. Sills, of the 4th con. of Huntingdon, who made 750 pounds from 260 trees.

The libel case of ex-Mayor Dunnet, of Belleville, *vs.* Christ Church vestry, which arose out of a circular issued by the vestry touching upon the character of the plaintiff, has, in order to avoid ill effects to the church that might arise from a public trial, been referred to Mr. S. H. Blake, Q.C., counsel for the defence, for judgment. The parties have bound themselves to abide by Mr. Blake's decision.

The Campbellford *Herald* of last week says:—"During the storm a few days ago, the dwelling house of Mr. Marsh, in Rawdon township, father of Mr. Henry Marsh, of Campbellford, took fire and was consumed. Mr. Marsh was ill in bed at the time, and he was hurriedly removed to the barn for safety. A neighbor seeing the fire hastened with a team to the rescue, hoping to be able to save something from the flames, but all that could be done was the removal of a small quantity of bedding. The clothing of the family was also burned. Mr. Marsh's neighbors demonstrated their sympathy by making a "bee" to draw the timber necessary for a new house, and in a few weeks the home will be rebuilt. Mr. H. Marsh went down this week to assist his parents and lend a helping hand in the generous work the neighbors are doing.

Not Summer Yet.—Mr. Walter H. Smith, the weather prophet, writes, warning the public against thinking that this is summer. The present mild, warm weather, he says, tallies exactly with his forecast of "a warm, summer-like week, with some severe local storms." This warm spell, he further states, points to the overwhelming probability of a reaction and consequent lapse to cool and stormy, even cold weather before the end of April, as already printed by him in his almanac and in the *Witness.*

On Thursday evening a tramp applied at the farm house of Mr. R. Murdoff, 3rd Concession of Sidney, for supper. A generous lunch was provided. The rascal, seeing only an aged couple and a lady in the house, said, "You may feed that to your dog, but I want a good warm supper and then a bed. I'm going to stay all night here." Remonstrance only kindled the ire of the fellow, who threw stones at the door and smashed a window. Mr. Murdoff took down a gun and would have given the intruder his just desserts had not Mr. J. B. Ashley appeared upon the scene. The tramp, seeing that there were men about, decamped. And yet there is no law to abate the tramp nuisance.—*Intelligencer.*

We have received from Hon John Carling a report on Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Farms, with suggestions relating to the establishment of one in Canada by Prof. William Saunders, of London, Ont. Mr. Saunders visited many of the Agriculturist Farms in the United States and reports on their cost and working. He suggests that if the Dominion Government establish one it be near Ottawa. The report also gives some interesting tables of trade in horses, cattle, sheep, butter, cheese, eggs, etc. There has been a large and steady increase in the export of all these except butter, which has shown a considerable decrease in the past five years. This is not to be wondered at when the large increase in cheese is taken into account.

During the past two or three weeks some charges made in Parliament by Mr. Edgar against the promoters of the Prince Albert Colonization Co. have been investigated. In the charges made the Hon. M. Bowell was accused of using improper influence in favor of its promoters. The case has been closed as far as the prosecution is concerned, and we are glad to notice that the charges against Hon. Mr. Bowell have not been sustained. The Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal *Witness*, in referring to the case, says:—"The Hon. Mr. Bowell was not charged with much, but even the insinuating allusions, leaving the impression that he had corruptly profited from a participation in this affair, were not sustained in the slightest degree, and the Ministsr of Customs may be congratulated on coming out of the inquiry with his character untarnished." We also congratulate the Hon. Mr. Bowell on the result. North Hastings may well be proud of her honored representative.

Births.

In Sidney, on the 20th inst., the wife of Mr. Robert Sarles, of a son.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 20th inst., by Rev. O. R. Lambly, M. A., Mr. David Rogers, of Murray, and Miss Ettie Wannamaker, of Sidney.

In Marmora, on the 19th inst., by Rev. C. M. Harris, Mr. Harlan Page Thrall, of Norwood, and Miss Diana Haughton, of Belmont.

Deaths.

In Rawdon, on April 18th, Harold A. Vandervoort, son of M. G. Vandervoort, aged 9 months and 21 days.

In Rawdon, on April 16th, Thomas F. Vance, son of John Vance, aged 1 year and 16 days.

Rev. J. Benson Hamilton, of New York illustrates his sermons by means of a blackboard at the rear of the pulpit. He is drawing large audiences.

The enervation and lassitude of spring time are indications of the sluggish action of the blood, overloaded with carbonates accumulated by the use of heating food in winter. This condition may be remedied by the use of Ayer's Sarsparilla, the best blood purifier known.

The Edinburgh Scotsman pronounces the Irish land bill a vast and dangerous transaction and says that both the Home Rule and land purchase bills are doomed to failure.

As a superb hair dressing and renovator, Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes renewed growth of the hair, and prevents its fading or turning gray.

The tenant farmers of Kildyscart, Ireland, denounce Gladstone's land bill as a measure for the relief of the landlords, and ask the Parnellites to oppose it.

FOR Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Mrs. Ada H. Kepley ran against her husband for school trustee at Effingham, Ill., and defeated him by twelve majority.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

OBSTRUCTIONS of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

M. De Lesseps says the Panama Canal will certainly be opened in 1889.

JACK FROST CONQUERED.

Although during the cold season "Jack Frost" gets in his work lively, yet Hagyard's Yellow Oil beats him every time, curing chilblains, frost bites, and all their painful effects. It also cures croup, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

President Cleveland does not deny that he will be married to Miss Folson.

THE LOST RESTORED.

Ira McNeill, of Poplar Hill, Ont., states that his brother aged 12, was afflicted with a terrible cold, from the effects of which he lost his voice. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured the cold and restored his voice in the most perfect manner. He says it cannot be exceeded as a remedy for coughs and colds.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaints.

The New York Legislature has passed a Bill prohibiting imprisonment for debt.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.

Mr. Frank Hendry, writing from Seaforth, says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it, and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B.B.B. is always successful.

A resolution in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, has carried in the Quebec Legislature.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.

Mrs. Salter, of Franktown, Ontario, was for four years afflicted with a fever sore that baffled all treatment, until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. 4 bottles cured her. All chronic sores and humors of the blood must yield to B.B.B.

The Canadian Pacific Exhibition Car will be in Belleville on the 29th inst.

A VALUABLE FEATURE.

One of the most valuable features of Hagyard's Yellow Oil is that unlike ordinary liniments it can be safely and effectually taken internally as well as applied in cases of pains, inflammation, sore throat, rheumatism, and all painful complaints and injuries.

Five more prisoners convicted of complicity in the Northwest rebellion have been pardoned and set at liberty.

HORSEMEN, ATTENTION!

When your horse is galled, scratched or cut, or has an ugly sore, bathe twice daily, and apply McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it. Be sure you get McGregor & Parke's. Sold for 25c. per box, at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Sir John Macdonald continues to progress towards convalescence. He went out for a drive on Saturday afternoon.

FLUID LIGHTNING.

All sufferers from that terrible torment, Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning briskly rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning also cures as effectually Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Sir Alexander Campbell had a fainting fit in his carriage while out driving in Ottawa on Saturday, and had to be assisted home.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.

In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. There is no purer, safer or more reliable remedy in existence for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. Ask your neighbor or any person who has used it. Sold by PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottle given free.

An old man in California is just cutting his third set of teeth. The process is attended with all the pain and annoyance with which a child suffers.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

AT DREWRY'S

TO GENTLEMEN WANTING FINE CLASS CLOTHING

WE WOULD SAY:

That we have just opened New and Fashionab'e Tailoring Goods, and are making:

English and Scotch Pants, to order, for $3.50, worth $5.

Fine French Worsted Pants, to order, for $4.50, worth $7.

Fine Scotch and English Tweed Suits, made to order, with fine class trimmings, for $13.50, usually sold at $18.

Finest class of Scotch, English & French Worsted Suitings, the latest styles in the market, to order, for $16, usually sold at $22.

Navy Blue Serge Suits, to order $13.50, worth $18, guaranteed to hold their color.

Fine all wool Diagonal Suits, to order, for $15, worth $20.

Best Irish Serges, in black and navy, for $16. Sold all over from $23 to $25.

We are positively making Suits to order, and trimming with best class of Trimmings, from $5 to $8 under regular price.

A Serviceable Navy Blue Suit, to order, $10. A clean all wool Tweed to order, $10.

We will be pleased to show you through

AT DREWRY'S BON MARCHE. TRENTON.

MR. H. LOVELESS, Cutter.

Men and Women

Who suffer from any disease or physical deformity peculiar to their age and sex are respectfully invited to write the British-American Medical & Surgical Institute for

FREE OPINION AND ADVICE.

Being the oldest, largest, and most successful and completely equipped Medical & Surgical establishment in America, we are in a position to give the invalid public better service, better care, better treatment, or better appliances, than can possibly be obtained in Canada or the United States. We invite all to write. References, instances of cases cured, "Health Messenger," Monitor Lecture, "Women in her Hours of Suffering," (for ladies only); or "Golden Monitor," for gentlemen, sent free on application. Address all letters to

DR. J. D. KERGAN,
Corner Woodward and Gratiot Avenues, Detroit, Mich.

For the benefit of those desiring a free personal interview, one or more of Dr. Kergan's oldest most experienced surgeons will be at

SCOTT'S HOTEL, this Village,
Wednesday, April 28th.
CALL OR WRITE.

CHEAP

Furniture

—AT—

MARTIN'S.

10 per cent. discount off for Cash only.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS

SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

CALL AND C

J. BOLDRICK'S !

NOBBY ARRAY OF

SCOTCH SUITINGS and PANTINGS

FOR THE SPRING.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I AM NOW RECEIVING MY SPRING STOCK OF

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing

—A-N-D—

MILLINERY.

I have the finest stock of **CLOTHS** in this section, and parties wanting suits made to order are requested to inspect my Stock.

A lady of long experience has charge of my Millinery department, and I am now showing the latest styles in everything connected with that department.

All kind of produce taken in exchange for goods.

G. W. FAULKNER.

April 21, 1886.

WELCOME !

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3 25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.

New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.

New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.

New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.

New Scotch Tweed Suitings.

New English & French Worsteds

New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN !

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, · ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.

HAVING TAKEN OUT AN

AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE

—FOR THE—

COUNTY of HASTINGS

I am open for engagements. Satisfaction guaranteed. Try me. Correspondence promptly attended to,

T. G. GILLESPIE,
Campbellford, Ont.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

Is a work of nearly 200 pages, colored plates, 1000 illustrations, with descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, prices of Plants and **SEEDS** and how to obtain them. Price only 10 cents, which may be deducted from the first order. BUY ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N.Y.

BAD BLOOD

SYMPTOMS Blotches, Pimples, Boils, Rashes, Eruptions, Tumors, Abscesses, Bad Complexion, Low Vitality, Poor circulation, etc. As Impure Blood and Poor Circulation is sufficient to cause nearly every disease, the Symptoms must vary according to the Organs most affected.

CAUSE Scrofulous Constitution or Hereditary Taint in the system, Bad Air, Improper Diet and Manner of Living, Bad Drainage, Inactive Bowels and Kidneys, Weak Lungs, Torpid Liver, and many other obvious causes, including want of Cleanliness. As imperfect Organic action makes Bad Blood, so too Bad Blood in turn makes imperfect action of every bodily Organ.

CURE Observe strictly all the Laws of Health; Keep the Skin Clean; the Bowels and Kidneys in perfect working order to carry off poisonous matter; Avoid High Living; Have access to Pure Air and Healthful Exercise; Eat Plain Nourishing Food, and take

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

The Great Key to Health, which unlocks all the Secretions by acting upon the Four Cardinal Points of Health—the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood. In this manner BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS makes Pure Blood.

HARDWARE.

Tarred and Felt Paper,
Axle Grease, Castor Oil,
Paints & Oils,
Buggy Tops,
Buggy Gears,
Buggy Wheels,
Garden Rakes,
Hoes & Forks,
Springs & Axles,
Grindstones,

A car of Land Plaster just arrived.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,
STIRLING.

MEDICAL HALL.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF

Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.

All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.

G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

STIRLING TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

PATENTS,

Caveats, Re-issues and Trade-Marks secured, and all other patent causes in the Patent Office and before the Courts promptly and carefully attended to.

Upon receipt of model or sketch of invention, I make careful examination, and advise as to patentability Free of Charge.

FEES MODERATE, and I make no charge unless patent is secured. Information, advice and special references sent on application.

J. R. LITTELL,
Near U. S. Patent office. Washington, D.C.

The Stirling News-Argus.

$1.25 per annum. $1 in advance. STIRLING, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1886. Vol. VII, No. 38.

THE
Stirling News-Argus

Is published every Friday morning at the office of publication, North street, Stirling, first door north of Parker & Butler's drug-store, by

JAMES CURRIE.

Subscription Price, $1.00 per year, If paid in advance. If not so paid, $1.25 will be charged.

Correspondence is invited on all legitimate subjects, the real name of the writer to be furnished the editor in every case. This rule can have no exception.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For ordinary business advertisements:

Charge PER INCH per week when inserted for	1 year.	6 mos.	3 mos
Whole col. down to half col.	7c.	8c.	9c.
Half col. down to quarter col.	8	9	10
Quarter col. down to 2 inches.	9	10	11

If inserted less than three months 1 cent extra on above rates. If less than two months 2 cents extra on above rates. If less than one month 3 cents extra on above rates.

These rates to be confined to the ordinary business of the commercial houses, and for such they will not be held to include Auction Sales, Removals, Co-partnership Notices, Private Advertisements of individual members of firms, property to let or for sale, etc.

Two inches, $10 per year; $6 for six months; $4 for three months; $3 for two months; $2 for one month. One inch, $6 per year. Professional cards, limited to six lines, $4 per year. A column measures twenty-two inches

Advertisements may be changed at the option of advertisers without extra charge.

Transient advertisements, 8c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each subsequent insertion.

Advertisements without specific instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

JOB PRINTING of every description executed in neat and fashionable style, and on short notice.

H. D. LEITCH, M. D., C. M.,
TRINITY UNIVERSITY,
MEMBER OF COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS & Surgeons, Ontario. All calls promptly attended to. Residence—Marmora.

W. H. HASTINGS,
SOLICITOR, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY Public, Etc., Etc., Stirling, Ont. Office:—Craige's Block. ☞ Private money to Loan at lowest rates.

C. S. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.
GRADUATE MCGILL COLLEGE, 1868,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR. Special attention paid to diseases of women and children. Office and residence opposite the old C. M. Parsonage.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENCES, AND Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Stirling, Ont.

W. H. BERRY,
BARBER.—HAIRDRESSING, SHAVING, Shampooing, etc. Cigars, Hair Oils and Perfumery for sale. Razors, Scissors, Knives, Surgical Instruments, etc., ground with care and accuracy. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NOTICE.
Parties interested will please notice that the Stirling Village Council meets at the Council Room on the First Monday Evening of every month, at 7:30 o'clock. A. GLASS, Clerk

Stirling Lodge
NO. 69,
A. F. & A. M.,
G. R. C., will meet in the Masonic Hall, North street,
on
Thursday Eve., May 20, '86.
Visiting brethren welcome.
M. SEELEY, Jr., Sec.

STIRLING LODGE
NO. 239,
I. O. O. F.
Meets in the Lodge room, P O block,
Every Wednesday Evening
At 8 o'clock. G. D. TURNER, R.S.

J. R. IRISH, L.D.S.,
A Dentist of 19 years experience, of the Town of TRENTON, is at the STIRLING HOUSE, STIRLING, every Monday, from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Vitalized Air used and the modern facilities. Due attention to the treatment of teeth filling, etc. Full cases of teeth, $7.

Geo. W. Walker,
DENTIST,
Front Street, Belleville.
Office directly opposite the Anglo-American Hotel.
VITALIZED AIR,
Which we only use in the Belleville office is to extract
TEETH WITHOUT PAIN.
Mr. Walker visits Stirling the
Three last Days of every month.
Rooms in Stirling House.

STIRLING HOUSE,
Stirling, - Ont.
Good accommodations for travellers.
Spacious Sample Rooms.
Comfortable stables and careful hostler.
The proprietor will not be responsible for whips, coats, or other effects, unless checked.
MUSIC HALL on the premises. 20 ft. ceiling, 12-ft. stage, seating capacity 400.
ROBT. BENNETT, Proprietor.

MEDICAL HALL.
A COMPLETE STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Brushes, Patent Medicines, Genuine Coloring Stuffs, School Books, Crayons, Stationery, Druggist's Sundries and Fancy articles. All of which will be sold at lowest cash prices.
All parties having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle without delay.
G. H. BOULTER, M. D.

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS.
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of ROBERT J. CRAIGE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107, of the revised statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Robert J. Craige, late of the Village of Stirling, in the County of Hastings, merchant, deceased, who died on or about the sixth day of March, A. D., 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, to Charles Craige, of the Village of Stirling, agent for Jane Craige, of the same place, executrix of the last will and testament of the said late Robert J. Craige, deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 8th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses, and a full statement of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the said executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required, and the said executrix shall not be liable for the said assets, or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim notice shall not have been received by the said executrix, or her said agent at the time of distribution.

Dated at Stirling, April 7th, 1886.
CHARLES CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, the above named executrix.

Notice to Debtors!

IN THE MATTER OF ROBERT J. CRAIGE, DECEASED.

ALL PARTIES IN ANY WAY INDEBTED to the estate of the late Robert J. Craige, in his lifetime of the Village of Stirling, either as a member of the firm of Chas. Craige & Brother or otherwise, are requested to settle their accounts before the

FIRST DAY OF MAY, 1886.

After that date all accounts, notes, etc., will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. CHAS. CRAIGE,
Agent for Jane Craige, executrix.

NOTICE!

Having purchased the stock of goods of the late firm of Chas. Craige & Brother, I am now getting in a full stock of spring and summer goods, and will continue the business as usual, and hope to see all our customers and as many new ones as possible.

CHAS CRAIGE.

THE ARCADE! MARMORA.

During the past two weeks I have opened 20 cases of New Goods suitable for the spring trade, and which I will sell at prices to suit the times.

EXTRA GOOD VALUE
—IN—
COTTONADES AND SHIRTINGS.

The Heaviest Shirting made in Canada for 12½c. per yard.

READY MADE CLOTHING,
A SPECIALTY.

The GROCERY & CROCKERY STOCK

Will be found complete at all times, at prices to suit the closest buyer.

TERMS CASH. Farm produce taken in exchange for goods.

J. W. PEARCE.

Marmora, March 31st, 1886.

STOP!

Paying two prices for old goods, and go to

M. G. Vandervoort's Store,
AT HAROLD,

Where you can buy nice, new and fresh goods at prices as low as the lowest. See for instance what he gives his customers:

17 yards of Good Grey Cotton, 1 yard wide, for	$1 00
10 yards of Good Shirting for	1 00
5 yards of Grey Flannel	1 00
35 lbs. Golden Syrup	1 00
28 Bars Good Soap	1 00
5 lbs. Good Tea	1 00
4 lbs. Better Tea	1 00

And he is clearing men's underwear and other winter goods at prices far below cost. General Stock and always complete.

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

I OFFER FOR SALE THAT NICE RESIDENCE now occupied by Mr. W H. Hastings, on Front Street, formerly the late Wm. Martin's residence.

Also to rent, if not sold,

65 ACRES MORE OR LESS,

Being part of Lots 18 and 19, in the 8th Concession of Sidney, lately owned by Bird Vandervoort, lying between the road leading to the Oak Hills from Hart's Mill and John Hanna's place and on the south by the concession line and on the north by the Frankford road and Hart's Mill.

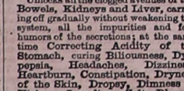
G. A. SKINNER,
March 23, '86. Belleville

EXECUTOR'S SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale the east half of Lot 7, in the 4th Con. of Rawdon, containing 100 acres. The farm is under a good state of cultivation, and is well fenced and well watered,—a well in the barnyard and one at kitchen door. There is a good bearing orchard on the place. The farm is situated four miles from the Village of Stirling, and about a quarter of a mile from a cheese factory and good school. Possession given immediately; and if not sold will be rented for this season's crop. For further particulars, apply to Joseph Doak, residing on part of said lot.

JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor,
Stirling P. O.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS!

In the matter of John Jeffrey Jr., Deceased

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN PURSUANT to Chapter 107 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario, as amended by 46 Victoria, Chapter 9, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of John Jeffrey, Jr., late of the Township of Rawdon, in the Province of Ontario, farmer, deceased, who died on or about the 18th day of March, 1886, are required to send by post, prepaid, or to deliver to the undersigned, executor of all and singular, the personal estate and effects, rights and credits of the said John Jeffrey, Jr., deceased, on or before

SATURDAY, the 15th day of May, A. D., 1886,

their names and addresses and a full statement of their claims, and of the securities (if any) held by them, and that after the said last mentioned date the undersigned executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, regard being had only to the claims of which notice has been given as above required; and the undersigned executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claims notice shall not have been received by the undersigned executors, at the time of distribution.

Dated at Rawdon, April 6th, 1886.
JOSEPH DOAK,
Executor, Stirling P. O.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.

Should always be provided with a box of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. They are the most desirable remedy for the cure of all Liver and Stomach troubles. "Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over 30 years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician.

Ayer's Pills are the only pills used in our neighborhood."—R. C. Comly, Row Landing, W. Feliciana Parish, La.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Pills have always proved an unfailing remedy for the cure of Headache, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Heartburn, Costiveness, Piles, and all disorders arising from a morbid condition of the Liver and Bowels. J. M. Haden, Concord, N. C., writes: "I have been, for many years, a firm believer in Ayer's Cathartic

Pills. I use them for any irregularity in the bowels, and find them thorough and effective."

For Sale by all Druggists.

The Fishery Question.

As is well known there is some ill feeling shown by some United States politicians and others interested in robbing our Canadian fisheries, because the Dominion Government has shown a determination to protect Canadian fishermen in their rights. A few days since it was reported that an American vessel had been seized, and the London *Times* commenting on this expresses the hope that the incident will give an opportunity to settle the fishery dispute with England. "Canada," it says, "would be wiser not to insist upon her full rights. We have made such large concessions before that we may continue them without risk of being misrepresented."

The Montreal *Witness* comments on this as follows, with which we perfectly agree:—

The London *Times* seems to recur with satisfaction to its old traditional policy of contempt for Canada, and is doing what one newspaper can to alienate her loyalty. According to the *Times*, humility and concession are as much the duty of England, where the rights of Canada are concerned, as resistance and defiance are where her own rights are concerned. That journal seems to jubilate over a new opportunity to throw something Canadian to a power to which it would be the last to yield anything English. The particular collision which was, according to the *Times*, to afford the happy chance for magnanimity at the expense of a colony turns out to have been a false story, so we shall lose the opportunity of learning whether the alacrity of the *Times* finds an echo in Great Britain. That such would be the attitude of England towards the question was confidently counted on by Senator Frye and his fellow-blusterers. The *Pall Mall Gazette* makes a still more contemptuous proposition, namely, that all disputes between Canada and the United States should be settled by a permanent court consisting of two Americans and two Englishmen, a fifth being either an American or an Englishman, apparently little odds which, as there would presumably be the most admirable unanimity between the giver and the taker. It would at least be more dignified and manly to give Canada away altogether than to hand over her honor and her liberties piecemeal.

Old-Fogeyism.

It is one of the easiest things in the world to get into a rut, and one of the hardest things in the world to get out of a rut. Some of our best Canadian prohibitionists have been spoiled by persistent work for the improvement of license laws. They have tinkered and patched and planned on *restricting* lines, until they have become so enamoured of their own handiwork that it is difficult to make them believe there can be anything better. Beyond this, it is actually hard for them to give up their pet schemes, and see all the fences and pens and shackles that they have laboriously built and forged to restrain the wild beast, made useless by a new line of policy of a more radical character, a policy of extermination instead of regulation. They have been doing their utmost, but not their best. It is sad to see a clever workman spending in propping and garnishing a miserable old house on a rotten foundation the means and energy that would give him a better building on the solid rock. We outgrow methods and institutions, as we outgrow clothes and houses, and those who have been the hardest toilers on the old lines naturally cling to them the closest. Hence it is that new movements, and even further developments of existing movements, are often mainly championed by fresh recruits, and that the usefulness of so many good men is impaired by that bane of moral progress—old-fogeyism.

All this is true of Scott Act workers, as well as of license law reformers. It is possible to look upon the Scott Act with too much interest and affection. It is even possible to waste too much time and energy in battling for its integrity, to the exclusion from our attention of the greater end we have in view. We take Scott Act, as we take the license law, simply for the prohibition there is in it. We will enforce that prohibition for the good it does, and for the vindication of the practicability of our policy; but we want something more.

Nothing would suit the liquor party so well as to keep us in a perpetual fight to prevent the emasculation of the Scott Act. This is their policy, and some of our friends say: "We will do well if we save the Scott Act; let us rest satisfied with that for the present." Rubbish! Just the position in which our enemies are endeavoring to keep us. They are chuckling over their success. We want total prohibition. Our leaders in the Dominion Parliament should fight a prohibition campaign every session. This would be the best way of making progress, and also of saving the Scott Act. Parliament dare not go backward in the face of an agitation for progress. We are not sufficently aggressive. It was said at an Alliance meeting: "We have tested our strength in this Parliament. There is no need to repeat the test till after another election." Imagine Parnell talking such nonsense! Imagine any political leader taking such a position. It is not the attitude of men in earnest. It is not an attitude that will forward our cause. We are thankful that it is not the attitude of the Dominion Alliance, and we fervently hope that while that grand organization keeps on with its noble work for sustaining, improving and enforcing the Scott Act, it will never let that work divert attention from the greater end in view, and will never become tainted with the curse of old-fogeyism.

Important Railway Transaction.

The property and franchises of the Cobourg, Peterborough & Marmora Railway and Mining Co. were sold at Chancery sale Toronto, on Thursday, 23rd inst., to T. P. Pearce, Esq., of this city, for the sum of $30,200. The property consists of 12 miles of railway from Cobourg to Harwood (in operative condition), the road bed from the north side of Rice Lake to Chemong Lake (18 miles, over which the Grand Trunk runs two miles into Peterborough, over the bridge across the Otonabee, and twelve miles of which is ironed), the road from the Narrows to the Blairton mine (all ironed), and the Blairton mine, with all plant, cars and engine, together with the rolling stock, which includes five locomotives, a large number of flat cars, about 100 ore cars, 2 passenger cars and a van. The purchase also includes all the company's lands, amounting to about 20,000 acres, amongst which is included a large portion of the village of Marmora and the village of Blairton. Mr. Pearce intends taking the personal management of his newly acquired property, and will operate this season the Harwood branch, and remove the iron from the narrows to where the road crosses the Canada Pacific. There have been several millions of dollars invested in the property, which will, we trust, under Mr. Pearce's energetic direction, be profitable to him and to the municipalities which are interested in it.—*Intelligencer.*

At the Welland Assizes, last week, Horatio F. Hoskins, charged with bigamy in marrying a young woman near Napanee and afterwards marrying a young woman near Welland, was sentenced to 3 years in Kingston Penitentiary, with hard labor. His defence was that he had been divorced from his first wife, but it was broken down by the evidence of the prosecution. Hoskins' first wife is a daughter of Mr. Samuel Belch, Belleville; the second wife is a sister to a member of the St. Catherines City Council.

The Potato Rot,—Its Cause and Remedies.

BY J. HOYES PANTON, M. A., PROFESSOR OF NATURAL HISTORY AT THE ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The use of the microscope in the fields of scientific research has revealed much that is of importance to man. Many forms of disease, about whose origin little was known, have had much light shed upon them since this instrument was employed in their study, both among animals and plants. We find now that man is constantly lashed by invisible foes—some attacking himself and others the food which he eats. During the past summer and fall a striking example of this occurred in the prevalence of the so-called "potato rot," which has proved a great loss throughout the Province and in many parts of the United States. In the bulletin issued in November from the Bureau of Industries, we learn that the "rot" prevailed through the whole southern belt of the Province. In many cases one-half to three-fourths of the crop was destroyed, and in some it was not worth digging. With such disaster around us, the questions are naturally suggested, What is the cause of the "rot"? and, What remedies can be adopted?

Cause.—This disease has received a great deal of attention from botanists since the days when it became a scourge in Ireland and other parts of the British Isles, and it is now conceded to be the result of a minute fungus called *Phytophthora infestans.* This attacks all parts of the plant—leaf, stem and tubers. By those ignorant of the life history of this tiny parasitic plant little attention is paid to its appearance on the tops, and no alarm is experienced until the potatoes are affected. But being very contagious, its presence on the leaves should become a serious matter, especially when we remember that it spreads with great rapidity. It is usually indicated by the tops presenting a blotched, brownish, spotted, dead appearance. A close examination of the potatoes showing this will discover innumerable slender stems growing up out of the surface of the leaves and stems of the affected plants. These branch and swell out at the ends into pear-shaped minute bodies (spores), which are produced by millions. When ripe they separate from the stem and being exceedingly light pass into the atmosphere, where they are wafted about, many of them finally reaching the ground or settling upon plants. Under favorable conditions of moisture and heat the contents of a microscopic spore may push out a long minute tube, which can penetrate into any part of the potato plant and give rise to the fungus; or may separate into several distinct portions (swarm spores) which burst through the spore wall and become the source of the parasitic plant. The mature plant which lives in the tops and tubers is very minute and can be seen only by the aid of the microscope. It consists of many colourless, branching, thread-like structures. These penetrate the tissues of the potato and feed upon the juices, so that it soon weakens and begins to waste away. From the thread-like structures tiny stalks arise, assuming beautiful plant-like forms and bearing upon their branches the spores already referred to. They live but a short time, but the thread-like structure is perennial and hardy and from fragments of it new fungi may arise. It is said by some that another kind of spore is produced which can winter and thus give rise to the organism in another season. These are the so-called resting spores, apparently for the purpose of keeping the species over certain periods, while the spores already considered are produced rapidly so as to hasten the spread of the fungus under favourable conditions. This minute microscopic plant is certainly a low form of vegetable life, incapable of manufacturing food from the mineral kingdom, but fastening upon other plants and feeding upon their juices. A wet season supplies conditions well adapted for its development and hence we find the "rot" associated with such weather. There is no doubt that many spores are always more or less present, but they are prevented from being a source of trouble because the weather is not suited for their growth.

Remedies.—The "rot" usually appears about the first two weeks in August, and if the weather is favourable its spread is very rapid, for as soon as the thread-like structure which arises from the spore is developed it immediately becomes spore-bearing. Hence the importance of examining the plants for the appearance of the brownish spots that indicate the presence of the fungus.

1. As soon as discovered dig the potatoes. Delay will allow it to spread to the stems and thence to the tubers. If it reaches these and damp weather comes "rot" will certainly appear.

2. After digging the potatoes should be put in a cool, dry place, thus surrounding them with conditions unfavourable for the growth of the fungus, if any happens to be upon them.

3. Growing early varieties is worthy of consideration, so that they may mature before the season arrives when this parasite is likely to affect the crop.

4. All potato stalks in affected lands should be gathered and burned, so as to destroy the millions of spores which may be upon them.

5. Use none but good seed. If at all affected reject them; and plant in well-drained land. If the potatoes to be used for seed have been taken from cellars where affected ones were kept they are likely to have the microscopic spores on them and escape notice. It would be best to get seed from unaffected districts.

6. It is scarcely necessary to remark that it would be injudicious to plant potatoes in the same field the following year after a visitation of the "rot," inasmuch as the ground may retain the germs of the disease.

7. Avoid planting upon heavy clay soil, but prefer a light and dry soil. This presents the fewest conditions suitable for the growth of the fungus.

The nature of our climate is not so favorable for the development of this injurious fungus as that of Britain; yet as we are sometimes visited by it, and although scarcely viewed as a scourge, it is well that we should remember its nature and habits and always be ready to guard against failure if it appears. As last summer was favorable for its propagation great care should be exercised in the selection of seed this spring.

The Coming 12th of July.

The *Intelligencer* says:—"The largest Orange demonstration ever witnessed in Eastern Ontario will be held in Belleville on the coming 12th of July. Seven county lodges, viz. South Hastings, North Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington, Northumberland, Peterborough and East Durham, have signified their intention of aiding in making the gathering a success. Other local lodges will also participate. As the greatest unanimity exists, the successful carrying out of the proposed plans, great as they appear, may be relied upon. An enthusiastic orangeman said, Belleville is to be flooded with Boyne Water and Orange bunting on the 12th. The West Hastings Agricultural grounds have been engaged for the day. The different lodges, as they arrive, will proceed to the ground. After dinner the procession will form for parade.

On Saturday last the convicts at St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, near Montreal, overpowered a portion of the guard, took their arms and made a desperate attempt to escape. The warden was mortally wounded, while one of the convicts was shot dead, and a number of others wounded. After a severe struggle the convicts were forced back to their cells.

The Beaver.

A natural history writer has called the beaver the marine engineer of the lower order of animal creation. He is a type of industry and skill; and his works are a monument of creative wisdom in displaying a perfect adaptation to special habits of life.

It is well chosen, therefore, as one of the national emblems of Canada. The beaver, though considered a native of the North American continent, formerly abounded in Northern Europe, where its fur was used as early as the fourth century. Its body is about 30 or 40 inches long, with a tail 10 inches long. Its tail, which is flattened and has a covering resembling scales, is used to some extent in their work of dam-building. Canadian hunters and Indians make a fine dish of beavers' tails which, when the fat is broiled out over the fire and the skin taken off, makes a delicate morsel, having something of the flavor of fish. The fur of the beaver has long been valued.

From 30 to 50 years ago "beaver hats" were all the rage. This was in the days before silk hats were thought of. European fashion affected that style of hat, and the beaver was hunted down to satisfy it. The Hudson Bay Co. then imported no fewer than eighty thousand beaver skins in a year into Great Britain alone. The ease with which their fur could be felted was their chief recommendation. But the introduction of silk hats came most opportunely for the beaver, otherwise it would have by this time been hunted to extinction.

The beaver used to be shot as well as trapped, but is now caught by traps nearly altogether, as the fur is left uninjured, and the animal, which likes solitude, deserts places where shooting is carried on. In the States few beavers are found east of Missouri, and they are becoming fewer in the Western and North Western States.

Canada is therefore pre-eminently "the land of the beaver and the bison." In some parts of Quebec, in Labrador and in Northern Ontario, a good many are still trapped, but the Peace River and Mackenzie River regions of our Northwest are the only virgin beaver haunts. These are now being encroached upon, and the question will soon arise as to whether the most valuable and interesting of all American animals is to be driven after the buffalo towards extinction. We recently quoted the opinion of an Orillia farmer that the beaver can be domesticated in the Ontario lakes again. Mr. Wm. Busby, now superintendent of the Isle of Jesu Bridge Co., who spent many years in the wild lumber regions of Ontario and Quebec, is of the same opinion, and has caught and tamed them with but little trouble. In confirmation of this it may be mentioned that of late years the beaver have been re-acclimatized on the Elber, in Germany, and increased so in one section as to become an annoyance to the farmers. The Marquis of Bute, having obtained four Canadian beavers, and after some difficulties has succeeded, we believe, in raising several colonies of them on the Isle of Bute in the Frith of Clyde.

We propose to take up this question again, as it is one of no small importance to this country; and meantime give a few words on the habits and character of the animal.

The two incisors or "cutting teeth" in the beaver's upper and low jaws are very largely developed.

The teeth which are usually placed next to them in other animals (the "canines") are absent, so that we can see how arrangements are thus made for the enormous growth of the incisor teeth. These are long and curved and are only covered with hard enamel in front, the sides and hinder parts being unprotected.

It follows therefore that the hinder part wears aways soonest, and thus a sharp chisel-like edge is always kept on the the front enamelled portion. These chisel shaped incisor teeth are supplied with persistent pulps, so that they grow during the whole life of the beaver, and it thus becomes imperatively necessary that it shall gnaw in order to prevent the growth from being a nuisance and evil.

Mr. Busby mentions that the beaver confined in his house had a habit of gnawing up chair legs or any articles of furniture in the night. To prevent this they provided long sticks of wood, which would be found next morning all cut up in small lengths and piled away ready for use.

The way in which the beavers build their dams has often been described. The object of the dam across the stream is to obtain an unvarying depth of water at their huts or lodges above. They cut down trees 6 to 8 inches in diameter, and do so by gnawing it round on all sides, till it topples over. One beaver watches the process, and when the tree begins to fall warns the cutter to "stand clear." When the tree is down it is cut up into 4 or 6 ft. lengths and those are floated down the stream to the spot where the dam is to be built and then driven into the mud of the bottom at such an angle as will best stand the current. Branches are stuck in cross-wise, and stones and other material put down, till the dam is finished. The lodges are built before the dam is started and are made about 12 to 14 feet long, with rounded tops like a kafir hut; though these lodges are built without dams where they know the water is at a permanent level. These huts are built by placing down limbs with branches stretching into deep water, and, being well thatched, are covered with mud. The hut is made so that the compartment in which the beaver lives is just above the water's edge, and the pair sleep with their tails in the water. By this habit they know at once if anyone interferes with their dam in the night. When the hut is finished they provide their food in the shape of barks and chips—yellow birch and alder being their favorite—which are placed just outside their houses, under water. To cut down these trees so that they will not "lodge," or where they do to get down the half fallen tree, to carry them to the stream—sometimes quarter of a mile away; to drive them into the river bed so that a man can walk across the dam, or erect lodges out of them so strong as to bear up men without the slightest injury; to calculate at what level to build the lodges before the dam is made—these are works which show a marvellous skill and patient industry and well earn for the beaver the title of engineer.

The beaver has a regular path on the river bottom by which he comes out and goes down to the dam, and the trapper sets his trap in their path. The dam is broken and the beaver is coming down to learn the cause, steps in and the trap being fastened to a stake he winds himself round till he is wound up and strangles. Should he get on solid ground he may cut his leg off rather than be caught; but once overtaken he surrenders with grace and never fights back. Each season a pair of grown beavers bear three young ones, who are born about the end of May, and at the end of 14 months the old ones leave their habitations to their offspring and build new houses, which are finished in the fall.—*Canadian Journal of Fabrics.*

The bigamist Whiteman, who was before the Police Magistrate at Peterboro, has been committed for trial at the October Assizes.

On Saturday next, May 1, the Scott Act will go into effect in Brant, Leeds and Grenville, Kent, Lanark, Lennox and Addington, Elgin, Lambton, St. Thomas, Wellington, Frontenac, Lincoln, Middlesex, Victoria, Ontario, Peterboro, Northumberland and Durham; Brome and Chicoutimi; Que.; and Guysboro, N.S. The Act is now in force in twenty-eight places in the Maritime Provinces, twelve in Ontario, three in Quebec and two in Manitoba. After May 1, therefore, the Act will be in operation in sixty-three of the counties and cities of the Dominion.

A Word to the Boys.

What do you think, young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they to be pitied and not blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing; and I ask you again if you want to become one of them? No! of course you don't.

Well, I have a plan for you that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it will never fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you don't drink now and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come and probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, sometime, with a number of companions and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice and very likely they will look upon you as a milksop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? eh, what will you do? Will you say "No, no! none of that stuff for me! I know a trick worth two of that!" or will you take the glass with your own common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and sulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all his life? Boys, do not become drunkards.—[J. G. Holland.]

The City Council of Toronto have passed a resolution making nine hours a day's work for the corporation.

Her Majesty has finally fixed 20th June, 1887, by which time she will have actually reigned fifty years, for the celebration of her jubilee.

Picton is about to introduce the electric light, the Council agreeing to pay $800 per annum for 10 lights. It is proposed to bring the power from Glenora, six miles distant.

The population of Campbellford, according to the assessor, is 1951, an increase of 245 over last year. The total value of real and personal property and taxable income is $352,530.

A notorious horse thief has been victimizing a Trenton livery man. He represented himself as an agent, and hired the best turnout in the establishment, and made off with it. He is now wanted by the police.

A scheme is on foot to bridge the Bay of Quinte at Belleville, so as to secure to that city the trade of Prince Edward County, which they fear they will soon lose unless some steps are taken to retain it. The length of the bridge would be about 2,800 feet.

A month ago James A. Bailey and his hired man, name unknown, were murdered in the township of Keppel, Bruce County. Ellen McCleary, housekeeper for Bailey, has confessed that the murder was committed by James King and John Wilson, who, with Charles McCleary, are in custody at Owen Sound.

Mr. John King, barrister, of Berlin, and son-in-law of Mr. Wm. Lyon Mackenzie, has published a brochure criticising the first volume of Dent's history of the Canadian rebellion. The second volume of that work is said to be complete and about to issue from the press. Its appearance will be a signal for the renewal of the controversy.

One of the triumphs of democracy in the present House of Commons in England is the passage of a bill repealing the Contagious Diseases Act. This abominable law, with its terrible degradation of woman, has been too long a foul blot on the British statute book. Its repeal now is due mainly to the agitation kept up for many years by high-minded women aided by noble men, and it is significant of coming events that Mr. Stansfield, who succeeded Mr. Chamberlain in the Gladstone Ministry, has been more prominently than any other person identified with the agitation for repeal. If the present session were marked only by the passage of the bill repealing the Contagious Diseases Act and the second reading of the bill giving the political franchise to all women who are householders whether married or single, it would amply suffice to show that we are on the eve of great social reforms in Great Britain. How long will Canada and the United States lag behind?

The agitation of the labor question seems to be forcing arbitration boards, as a panacea for strikes, on the notice of the observant, both among the employers and employed. Governor Robinson, of Massachusetts, and other philanthropists have been advocating this, and a bill has passed the House of Representatives establishing State Boards of Arbitration for annual terms. This is a step in the right direction, still we think that a permanent board, drafted equally from employers and employed, would be more apt to give satisfaction to all parties, both from the experience which continuity of office would give, and from its comparative exemption from influence of party politics. Mr. W. J. Smith, of Toronto, has just issued a pamphlet in which is advocated the appointment of a central board, which shall take cognizance of all labor disputes. The proposed board would be constituted of delegates elected in equal proportions by both employers and employes, up to whom would come all difficulties and disputes.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Stirling Cheese Co.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Stirling Cheese Company will be held in the factory, on Saturday, May 8th, 1886, at 10 o'clock, a.m., for the purpose of electing a director in place of the late James Montgomery.

BY ORDER OF DIRECTORS.

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

RE POUNDER.

POUNDER vs. POUNDER.

PURSUANT TO THE JUDGMENT OF the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, made in the matter of the estate of Robert Allen Pounder and in an action of Pounder vs. Pounder, the creditors of Robert Allen Pounder, late of the Township of Rawdon, in the County of Hastings, who died on or about the 29th day of August, A.D., 1881, are, on or before the

25th day of MAY, A. D., 1886,

to send by post, prepaid, to W. H. Hastings, Esquire, Stirling Post Office, the solicitor for the plaintiff, John Pounder, the administrator of the said Robert Allen Pounder, deceased, their christian and surnames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims, statement of their accounts and the natures of the securities (if any) held by them, or in default thereof they will be peremptorily excluded from the benefit of such judgment or order.

Every creditor holding any security is to produce the same before me at my chambers, Shire Hall, Belleville, on the 25th day of May, A.D., 1886, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, being the time appointed for adjudication on the claims.

(Signed,) J. PARKER THOMAS,
Local Master.

Dated at Belleville, this 24th day of April, A. D., 1886.

THE FARM.

Stock Notes.

Hoven is the most likely to make its appearance the first two weeks the cattle are on grass. It is a distention of the rumen, caused by gas from undigested food. Young grass, particularly clover, is more apt to produce it than old grass; and wet pasturage is more dangerous than dry pasturage. Prevention is better than cure; and I write of it now because "forewarned is forearmed." Allow the cattle on the grass but one hour the first day. Gradually increase this time with a rate that will allow the cattle to eat their fill by the end of the week. Do not turn cattle upon the pasture until the dew is off, for at least two weeks; and if the pasture is mostly clover, not at all. It is never safe to turn cattle upon wet clover.

Though the precautions suggested above be taken, hoven may possibly appear; and it is probable that it will show itself in the herd if these precautions are not taken. If the disease is noticed in its first stages, give doses from two to four drachms of chloride of lime. Another remedy is to give a teaspoonful of pulverized charcoal every fifteen minutes, in a half pint of milk or water, sweetened with a little molasses. The dernier resort is to puncture the abdomen. The puncture is made about three inches below the spinal column, midway between the hips and the last rib, in the left flank. Get a competent veterinarian to perform this operation, if possible. He will use a trocar. A sharp pointed knife may be used, inserting a pipestem or a quill in the incision to allow the gas to escape.

Colic is most likely to attack horses in the spring, as then are most apt to exist the conditions which produce it—change from dry to green food, unusual fatigue, weak condition of digestive organs, getting wet, etc. The remedies suggest themselves—care in feeding, watering and working, and the administration of what medicines are necessary to put the digestive organs in good condition. The best remedy I know of—one which I have never known to fail—is turpentine rubbed against the upper jaw and inner side of the upper lip of the horse. Fill the palm of your right hand with the turpentine. Rub some on the breast also. Apply every twenty minutes until relief is given.

The mule is an animal of many virtues. He is much underated. He is the victim of a blind, unreasoning, colossal prejudice. The populace hold him in contempt, many fear him, and he has none to trust or love him. Yet he is patient, docile and tractable when decently treated. Cursed and clubbed, he is not so vicious as a horse would be, but as he is more often so treated, he has acquired a reputation less creditble. He will do more work than a horse, eat less, suffer less from heat, and from sickness. He is stubborn sometimes, but always ready for work. Will kick, but not oftener than a horse under the same treatment. The mule suffers, not from a fault, but from a misfortune—lack of beauty. Hence, he is not petted and borne with, but abused till he is soured, and becomes mean. The man who knows how a mule should be handled—as kindly as other animals—has a high opinion of him, and he justifies this opinion.

It will be set down as rank agricultural heresy to oppose the ringing of hogs. The majority of hogs now wear rings in their snouts; their owners are responsible for this, hence, must approve of it, and the manufacturers of rings are sure it is a great thing. Hogs should not be allowed to turn the turf of a pasture field upside down. But I have raised hogs largely for years, have never used a ring, and yet my pastures are not inverted. Perhaps I have a breed of non-rooting hogs. I have raised Poland-Chinas, Berkshires and Duroc-Jerseys. If they are non-rooters, it is because the way I feed them makes them so. I give them a variety of food—pumpkins, apples, roots, etc., along with their corn, and salt and charcoal regularly. As this pays in the greater thrift of the animals, I think it is better than rings. The Lord intended the hog to use his snout in moderation. Ringing is pernicious. It antagonizes health.

Honor To the Bare Hand.

As an ounce of rugged fact outweighs a much larger bulk of inflated theory, let us cite—apropos of the agricultural education discussion—an illustrative case of contraries coming within our own observation. The boys of one rural villager were taught to be useful from the time they could perform the simplest helpful service; were charged with humble duties not beyond their capacity, or to their physical detriment, or encroaching upon their time for study and play. Their responsibilities were gradually increased with their age until as young men the habit of industry had come to be to them a kind of second nature, and they entered at once the fair road to independence and good citizenship by slow and steady gains.

Another man's sons, every way more highly endowed, had easy times; learned early to shirk and loaf; came at last to lounging at the corner store. This tendency to indolence relaxed their mental and moral fibre, and though much more time and expense was involved in their schooling they grew up and "graduated" with desire for genteel situations, where work was not so much an object as high salary; and they have proved ineffective and a source of anxiety to parents and friends. This is a somple fact from a whole impressive structure standing across the dalliance path of the "patent leather despisers" of the "bare-hand education," who drop dainty buckets into empty wells and grow old drawing nothing up.

The more culture we can have of the doing power, even at cost of ignorance of language long deceased and often odoriferous, the better for the prosperity of this country, where Labor is coming every day nearer to its own. There is among us, as earnest students of affairs recognize and lament, constant immolation of Honor in the reckless haste for sudden wealth. What is needed to stay the rush of mammon worship, otherwise sure to bring national disaster, is not more lawyers or more men in the "kid-glove professions," but those schooled to a knowledge of the dignity of honest manual labor directed by minds enlarged by practical education.

The schools which are to hasten this reform are not the fashionable "universities," nor those which ape their methods; where the necessities are sacrificed to the graces. Through these rich men's sons are passed with green house pressure, largely for show, and contact with them and their athletic and their æsthetic ways, enervates the native virtue of country youth which needs rather to be fostered from strength to strength.

A Hazardous Occupation.

Some time ago the statement was published, upon apparently good authority, that in the course of five years' service about 70 per cent. of train hands upon our railways are injured. This statement has never been denied.

The average life of a freight brakeman is about ten years. If the number of accidents be taken into consideration, and the expense entailed upon the companies for damages paid in the case of such accidents be estimated, it will be seen what a burden is carried by the roads on account of the defective appliances now used on freight trains.

Most of the accidents and nearly all the loss of life caused by them is because the freight engineer has no control over his train. The methods of stopping them are antiquated and imperfect.

Under these circumstances does it not seem strange that on all railways the most modern appliances for stopping freight trains and locomotives are not used? There are diver brakes for freight locomotives and automatic brakes for freight cars which do all that is claimed for them.

This being the case, why are not these new appliances generally adopted?

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I should like to spoke a few words to Brudder Amazon Green," said the President as the meeting opened and the Hall grew quiet.

Brother Green, who is a young man with a mellow look and a hitch in his gait, advanced to the platform in a hesitating manner and the President continued:

"Brudder Green, I l'arn dat you am on de pint of gwine inter bizness fer yerself. I am told dat you am soon to open a co'ner grocery an' a butcher shop combined."

"Yes, sah."

"I'ze glad dat you am about to make a start in life, and I desiah to drop a few hints which may be of some value to you. Brudder Green, de grocer who gives fifteen ounces to de pound may wax fat fur a few years an' git to be referee at a wrestlin' match, but Justice has her eye on him, and when the ole gal gits around to it she'll gin him a dose dat will sot him back for twenty years.

"De pusson who sells fifty-cent tea an' two-shillin' tea from de same chist may git along powerful smart fur a while, but he's only coaxin' a bile to grow on his nose. When de bile comes he'll pay out more for flaxseed dan he has made on tea.

"In sellin' beefsteak study human natur'. Some men doan' object to a pound and a half of bone to half a pound of meat, but we ain't all built arter dat fashun. Doan' kill a hundred dollars werf of custom fur de sake of sellin' fo' cents worf of bone.

"While it am expected dat you will hide de bad taters in de middle of de measure, doan' misunderstan' de public an' water yer 'lasses as well.

"If a man axes you for lamb an' you hasn't got nuffin but ole sheep, tell him so Deceivin' a man on mutton makes him as much your enemy as if you beat him out o' a congreshunal nominashun.

"De paper which you buy fur two cents a pound kin be weighed up wid goods dat sell fur fifteen and nobody will kick, but dean' emagine dat dis gives you license to roast beans wid your coffee or keep fillin' up de vinegar bar'l wid rain-water.

"Be keerful whom you credit. Dar am plenty of people in dis world who like to pay debts, but dar am about de same number who will jump you fur some other stoah as soon as de books balance fo'teen cents agin 'em.

"Doan' cease gwine to church bekase you am in business, but next time de pew-rentin' comes off take a seat a leedle furder back. Lots of people hev somehow got de ideah dat a modern bizness man, doin' bizness arter de modern fashun, has got to do a heap o' wrestlin' wid his conscience in case he adopts any pertickler brand o' religun.

"De public will expect you to make some mistakes in addishun, but be a leetle keerful about it. Make 'em in favor of de public about half de time."

FAILED TO PASS.

Judge Chewse offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, Dat it am de sense of dis Lime-Kiln Club dat de present Congriss should pass a law makin it a penal offense fur any pusson to place a torpedo chicken in his coop. De reason we want dis law am to purteck de nateral chicken from bein' subjeck to exploshun."

Lord Timberly Johnson favored the resolution. The torpedo chicken was invented to surprise the person who gained access to a hen coop and undertook to pull a pullet off her roost, but time had demonstrated that the torpedo was liable to explode at any other time and bring destruction upon innocent fowls.

Sir Wallace Smith also favored the resolution. He was the friend of the hen under all circumstances, and he would ever raise his voice to ameliorate her down-trodden condition.

The Rev. Penstock opposed the resolution and demanded a call of the roll. Certain people were always seeking to connect colored people and chickens together, but why he could not see. If the torpedo chicken was invented to protect chickens from thieves why need the colored man be afraid? Why need any colored man seek to work up sympathy for the hen? Judge Chewse might prefer hen-beef to other meats, but let him eat it in silence and not seek to drag this club before the public in a false light.

The Secretary then called the roll, and the Judge's resolution was voted down by a majority of 47.

NOT ONE.

A communication from St. Louis made inquiry if any member of the Lime-Kiln Club would be attached to any base ball club, circus, theatrical company or dime museum this coming season. If none had been engaged were any members open to engagement?

Seventeen members arose in chorus, and seventeen voices were seeking to get the pitch, when the President's gavel came down and he asked:

"Why dis sudden emoshun? Am dar a fish in de grocery below?"

"What's de salary?" asked Colonel Juneberry Crosstree in an anxious voice.

"Salary fur what?"

"Fur trabblin' around de kentry."

"Brudder Crosstree, sot down! I'ze happy to inform de public dat no member of dis club am ingaged up to de present moment. Furder dan dat, none am open to ingagement. We's all gwine to stay right heah an' attend to our co'n an' taters. Does any pusson in dis Hall desiah to appeal from de decishun of dis cha'r?"

He looked up and down the aisles. There was dead silence. Nobody desired to appeal.

NOT A DEFAULTER.

Sir Isaac Walpole, of the committeeo on Internal Investigation, desired to eport on the case of Alabaster Jordan, Assistant Treasurer. Some four weeks since Brother Jordan found his cash short by fifteen cents, or, rather the Investigating Committee did, and he was suspended pending an examination. Four days since, in changing his socks, the heart-broken man found the missing money in his left heel, where it had slipped down from a hole in his pocket. He had felt the hard substances there right along, but supposed, of course, they were two new corns of revised pattern. The money had been handed in, his accounts balanced, and it pleased Sir Isaac to be able to inform the club that Brother Jordan stood before them as innocent as a spring lamb.

On motion of Pickles Smith, the club adopted a resolution to the effect that it had not lost any confidence in the assistant treasurer.

THE CODE.

Prof. Burwell Cavendish, a late local member, made his *debut* by inquiring if the club officially upheld the code. If he was insulted, and he challenged the insulter, would the club stand by him?

"What would you challenge him to do?" asked the President.

"To meet me on de field of honah, sah."

"What fur?"

"To fight, sah."

"Oh, I see. Well, Brudder Cavendish, my advice to you am to keep off de field of honah. You'll git yer feet all wet, ta'r yer coat-tails on de bushes, and probably be run off by de farmer's brindled dog. When a man sasses me, an' does it to be mean, I'ze gwine to let drive fur his nose wid my bunch of fives. Dat's code 'nuff fur anybody, an' you kin hit him on de sidewalk as well as to go off to some field of honah. Let us now adjourn fur one week."

The American Bison.

Twenty years ago the chief feature of the plains beyond the Missouri was the countless herds of buffalo everywhere to be seen. Now all have disappeared. Theodore Roosevelt says there are not 1,000 buffalos in America. It is said one may travel 1,000 miles on the plains and never be out of sight of a dead buffalo nor within sight of a live one. But a newspaper has the curious statement that a new species of buffalo is developing in the woody precipitous regions of the mountain ranges; it shuns the open plains, lives in small herds, is endowed with great activity, and is a clear case of the "survival of the fittest."

HERE AND THERE.

Mrs. Langtry has introduced a new dodge in the commemoration of a fiftieth performance by distributing her photograph.

A farmer of Scotia, Neb., found particles of gold from the size of a pin head to a pea seventy feet below the surface while digging a well.

In January, 1885, his big scholars gave a Wilson county school teacher a ducking. He has just received $3,000 damages. This was in Kansas.

Thirty millions of logs are said to be ready to be floated down the Connecticut River. They will be sawed at the foot of Mount Tom.

Wolves attacked and treed Edward Burk within two miles of Manistique, Mich. They watched him for hours, and then gave him a chance to escape.

Mr. A. Cutter of Louisville, Ky., holds the championship of pulling the body up by the little finger of one hand. He did it six times in succession in 1878.

A boy living within sight of Plymouth Rock weighed 307 pounds (at last accounts), though he is only 14 years old. He has grown at the rate of fifty pounds a year of late.

Miss Geneva Armstrong, one of the teachers of music in Elmira College, has invented and patented a device for feeding and watering cattle while they are journeying in cattle cars.

The crime of the last boy sent to the New Hampshire reform school was the setting on fire of a passing load of hay, whereby the farmer sitting on top of it was nearly burned to death.

A recent careful calculation shows that England owns nearly three times as large an extent of colonies as all the rest of Europe together. Her colonies are eighty-five times as big as the mother country.

A good housewife in Ridgeway, Mich., says that for a family of six she has in the last year baked 4,905, cookies, 592 pies, 263 cakes, 987 doughnuts, 698 loaves of bread, not counting johnny cakes, shortcakes, pancakes, and puddings.

George Scoville of Hornellsville, went to Candor recently, and had with him several giant powder cartridges, which he took pleasure in exploding. The last one that he set off blew him into so many pieces that some of them were never found.

Lumber dealers say that the collapse of roller skating has left large quantities of boxwood on their hands without a market. The various processes of photo-engraving upon a metal surface have further reduced the former demand of engravers for boxwood, which is becoming cheaper.

Wendell Phillips was waiting once for the train at Essex Junction, Vt., where passengers at times have to exercise great patience. He saw a graveyard not far from the depot very full of graves, and inquired the reason. A Green Mountaineer camly informed him that it was used to bury passengers in who died while waiting for the train.

Charlie Day of Cambridge, was invited to call at the residence of the aunt of Nellie Lovejoy, a seventeen-year old school girl, to whom he had been attentive. He called, the door was locked behind him, and Nellie's friends and a clergyman had no difficulty in persuading him that he ought to marry Nellie. He did, and at once disappeared, and his bride has not seen him since.

Since Eastern parks and zoological gardens are adding prairie dogs to their collections of animals, an ingenious Kansan has invented a trap for catching them alive. A barrel without head or bottom is placed over the hole, and half filled with fine sand. The dog easily digs his way to the surface, but once there, can neither dig down through the sifting sand nor climb the sides of the barrel.

A labor-saving Yankee of Chapinville, Conn., has rigged a crank attachment to a wheel of his wagon connecting it with a churn that he places in the wagon; and when the cream is all ready he dumps it into the churn, hitches up his horse and takes a ride, returning home in due time with a nice mess of butter that has indeed "come" very easily.

A cattle dealer in Pomerania was trying to teach a calf to drink by letting it suck his fingers. In the operation the calf sucked off a ring from the hand of the dealer, who didn't then notice the loss. He sold the animal, and a week after read in the *Butchers' Gazette* that in the stomach of a calf slaughtered in Berlin his ring, minutely described, had been found.

The meanest man in Rondout is known as "The Sponge." He never buys a newspaper or advertises in one, but he knows the value of advertising, for he said to a reporter the other day: "If you want an item you might say that — —, the enterprising dealer, has gone to the city on a visit to friends, but will combine business with pleasure by bringing back a spring stock of desirable goods."

At a dinner in Rondout the other day there was a German, just arrived, who had not seen paper money. A gentleman opposite took a $50 bill from his pocket and endeavored to hand it to the German, but dropped it into a dish of soup. He took it out as quickly as possible, and was waving it to and fro to dry it, when a big dog in the room snapped it out of his fingers and bolted it down with apparent relish.

John Blair, who murdered his wife and family in Kansas, and was lynched for it, was the son of the Rev. W. Downey Blair of Smyrna, Ky. On Sunday, while he was preaching, a boy walked into the church and handed him a letter. Mr. Blair stopped, broke the seal, read a few words, and then, with a groan, threw up his hands and fell to the floor. The letter had brought him the news of his son's crime and death.

John Borrell was driving near the railroad track in North Reading, when his hound, that had been following him, ran on the track just in time to be struck by a fast locomotive and hurled fifteen feet in the air. John thought there wasn't enough left of the dog to mourn over and drove on. Looking back after a while, he saw the hound trotting behind the wagon, little the worse for his interview with the cow-catcher.

The small waiting room at Prof. Pasteur's laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm presents a curious spectacle during the hours of inoculation. There are present Parisians, Provincials, Russians, Austrians, Roumanians, Italians, and Spaniards. Some are elegantly dressed, others are in rags. In several cases the patients have brought their own doctors with them. The variety of languages spoken make the little room a veritable Babel.

The *Medical Times* says that a good way to remove irritating particles from the eye is to take a horse hair and double it, leaving a loop. If the object can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn. If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye as high as possible and place the loop as far as you can, close the eye and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be sure to come with it.

Hooper gives the following version of facts connected with the photographing of some of the Burmese prisoners just before execution: "The camera was placed in position before the prisoners were placed against the wall. The men were blindfolded at the time, and knew nothing of the fact that the camera was there. The words of command were in no wise timed to suit the exposure of the plate, which was instantaneous. The words of command, 'Ready! Present! Fire!' were given by the officer in command of the firing party precisely in accordance with the regulations for volley firing, and no delay of any kind took place between the words 'Present!' and 'Fire!' No previous attempt had ever been made to secure the picture of an execution."

"What festival of the church do you like best, Bertie?" "The picnics, Mr. Runyan."

PAUL BENT'S VICTORY.

Illustrating that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction"

One morning a new sign hung on the door of an office in the most unfrequented part of the city of T——. It was small and unpretentious, and bore but three words in gilt letters: "Paul Bent, Lawyer." People read it carelessly and passed on; some wondered who this young man could be, for they judged he must be young, but no one recognized the name for some days.

Blanche May was passing along the street one morning when the new sign met her eyes. She read it the second time, while the blood fled from her face. Then she glanced at the window and saw a gentleman gazing at her. He was nicely dressed, the hue of health overspread his countenance, and he looked every inch a man. She only looked an instant, then let her eyes drop and passed on, sad or happy it is needless for me to say.

Paul Bent was talented; business poured in upon him and success crowned all his efforts. His name became celebrated throughout the city, and when it was known that he would speak, the court-room was crowded, for he was a natural orator.

A year soon passed away, and on a pleasant afternoon in May, while Blanche was walking in one of those shaded squares so numerous in our large cities she saw Paul enter at one of the gates. He walked leisurely along with his eyes bent on the ground, and seated himself on a bench. She watched him closely, but he never looked up; he seemed to be deeply meditating. Then she seated herself quietly by his side, and touched his arm. He looked around, and seeing her a happy smile broke over his countenance, and he exclaimed:

"Blanche!"

She held out her hand, but he hesitated to take it.

"Paul," she said, "will you not take the hand of an old friend?"

"I am not worthy, Blanche," he said, sorrowfully.

"Paul, I know all. I have heard about your terrible battles with your temptation, and I honor you. Before I pitied you, now I honor you as a hero. I glory in the success which is crowning your effort, and my heart is happy, for in you I see to-day the answer from God to my prayers. Won't you take my hand now, Paul?" she asked, with a winning smile.

He reverently raised her hand to his lips, then let it drop ahd turned away; but she caught him by the sleeve, and in an imploring voice said:

"Paul, don't leave thus! Do you know why I prayed for you? It was because I always loved you—and that love is not dead yet!"

She blushed as she made the avowal, but she had hardly finished before he caught her to his breast. Then they seated themselves again, and talked till long after the sun had gone down. Paul told his whole story, how one night, after months of hard drinking, he had given up all hope of reforming or of becoming worthy of the love of Blanche, who had been betrothed to him in better days. His friends had all long since deserted him, his money was wasted, and every article he possessed of any value had been pawned. He steadied himself against the side of a saloon-keeper's door, from which he had been rudely expelled, and looked around him. Far up and down he could see the dark street stretching like an immense serpent. At last a policeman bade him "move on." He walked slowly away. He was without ambition; his only desire was for rum or death. He walked toward the river, reached the bridge, walked far out on it, then stopped and looked down into the water.

He cast his eyes toward the city, but not a living object was to be seen. The streets were tenantless, and the houses frowned on them as darkly as ever. But one window was lighted; all the rest were dark, and the city seemed to have laid down to rest and was silent as the river.

He took off his hat and laid it down, removed his coat, seized the top rail, and, placing his foot on the lower one, began to ascend.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a low sound. He paused in alarm and looked around him. A low, soft note, sweet as the voice of an angel, sounded across the water. He paused as though he had heard a Divine command, and half sitting on the top rail, listened. The first note was followed by others as ravishing, and then a voice that sounded strangely familiar broke forth in tones of sweetest melody.

The voice was low and melancholy at first, and some of the words were indistinct, but as she proceeded—for he could tell it was a woman's voice—it gathered volume and the sentences rolled over the water distinct and grand. He was entranced. A strange trembling seized him, and, without knowing why, he got down off the railing and quietly stood there, drinking in every word and note of that magnificent verse, so descriptive of his situation.

Old memories crowded fast upon him; he seemed again to hear the voice of his promised wife as she said:

"Paul, my father fills a drunkard's grave. I cannot trust my happiness to one who may follow in his path. I love you, Paul. Prove yourself a man, and in three years come to to me; I will be waiting for you."

A few low notes and the music ceased, and all was still again, but the silence found Paul Bent greatly changed. Deep sobs were shaking his frame and his knees were bent in prayer, for a soul and life had been saved.

He rose after a while, and picking up his old coat and hat passed over the bridge and through the town out into the country, and soon his name was forgotten by all but a few in that great city. Five years later he returned a new man.

When he had finished his story Blanche asked:

"Did you ever find out the name of the singer?"

"No," he replied. "I hope to some day, for I wish to thank her."

"You need not wait long," she said. "You can do so now. It was I who sang the song."

Essay on "Columbus."

The following story comes from a school in the Midlands. The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay upon Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Clumbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The King of Spain said to Clumbus, 'Can you discover America? 'Yes,' said Clumbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship, and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be found. The sailors quarrelled, and they said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said, 'Clumbus,' I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Clumbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Clumbus said, 'Is this America?' 'Yes it is,' said they. Then he said, 'I suppose you are the Niggers?' 'Yes," they said; 'we are.' The chief said, 'I suppose you are Clumbus?' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said, 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.'"

How It Grows.

"Oh, Fanny, you'd never believe it!"

"Yes I would, and I'm dying to hear."

"You know Milly Bilfiggin? I heard from Calla Rouger that she was engaged."

"Is that all? I thought you were going to tell me that she had eloped."

"Well, dear, you can make it an elopement when you tell the story."

He.—"I think they both made a very good match." She.—"How can you say so? Why, she's brimstone personified, and he's a perfect stick!" He.—"Brimstone and a perfect stick—precisely the essentials to a good match."

HOUSEHOLD.

Table Talk.

By this time, dear girls, you have probably come to the conclusion that only prosy advice can come from my pen, so now we will talk of something pleasant. I granted you at the start that the life of a working farmer's family must be a hard one. But there are few country girls who get all the pleasure possible out of their lives. When I lived on a farm I was the only farmer's daughter for miles around who was heretic enough to ride horseback. True my horse did not always have the proper gait for a lady's saddle horse, and for many years the luxury of a side saddle was unknown to me, but a blanket tightly strapped on the back of my Bucephelas, did duty for a saddle and I acquired an ease and freedom of motion that one does not always get at a riding school. When at the age of fourteen, I taught a country school, my first hardly earned five dollars was invested in a second hand side saddle. If you do not ride you do not know how much health and pleasure you are missing. Let no consideration of the want of a habit, deter you from making the experiment.

A pair of your big brother's second best pantaloons, an old water-proof skirt, your best fitting waist and a little round cap or tightly fitting hat of any kind, and you may have as much enjoyment as you would in a thirty dollar tailor-made habit. Begin with the gentlest horse in your father's stable, unless you are naturally fearless. Sit well and firmly, keeping your face so that a line drawn from your nose would come exactly between the horse's ears. Go slowly at first until you can ride at a walking pace without allowing your body to sway with every motion of the horse. There is nothing more graceful than a lady on horseback if she knows how to ride, and nothing so awkward if she sits as if she were about to fall off and bounces up and down from her saddle. Try to sit as if you were a part of the animal. It is not fair for the boys on a farm to have all the fun. I always vigorously disputed with my brothers, the privilege of taking the horses to be shod, and even of driving the cows to pasture on horseback, this, however, when I was very young.

If you do not like the farm and are determined at all events to get away from it, try to think out some original path in life for yourself. The beaten tracks are overrun with busy feet. The wife of a once wealthy merchant being in reduced circumstances, went to a friend to ask her advice as to how she could best gain a livelihood. "What is the thing that you can best do?" asked the friend. "Make chicken pies," said the poor lady with an attempt at a cheerful laugh. "Then," said her friend, "make chicken pies." She accordingly bought a number of small earthen dishes, and begun in a small way her novel trade. At first these were sold through the "Woman's Exchange," but as she became known they were ordered directly from her, and as they were delicious and reasonable in price she was soon obliged to enlarge her establishment.

Another lady, the daughter of a well-known metropolitan journalist, had a natural liking and aptitude for cooking fancy dishes. One of her specialties was a new combination for Charlotte Russe, for which she used cream purchased directly from a country friend instead of the abominable filling made of the whites of limed eggs, used in most bakeries. They were so delicious that a hotel man who heard of them, glad to find a new source of profit for himself and pleasure for his guests, asked her to make them for his establishment. She is now working three hours a day, and with the assistance of a maid is making more money than her father. The moral of this is "Learn to do at least one thing well."

A writer of intelligence and observation once said, "I wish I could impress it upon the minds of girls that the chief end of woman is not to marry young." I would like to add that the chief end is not marrying at any age. At twenty few girls would think of marrying the man they would gladly have married at sixteen. As a woman grows older her mind and her knowledge of the world increases, and she knows better than to judge a man merely by appearances. She learns that a man in society and a man at home are two widely different beings. Wait until you have passed the peanut and taffy stage before you choose a partner for life. Remember that you cannot discard your husband as you would your silver spoon, when the plating and gloss was worn off.

But it seems to me that I drop into advice as naturally as Silas Wegg dropped into poetry, and of all thankless tasks, giving advice on this subject, is the most thankless. As long as the world revolves on his axis the dwellers on it will "marry in haste and repent at leisure."

Choice Recipes.

Kisses.—Whites of two eggs, two cups sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla. Put the sugar in a basin on the stove, with about three tablespoonfuls of cold water. Cook until it hairs. Have the eggs well beaten, and turn the sugar little by little into the beaten whites. Let the sugar boil until all used. Keep stirring until stiff. Have a very hot oven, and on a piece of hardwood lay a greased paper, and drop by spoonfuls the mixture on said paper. Bake until a light brown. They may be filled with jelly, whipped cream, or otherwise.

Children's Pudding.—Heat a generous pint of milk to boiling point. Stir into the milk one tablespoonful of corn starch which has been smoothly mixed with a little cold milk, two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, and sugar to taste; essence of lemon is pleasant as flavoring. Let all this boil up once, and then add one cupful of stewed prunes that have been seeded. Pour the mixture into a buttered baking dish and bake for twenty minutes. Serve with cream or sauce or au naturel.

Parsnip Fritters.—Scrape the parsnips, and if large put them into boiling water and boil, with salt enough to season them nicely, till quite tender, then mash them, adding to four or five parsnips a heaping tablespoonful of flour, one or two beaten eggs, and pepper and salt to taste. Make up into cakes and fry in hot pork fat. Even those who have a rooted prejudice against parsnips will generally like them in this form.

Tea-Cake.—Light: White sugar, one and one half cups; butter, one-half cup; sweet milk, one-half cup; flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; flavor with lemon. Dark part: Brown sugar, one cup; molasses, one-half cup; butter, one-half cup; sweet milk, one-half cup; yolks of four eggs; two and one-half cups of flour; two teaspoons of baking powder; mix in separate parts; flavor with spices.

Florentine Pudding—Put a quart of milk into your pan, let it come to a boil, mix smoothly three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch and a little cold milk, add the yolks of three eggs beaten, half a teacup of sugar, flavor with vanilla, lemon or anything your fancy suggests, stir into the scalding milk, continue stirring till the consistency of starch ready for use, then put into the pan or dish you wish to serve in; beat the whites of the eggs with a teacup of pulverized sugar, spread over the top, place in the oven a few minutes till the frosting is a pretty brown. Can be eaten with cream, or is good enough without. For a change you can bake in cups.

Hash Rolls.—Prepare the meat as for ordinary hash, chopping it very fine, moisten with a spoonful of cold gravy or meat juice if you have it, add an equal quantity of mashed potatoes (fresh is best), and the same of stale bread crumbs finely grated and soaked in milk or cream Work all well together with the hand make into rolls about three inches long and half the thickness, and brown in a hot oven fifteen or twenty minutes, or you may spread the hash in a well-greased breadpan and set it in the oven; when browned on the bottom turn into a dish crusted side up, and send to the table.

THE REMNANT OF A ONCE POWERFUL NATION.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

If any readers have been to Montreal they would most likely see on the right hand shore opposite Lachine the straggling village of Caugnawaga, where live the remnant of the once powerful Iroquois, who were in the early days of the settlement of this country a terror to the white inhabitants, as you can read in the history of those times. So fierce they were, so cruel and treacherous, one scarcely believe them the same people. You could hardly fail to see some of them, for the men live by rafting, or act as pilots to the steamers that go down the rapids at Lachine. The chief among the pilots is Aientonni—better known as "Big John,"—who is quite vain in staid Indian fashion of his notoriety, and would introduce himself to you as "Me Big John, all folk know me;" which words he used to me one day when he came to my home, which is only five miles away. The village of Caugnawaga is within sight of the beautiful Mount Royal, after which the city at its feet was named, and no where else can be seen to such advantage the extremes of civilization, and the difference which cultivation makes in the human race. The reservation or land set apart by government as their own is poorly cultivated; there is a river frontage of seven miles, and the soil though rough and stony would bear good crops if properly cared for. In the village a stranger visiting the country misses the whitewash and appearance of thrift that is so attractive in the poorest hut of the French Canadian habitant. The houses have a quaint and ancient appearance, while in the open doorway during fine weather the women are seen at their beadwork, very rarely at domestic work of any other sort. The village is one long street, and the church, which aims at a Grecian architecture, is built on the bank of the river and contains some articles of historic interest. The bell that calls together the worshippers was presented by George Third, and over the altar is a fine picture of St. Louis of France, given to this church by Charles Tenth. There is also a gilt chalice, the gift of the ex-Empress Eugenie in her palmy days, and in the sacristy is a cape of cloth of gold, presented by Napoleon. The church service is held in the Iroquois language, and the singing is a wild, weird chant that cannot be described. Taking a party of American friends there once, the priest was found busy with a class of little girls preparing for first communion by teaching them the catechism in this very strange tongue, and their quick answers, and his profound devotion to duty, impressed the visitors very much. It is interesting to know that there dusky aborigines have a saint whose picture hangs on the walls of the church dressed in the gay trappings so becoming to her race. Her name is given to us as Tehgakwita, and she was baptized as a Christian on Easter day, 1670. The village schoolhouse is said to be the oldest building in the Dominion of Canada. It was once the residence of the military commander, and the Conte De Frontenac, whom you know well by the history, came here sometimes during his eventful career. Of course, you remember, too, the historian Pere Charlevoix, and it is interesting to see the room he used, still undisturbed, the pictures, desk and books still there, as when he wrote those famous letters to the Duchesse De Lesqureres in 1730.

For the last three years the Indians have attempted to improve their condition by holding a *fair* on the common below the village. The little white tents gleamed in the autumn sunshine as I went on to the grounds, and the faces of the natives shone with delight, while I could only think of that verse the beloved Whittier wrote:

> "Wild as the fruits he scorned to till
> These vales the idle Indian trod,
> Nor knew the glad creative skill—
> The joy of him who toils with God."

The vegetables were good, and I heard an old farmer, whose accent told that he was Scotch, remark—"No a bad show o' grain," as he passed the barley and oats and beans in the agricultural tent. A pathetic display of apples and grapes made me wish that horticulture was more fully developed, but the wild apples are so plentiful they have not yet felt the need of improved varieties. In one tent was beautiful beadwork, and moccasins so finely stitched as to appear a work of art, snow shoes and lacrosse sticks, and the fancy Indian baskets, with mats of corn husks, and other wares gave evidence of industry in their own peculiar workmanship; while the preserves and butter, fancy dressmaking, and good white bread showed creditable efforts in the art of civilized housekeeping. There were prizes for the handsomest papoose, and it was a funny sight to see the room of babies of all ages strapped on boards, which is the Indian cradle. Some of them were tastefully arranged at the head piece that projects over the top, and in the front of which is a curtain of lace with a valance of blue or pink silk. The board can stand against the wall or hang up in a tree as in the rhyme:

> "When the wind blows
> The cradle shall rock."

And really the round-eyed, and chubby, dusky-faced babies seemed the most contented in the world. Any one who went to look at the cattle soon found a source of amusement, and I followed the crowd to investigate the cause of mirth. Evidently the schoolmaster was absent, for an immense pig had a ticket attached to his head denoting that he was a "first prize spring lamb," and a particularly old and ferocious bull tossed on his horns a ticket stating that he was a "yearling calf," while a pretty speckled calf that looked out wistfully at the green grass beyond its pen, mentioned on its ticket that it was a "spring pig." These mistakes were due to the fact that the exhibitors had not a sufficient knowledge of English to arrange them correctly, but it was of course amusing to the lookers-on. The prize for the best dressed little girl was won by a child of ten in a garment of pale blue silk and velvet that contrasted inharmoniously with her dusky complexion, the judges ignoring a neatly dressed girl in brown merino, more to my taste, with a faint dash of scarlet, that was quite pretty. In the afternoon there were races on foot and on ponies, the latter being very exciting, as ten boys mounted on shaggy nags raced around the ring, and were to shoot an arrow at a target as they rode. Then came the "tug of war." White vs Iroquois, and it was a long pull at a rope that became very exciting, but finally ended in the Indians' victory as they brought over the white strugglers against their will. After that the little girls had a race, and five small figures entered the ring, dressed in very picturesque costumes with gay trappings; at the word "go"—they shut their hands, visibly clenched their teeth, and pitched along head first. The referee evidently did not know them apart, for as the first panting figure reached the winning post, he inquired. "First?" "Me—White Eagle's girl," was answered. "Second?" "Big Crow's girl" said a bright-eyed child of twelve, and the three unsuccessful competitors shrank back while the prizes were presented, but rejoined their companions as they walked away. There were some fair attempts with brush and pencil, and some ingenious carpenter work, while a little girl of fourteen took the prize for plain sewing by hand.

An American lady, Mrs. Erminnie Smith, has taken great interest in these people, learning their language and enjoying their hospitality. Her influence is felt for good, for these children of the forest need some direct help in counsel and example from the world beyond them. Their young poet died last year, a youth who could improvise sonnets to the moon that if translated would be found as sweet and poetic as the rhapsodies of his white brother. He wore his hair long, not "lank," but curled, in thick waves around his neck, and his dark eyes had the dreamy look that was once attributed to true poets before "Pan" found his way to Wall street, and became so practical. This is only a beginning of what this remnant of a nation mean to do, and the next time you sail down the St. Lawrence and begin to feel the thrill of awe that strikes one at the near approach to the Lachine Rapids, I hope you will cast your eyes to the right, and see well cultivated fields and pleasant homesteads, as the result of the ambition that has stirred the hearts of the once powerful Iroquois of Caugnawaga.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Light haired people, it is said, have about one-third more hairs on the head, and are less liable to become bald, than those with dark hair.

Artificial lithographic stones are manufactured in Frankfort by M. Rosenthal, from cement, which is put for the purpose through a course of very careful manipulations.

A mine of mercury—consisting of the sulphuret and chloride, with drops of metallic mercury, in a gangue of quartz—which appears to have been worked in ancient times has been re-discovered at Schupplastena, near Belgrade in Servia.

Light fabrics, such as ladies' summer, and party gowns are made of, may be rendered non-inflammable by dipping them in a 25 per cent. solution of tungstate of soda. If touched by fire they will not flame up but simply smoulder harmlessly.

One of the newest things in paper manufacture is gas and water pipes, which are found very serviceable. It is stated that these pipes, when properly made, will resist an internal pressure of some 2,000 pounds though the thickness of the material is only about half an inch.

It has long been a wonder how prairie dogs supplied themselves with water. A Nebraska man announces that he has discovered the secret. He says that they dig their own wells, each village having one with a concealed opening, and that he knows of one 200 feet deep having a circular staircase leading down to the water.

The continual advance in the science of organic chemistry is marked by the successful attacks which chemists are making on alkaloid plant principles. A. Ladenburg has succeeded in preparing artificially a substance extracted from pepper, known as piperidine. The artificial substance and the real are indistinguishable, being chemically identical.

M. Pages, in the course of his experiments in photographing the movements of horses, has been struck by the observation that the foot of the animal, being half the time at rest on the ground, must during the other half of the time be in much more rapid motion than the animal itself. He estimates that in the gallop the foot reaches a velocity of 60 metres or about 200 feet a second.

It is generally conceded that Russia possesses more precious stones than any other nation, a majority of which were procured at the expense of blood. The jewels in the cathedral at Moscow are valued at twelve millions of dollars. The throne of Russia is completely covered with plates of gold, and contains fifteen hundred rubies and eight thousand turquoises, besides many other rare and costly gems. The throne of the Czar, known as the diamond throne, is truly a marvel.

Freshly burned quick-lime is now quite extensively used in English coal mines, instead of gun-powder, for breaking off coal. The drilled holes are charged with the lime, which is compressed into a form of very compact cylinders, and when water is introduced the rapid slaking of the lime brings the coal down in large masses. The lime cartridge does not supersede the use of gunpowder and other powerful explosives altogether, but it answers the purpose in ordinary cases, and is safer and more economical than the more violent materials.

A Bulgarian Heroine.

The Widdin correspondent of the St. Petersburg *Novesti* sends to that newspaper the following account of a young Bulgarian girl who took an active part in the late war against Servia, distinguishing herself at Slivnitza and at Pirot, and received two crosses for bravery. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities she joined a company of militia—such companies were then forming in various parts of Bulgaria—and accompanied it to the southern frontier in the hope of there meeting with the enemy. During some time she managed to conceal her sex, for her comrades took her to be a youth with an effeminate face, of which there were many such to be met with among the militia. Only the commander of her company knew her secret; she was obliged to disclose it to him when the company had set out upon its march, and he appears to have loyally kept it to himself. In all exercises, parades and reviews she took part jointly with her male comrades. At last, when Servia declared war against Bulgaria, the heroine took part in the forced march into Servia, fought at the battle of Slivnitza, and joined in the attack upon Pirot. During the fight she did all she could to encourage her comrades, and they in return unamiously voted to her the company's medal for bravery. When, in consequence of the war coming to an end, the militia was dispersed she went to Sofia and was there presented to Prince Alexander, who awarded her a second decoration for bravery. She then returned to Widdin, her place of domicile before the war, where she acts as servant to an old lady. She says that should the Servians begin another war she will again fight against them, but in her woman's attire, for it is not worth while to change one's dress for such an enemy.

Shocking Bad Taste

"My dear, don't you intend to invite Mr. and Mrs. Green to your party?" asked Mr. Biller.

"Certainly not."

"Why not, my dear? They are good friends of ours."

"What if they are? I am going to invite Mr. and Mrs. Brown."

"Well, can't you invite the Greens, as well?"

"Why, John Biller, you shock me with your taste! Brown and Green in my parlors together! Why, next you'll be asking me to wear blue and yellow! I declare, you men have no idea whatever of harmony!"

A Jewess, engaged to marry a young man of her race at an early date, astounded the relatives by eloping with a Portuguese aeronaut. She wanted a husband accustomed to moving in the highest circles.

The tramp, like the mariner, is often looking for a hospitable cove.... The prisoner who breaks out is usually a rash fellow.

A Dream of the Past.

BY MAUDE L. RADFORD.

I am sitting in the firelight,
Thinking sadly of the past,
Of the friends so long departed,
All are gone save me,—the last.

First I see my little sisters,
As they played about our door;
Now that happy home is broken—
All, yes all, are gone before.

Years passed on, and all was peaceful—
I had tasted of sweet joys—
I was then a happy mother,
Merry with my girls and boys.

Next a sadder scene awaits me:
Soft, the angel death is near,
Oh, my husband he is dying—
All the world seems dark and drear.

But my cup was overflowing;
My darlings left me, one by one,
And my human heart strived vainly
To say "God's own will be done"

Then I turned my sad heart up war
Asking God to give me peace;
Give me courage to live this life,
Till my weary heart should cease.

And I got the strength I needed,
Over my sad heart He shed
Divine peace and consolation
And my hungry heart He fed.

Now I patiently am waiting
Till my troubled life is o'er,
Till I'm called unto my Father,
Resting peaceful evermore.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. H. Parnell, brother of the Irish leader, has lately planted 500 acres more in peaches on his Georgia farm, making a total of 1,300 acres in that fruit.

The Dean of Winchester is about to restore the marble covered sarcophagus of William Rufus to its ancient place before the high altar in the Cathedral.

Mr. A. Cusson, a wholesale merchant of Montreal, has caused the arrest of ten young men for forgery of banking house notes of invitation to a party at his house.

Mr. Albert Millaud, a well known French journalist and composer, is seen to become the husband of Madame Judic. It is generally known that Madame Judic is a widow.

M. DeLasseps declares confidently that the Panama Canal will be completed within the next three years. Few persons share his confidence, although his words have the weight of authority.

At a garden party which is to be given at Dublin in May by the Earl and the Countess of Aberdeen ladies desiring to be invited will appear in maids' fancy dresses, and the gentlemen in Irish tweed suits.

Mrs. Garfield has offered her Cleveland house for rent, and will hereafter live at Mentor, the former Garfield homestead, where some $40,000 has been expended in beautifying the house and grounds.

The death is recorded of Captain James Maurice Shipton, R. N., who served under Nelson, Duncan, Cornwallis, Napier and Sydney Smith. He received the medal for the taking of Fort Trinite at Martinique.

Mrs. Potter Palmer is noted as carrying upon her person more wealth in the shape of jewels than any other lady in Chicago. She wears a collar of diamonds, besides algrette for the hair, superb rose-shaped diamond solitaires.

Mrs. Paul True, aged 95, of Pittsfield, N. H., very foolishly omitted the whooping cough from the list of her infantile ailments and is now down with that disease, but expects soon to be about her work again. This is a pretty tough story, but it's true.

It is commonly remarked in London that if the Orleans princes were not so rich they would be the rulers of the nation; that is, if they had spent their money more lavishly they would have won a following strong enough to restore them to the throne. Thrift is unpopular.

Stepniak lives in the northwest part of London, not in a luxurious mansion like that of the socialist, Hyndman, but in a small and severely plain house, sparely furnished. He is a heavily built man of handsome face and polished manners, and always dresses in simple black.

There will be an important sale of pictures at London in June or July. These pictures, numbering more than four hundred most of them fine examples, are now in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton. Teniers is particularly conspicuous in this collection. Perhaps no single canvas in it has greater value than Carlo Dolci's "Mater Dolorosa."

It turns out that Mr. Edgar Fawcett is the author of the anonymous story published in Philadelphia some months ago under the title of "The Bunting Bell." The publishers offered a prize of $1,000 to anybody guessing the author. So many people suspected Fawcett, owing to the turgid style, that the purse has been divided up and the guessers will only realize 12½ cents apiece.

Belva Lockwood, of course, has taken a hand in the low-neck discussion, and seeks to create additional bustle by adding the trained skirt to the list of abominations. She has written a letter to Miss Cleveland, in which she declares that "while the trained skirt is untidy, extravagant and in crowded assemblies pulverizing and dirty, it is also undoubtedly in its origin a badge of servility."

With Sir Henry Taylor, who died in England March 29, in his eighty-second year, a living epitome of the nineteenth century has passed away. He had seen the reign of the Third and Fourth Georges and William IV., as well as that of the whole of Victoria's also the rise and fall of the first Napoleon, his Bourbon successors, and the Third Empire. Scott, Byron, Moore, Southey, Lamb, Coleridge, and the Lake Poets, together with Dickens and Thackeray, Irving and Prescott, were of his age; he was a boy grown lad at the time of our almost forgotten war of 1812, and had witnessed a complete reconstruction of the political map of Europe.

Mary Anderson is computed to be worth $500,000, which is said to be safely invested in real estate, gas stocks and railway shares, both in England and America. A small portion of it is in American bonds. She expects to clear this year $150,000. But our Mary is not so rich as her sister professional, Lotta, who, as a rule, does her own work, and is eminently businesslike. She claims to be, and probably is, the wealthiest woman on the stage. Her dollars are reckoned as totalling up to considerably more than a clear million. Most of the money is held in the name of her mother, Mrs. Crabtree, who has been her daughter's business manager ever since she appeared on the stage. Lotta has sustained only one serious monetary loss, when she was engaged to wed a the bottom of it. She let him have $20 000 to speculate with. He lost the whole of it, and Lotta's heart and hand at the same time.

Almost every visitor in Paris who has ridden out toward the Bois has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep pottering along in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. These sheep are of the fine Sir South Downs, but the occupant is a cripple named Dr. De Recoy. He has been by turns a soldier, a traveller, a publicist, a journalist and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lammenais, he was for a while private secretary of Lamartine, and also an intimate friend of the Marquis of Hartford, at whose place in the Bois he frequently met Prince Napoleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important despatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense National. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Scandinavia, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace glacier, where his legs were so frost bitten that they had to be amputated. Baldes his legs, he lost his fortune by the war.

Dangers in Africa.

"The most dangerous savage foes we have to fear," say Messrs. Stanley and Barttelot, "are the crocodile, hippopotamus and the buffalo. We lost five men during my last visit to the Congo from these animals; three were killed by crocodiles, one by a hippopotamus and one by a buffalo. There are a large number of hippopotami about the Congo and its tributaries, and thousands upon thousands of crocodiles. The latter are by far the most insidious foes we have, because they are so silent and so swift. You see a man bathing in the river," said Mr. Stanley, with one of his vivid graphic touches; "he is standing near the shore laughing at you, perhaps, laughing in the keen enjoyment of his bath; suddenly he falls over and you see him no more. A crocodile has approached unseen, has struck him a blow with its tail that knocks him over, and he is instantly seized and carried off. Or, it may be that the man is swimming; he is totally unconscious of danger; there is nothing in sight, nothing to stir a tremor of apprehension; but there, in deep water, under the shadow of that rock, or hidden beneath the shelter of the trees yonder, is a huge crocodile; it has spotted the swimmer, and is watching the opportunity; the swimmer approaches; he is within striking distance; stealthily, silently, unperceived, the creature makes for its prey; the man knows nothing till he is seized by the leg and dragged under, and he knows no more! A bubble or two indicates the place where he has gone down, and that is all."

A man of his word—An orator.

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED STOP," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL PERILS, AND HOW NELLIE WAS PRESERVED.

Leaving the two Europeans in pursuit of six thousand Egyptians, who were executing a retreat unknown, but in no measured terms, on an side of her.

Such grumbling created in her heart a new alarm, for did the Arab minister lose his high position he would be no longer able to protect her and her parents, and they would all three soon be at the mercy of Ali.

Whilst these fears and apprehensions disturbed her mind Arabi Pasha himself had quite enough to occupy his attention.

He was continually beset by some officer of distinction or other proffering his advice, and sometimes almost insisting on his council being followed.

After a monotonous fourteen miles' march over the level, sandy, treeless plain, the little village of Kafr Dowa was reached, where, though well-nigh exhausted, the troops were at once set to throw up earthworks across the narrow isthmus, as a safeguard against any possible landing and advance of the British in that direction, while not far in the rear of the marching parties Arabi had a gorgeous pavilion erected, which had been brought for his special use from Alexandria. It was furnished with six large tents of Turkish rugs and cushions, the dressed skins of different wild animals and with every other appurtenance that would render both luxurious and luxurious the tent of an Oriental commander-in-chief.

After he had perused sundry dispatches and issued all necessary orders, to the splendid pavilion was brought Nellie Donelly by one of the guards.

The war minister received her with the utmost deference, and when her conductor had taken his departure he turned to her with a smile and, bowing, held her meanwhile by an arm, exclaimed:

"How does my wife like our quarters? Are they not very comfortable?"

The fair girl caught the meaning in an instant and her heart seemed to stand still.

"Oh, where are my father and mother?" she cried. "I thought that they also were being brought hither."

"A wife's place is at her husband's side, both night and day, and before she marries she is understood to leave both father and mother and to cleave only unto him."

"But I am not your wife. I was no consenting party. I was already married."

"Those wild statements have been refuted again and again, even from your father's and mother's lips. We Orientals cannot understand parents not being able to dispose of their daughters as they list, nor is such an anomaly comprehended in Christian countries in which I have sojourned. Besides, the priest of your faith declared that you are were not rightly married to your countryman, and he was away with you, while I am very sure that you are rightly married unto me. For these several and good reasons I call you my wife, in the presence of God and Allah and the prophet that you shall share the same tent and the same couch with me. I have said it!"

An expression of stony despair came into Nellie's face.

She gazed for a moment distractedly round at all the Oriental splendor and splendor by which she was surrounded, but they failed to fire her ambition or to dazzle her imagination, as her Moslem lord had doubtless hoped that they would do.

The carved bamboo poles bent to the desert wind that had just sprung up and the crimson damask lining of the magnificent tent glittered till the myriads of bunches of forget-me-nots that were embroidered thereon seemed to be instinct with life and, as they met her view, Nellie remembered that a blue forget-me-not was the last flower that Frank Donelly had ever given to her.

This recollection did was which she stored in her the courage and resolution that was an essential part of her character, and she plucked from Arabi's belt the revolver that was carelessly thrust therein, and presenting the muzzle at his very forehead, declared in a voice which desperation rendered firm that she would pull the trigger if he did not let her go.

"Is your hatred to me so great as all that?" demanded Arabi as he recovered from the shock of the unexpected attack.

"My love of my husband and my honor is as great as that and greater. I care little about my life, which I repeat, I care little by a noble cause which you are supporting and your life is indispensable to its success, tell me so and I will point the weapon to my heart and will not wince at the bottom of it. She let him have $20 000 to speculate with. He lost the whole of it, and Lotta's heart and hand at the same time.

Almost every visitor in Paris who has ridden out toward the Bois has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep pottering along in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. These sheep are of the fine Sir South Downs, but the occupant is a cripple named Dr. De Recoy. He has been by turns a soldier, a traveller, a publicist, a journalist and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lammenais, he was for a while private secretary of Lamartine, and also an intimate friend of the Marquis of Hartford, at whose place in the Bois he frequently met Prince Napoleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important despatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense Nationale. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Scandinavia, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace glacier, where his legs were so frost bitten that they had to be amputated. Baldes his legs, he lost his fortune by the war.

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CHAPTER LIV.

LOST AMONGST MOUNTAINS—NEARLY RUN TO EARTH.

Two Europeans, wan, half starved and in every way wretched, begirt by as many wretchs as ever was the Apostle Paul, are wandering alone in the desert, attempting to make their way overland toward some part of the coast of the Red Sea.

Not to make a mystery of the matter, they are none other than Frank Donelly and the devoted servant, Pat Monaghan, whom in the chapter before the last we behold setting out from Alexandria in the dead of night on a steed Q Jacko and hopeless errand, as any but a lover and an Irishman would have perceived from the very first.

At last, one moonlight night, they had been perceived prowling in the neighborhood of an advanced picket, actually in the rear of the Egyptian lines by hanging matter according to every military code in existence, so that a troop of horse had been sent in pursuit of them, and these, turning their flank and cutting them off from Alexandria, had chased them for fifteen miles out into the desert, and from that time whenever they had sought to return they had encountered some body of Bedouins, or other, who drove them first in one direction and then in another, till at last (although they were provided with a couple of boxes in the hollow lead and steel) they were altogether lost, and no more knew the way back to Alexandria than they knew the way to the moon.

They had been lost for more than a month now, and all that while they have wandered to and fro in a world wild and desolate, and mountain, with large stretches of desert between hills rounded at the tops, bare of vegetation and hideously inconsonant of aspect, so that one can hardly be distinguished from another, which makes it all the more difficult to get out of this apparently enchanted region, and often after attempting it for a whole day they have found themselves at sunrise close to where they started from at sunrise.

Even in this terrible region, however, there is an oasis to be found at intervals wide apart, each with a natural spring in its centre (whence, undoubtedly, its existence), and adorned at the least with fig and date trees, fruit than which in a clime like Egypt nothing more is wanted to support life.

One morning just at dawn, Frank Donelly started as they were in the act of saddling their horses and exclaimed in excited tones to his companion, "Did you not hear it?"

"Begorra, an' bad ess to that same, I can only hear the barking of a fox."

"You are wrong, I tell you, blind. I wish you would, for I want your opinion about it."

"Be jabers, I can hear it now, your honor. There must be a nest of 'em close by."

"A nest of what, Pat? What on earth do you make it out to be then?"

"Why, I think it is the buzzing of the most thundering bumble bees or hornets I'm blessed."

"It sounds to me a deal more like the rush of steam through the scape pipe of a distant steamer. It seemed familiar to me the instant that I heard it."

"I wish it was, yer honor, but steamers don't come tearing across deserts."

"Yes, Pat, but in many places the desert stretches to the very banks of the Suez Canal, which is traversed by ocean steamers continually. Let us up and away and at great speed, for I think I hear the sound. There is hope for us yet, my boy."

"If there is, begorra, here comes a pack of wild brown Bedouins, and it's mighty hard to do their best to cut us off from it. We've not a moment to lose, yer honor."

There was no need to lose even half a minute, for the horses were already saddled, and they had but to leap upon their backs, gather up the reins and kick the corners of their stirrups against their bony ribs in lieu of spurs.

This done away they sped with the speed of the wind and of the fertile steeds and across the brown desert sand, whilst the Bedouins, who had evidently hoped to steal down upon them unperceived, rent the air with their shrill and angry cries and brandished their long spears on high.

The monotonous sound still continued, and the fugitives guided their horses in its direction. If it was what Frank Donelly supposed it to be 'twas still a long way off, and, by the time they had reached the canal the steamer, from which he almost leaped against hope that it proceeded, might have passed quite out of sight.

Was the canal still open?

He was aware that the war minister had threatened to destroy it on the firing of the first hostile cannon against Alexandria.

If he had kept his word, the supposed steamer was a myth, and the strange hum was the sound of the rushing of the mighty tent glittered till the myriads of bunches of forget-me-nots that were embroidered thereon seemed to be instinct with life and, as they met her view, Nellie remembered that a blue forget-me-not was the last flower that Frank Donelly had ever given to her.

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CHAPTER LVI.

THE DEATH RIDE AT EL MAGFAR—THE FIRST VICTORY.

Ten minutes later Captain Donelly and Pat Monaghan were safe aboard the British transport Greece, which had been sailing to and fro in the vicinity of Bedouin Point, ever since the canal had been opened, and the crews of Atabet for a pilot to navigate her through Lake Timsah to the town of Ismailia, which was shortly to become the base of a commander-in-chief, her living freight was to be put ashore.

Both officer and man were glad enough to find themselves amongst fellow-countrymen, and more especially red coats, but how was their satisfaction increased on hearing directly they set foot on the transport's decks, the "Fourth D. G." on the shoulder straps of the officer in command, and recognizing in them of the most agreeable fact that they were with the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, "Dickeams" "The Happy Family," and in short, their own regiment.

"Thought you'd turn up somewhere or other, old fellow," exclaimed one officer.

"I hardly in such dirty duds looking fashion, though," added another. "I never beheld a more exciting steeplechase in my life. Will relate it."

Thus, admiration jests and congratulations, was their brother officer escorted to the saloon, while the troopers and Pat Monaghan off to the ship canteen to treat him to what he had for weeks been longing for and dreaming of, namely, "a glass of whisky and what he had taken to calling the "three blessed B.'s," namely, bread, beef, and beer.

Pat was quite in the middle of his tale that we find we have no time to waste over table talk. It was the officers' breakfast hour and Frank Donelly was quite ready for the meal. When he had briefly narrated his own adventures and listened in turn to plenty of divers opinions concerning the campaign, all varying from the unanimous conviction, however, that they would be crossing swords with the Egyptians within a very few hours at most, he excitedly exclaimed:

"I wish to heaven that I had a horse and uniform, so that I might join you."

"Surely, Frank, you don't mean what you present your doing that name," responded the regimental surgeon, a genial cove of Corky, as he sat on a bench beside the Suez Canal, which is traversed by ocean steamers continually. "Let us up and away and at great speed, for I think I hear the sound. There is hope for us yet, my boy."

"If there is, begorra, here comes a pack of wild brown Bedouins, and it's mighty hard to do their best to cut us off from it. We've not a moment to lose, yer honor."

There was no need to lose even half a minute, for the horses were already saddled, and they had but to leap upon their backs, gather up the reins and kick the corners of their stirrups against their bony ribs in lieu of spurs.

This done away they sped with the speed of the wind and of the fertile steeds and across the brown desert sand, whilst the Bedouins, who had evidently hoped to steal down upon them unperceived, rent the air with their shrill and angry cries and brandished their long spears on high.

The monotonous sound still continued, and the fugitives guided their horses in its direction. If it was what Frank Donelly supposed it to be 'twas still a long way off, and, by the time they had reached the canal the steamer, from which he almost leaped against hope that it proceeded, might have passed quite out of sight.

Was the canal still open?

He was aware that the war minister had threatened to destroy it on the firing of the first hostile cannon against Alexandria.

If he had kept his word, the supposed steamer was a myth, and the strange hum was the sound of the rushing of the mighty tent glittered till the myriads of bunches of forget-me-nots that were embroidered thereon seemed to be instinct with life and, as they met her view, Nellie remembered that a blue forget-me-not was the last flower that Frank Donelly had ever given to her.

This recollection did was which she stored in her the courage and resolution that was an essential part of her character, and she plucked from Arabi's belt the revolver that was carelessly thrust therein, and presenting the muzzle at his very forehead, declared in a voice which desperation rendered firm that she would pull the trigger if he did not let her go.

"Is your hatred to me so great as all that?" demanded Arabi as he recovered from the shock of the unexpected attack.

"My love of my husband and my honor is as great as that and greater. I care little about my life, which I repeat, I care little by a noble cause which you are supporting and your life is indispensable to its success, tell me so and I will point the weapon to my heart and will not wince at the bottom of it. She let him have $20 000 to speculate with. He lost the whole of it, and Lotta's heart and hand at the same time.

Almost every visitor in Paris who has ridden out toward the Bois has seen the old man in the little carriage drawn by sheep pottering along in the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. These sheep are of the fine Sir South Downs, but the occupant is a cripple named Dr. De Recoy. He has been by turns a soldier, a traveller, a publicist, a journalist and a man of letters. A nephew of the Abbe Lammenais, he was for a while private secretary of Lamartine, and also an intimate friend of the Marquis of Hartford, at whose place in the Bois he frequently met Prince Napoleon. During the war he volunteered to carry important despatches out of Paris for the government of the Defense Nationale. He started alone in a balloon, which was caught in a hurricane, carried into Scandinavia, and came down in the midst of the Mer de Glace glacier, where his legs were so frost bitten that they had to be amputated. Baldes his legs, he lost his fortune by the war.

HEALTH.

What is Paralysis.

So many persons die from what is called a paralytic stroke, or apoplexy almost interchangeably, that not a little fear has been awakened, and much inquiry is made for an explanation of the causes which have proved to be a most deadly disease. Using the language of an intelligent observer we shall endeavor to give some points that are of practical value.

A carpenter or other mechanic, whose business requires him to wield a hammer, finds some morning that he is unable to raise his hammer, or perhaps while at work the man suddenly finds his arm becomes numb and weak; it falls to his side, and he is unable to use it for work. The physician to whom the man applies says it is "a brachial monoplegia from muscle tire," and explains to him that the man has overwrought his hammer arm and it needs rest. To these cases the very appropriate name of "artisans' arm" is given. Again, a poor blooded, nervously constricted person, most often a woman, meets with a great shock or loss to endure an unusual mental or physical effort, and perhaps without warning loses the use of some part of the body, often of the whole apparatus, and is unable to speak above a whisper. The doctor calls it "hysterical paralysis," or "hysterical aphonia," and says it will pass. Now just how this comes about, we fancy it would puzzle the most learned specialist to say. Concerning this condition, however, as well as the one before mentioned, this much is known, viz., that by appropriate treatment they recover, which is very good evidence that no part of the nervous system is broken. The faith cures reported from time to time are probably, for the most part, cases of this kind.

It sometimes happens that an intoxicated person will fall asleep with the head resting on the arm or with the arm hanging over a chair back. When he wakes the arm is numb and is paralyzed—another case of "brachial monoplegia."

Pressure upon the trunks of the nerves which supply the disabled member has affected those nerves so that they are unable to perform their usual duty. The nerves which go out from the brain spinal cord to the extremities are quite comparable to the telegraph wires are stretched from place to place for electric communications, and pressure upon the one section of those nerves would cut off the power of the whole. Another illustration from the electric wire. The case just given illustrates very well a large number of cases of paralysis from pressure upon the brain or spinal cord, or the nerves which have their exit therefrom, will produce a palsy which rather will depend upon the extent of the pressure, and whose duration will depend upon the chances for removing the pressure. Pressure upon the nerves which supply one side of the face produces a very characteristic paralysis, and one that causes very many laughable situations on the part of the wise and non-professional people by their attempt to detect the affected side. Pressure upon the brain or spinal cord may be caused by a tumor, or by fibrous tissues of the skull, or to the upper bones of which the backbone is formed, and to blood vessels which are ruptured by the presence of tumors, or by the presence of contagious diseases, such as scarlet fever, and some other acute sickness, are frequently paralytic in some part. These cases generally recover by proper treatment, and it is quite probable that many cases would recover spontaneously if let alone.

Perhaps one would be quite liable to a peculiar form of paralysis, which is first seen, as a rule, in the muscles of the forearm, on account of the effort to patient is unable to extend the hand upon the arm. At times the whole muscular system is involved. Change of occupation, and the use of remedies which will assist the elimination of the mineral from the system is the proper course for such patients. Analogous forms of paralysis are caused by poisons of lead, silver, probably by their action upon the nerve structure of the spinal cord. Wormwan, the active principle of absinthe, produces paralysis if introduced into the system in sufficient quantities. The paralyzing effect of large doses of alcohol are well known.

Certain conditions of the circulatory apparatus predispose to extensive and often incurable paralysis. Here it is that sudden cases of apoplexy occur. The arteries are elastic tubes. By age, hard work, care and the prolonged use of alcoholic drinks, these tubes lose their elasticity and become brittle. By some event which excites the flow of an unusual quantity of blood to the brain, one of these worn out elastic tubes is broken, the poured-out blood settles in the ventricles and there form clots whose presence causes sudden paralysis.

Owing to certain systematic conditions fibrine, a substance normally suspended in the blood, sometimes begins to settle out of the mass for want of the heart. Presently a part of this matter is dislodged and washed away into the blood; perchance it is resinded in a vessel which will not permit it to pass. Then we have an "embolism" which cuts off the blood supply from a part of the brain, and the paralyzing portions of which is palsy of the part of the body which receives its nerve supply from that portion of the brain. These paralysis are very extensive, and are not readily distinguishable from those just mentioned.

Finally, change in the structure of the brain or spinal cord produce paralysis, more or less localized varying in extent with the extent of nerve structure involved. Such paralysis are especially incurable in those of advanced years, and usually produce disability in the legs.

The study of this subject has led to the determination of certain brain centres as possessing special muscular control, so that many kinds of paralysis can be cured, if the proper loss of function in definite parts of the encephalon.

Went Down With the Ship.

Capt. Todd, of the British steamship "Sarah Ann," which sailed from Baltimore in February, and reached Galway, Ireland, in the latter part of March, reports that on Sunday, March 18, while in lat. 28° north and lon. 65° 30', he fell in with a lot of wreckage, and Capt. Todd ordered the vessel to be hove to and two or three miles to the south he sighted a brigantine tossed about by the mountainous seas. The particulars of France and a day or two before, under the command of a Mr. Dix Frares, and she was bound from Martinique, France, to Boston, Mass.

Married Life.

I think it is as much the husband's duty to make home what it ought to be as the wife's. Are not their shoulders as broad as hers? We all have our duty to perform. I think sometimes if husbands thought more about making their homes happy, instead of being so much thinking it all to do, some would be different from what they are now. Woman's work sometimes is far more monotonous than men, then is it to be wondered at that she does not always have a smile on her face, when she stays at home month after month? Why doesn't her husband say, I must go up town, and it will do you good to get out; we will all go and take a sleigh ride? I imagine he says to himself it will take fifteen or twenty minutes to get the horse and wagon ready and it is so much trouble to take my wife and children, they are used to staying at home, and it's not necessary for them to go, I'll go alone.

SPRING SMILES.

A long "felt" want—A new hat.

A current Item—Jelly.

Always what it is cracked up to be—Ice.

Why do girls wear bustles?—Because it's well.

Nice thing in hose—a young lady's foot.

No one can resist a woman's tear—ansny.

A deed of trust—lending a man a dollar.

Not always satisfied—Fit at mortgages.

Fine weather is never admired until it is mild.

It's a poor man who can't have a few enemies.

A knight of in-dust-try—The carpetbeater.

A fare exchange—Giving cash for car tickets.

An ancient tailor should know how to cut a lawsuit.

Historians will measure Parnell's success by his Home rule.

"Lend me your ears," as the farmer said to the corn-stalk.

A policeman, like a man climbing a ladder, goes the rounds.

The nick of time—the piece broken out of the ancient crockery.

The dude, judging from his conversation, holds everything is "ah."

A mad road to the winter is a hauly terror to the teamsters.

The newspaper man who always gives credit is a creditable man.

For a baby there should always be a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

A quack—Dr Jones—according to the estimate of Dr Brown—and reciprocally.

Life and death follow each other as sunshine follows summer showers.

A murderer is like a shepherd's crook. He is sure to turn up in the end.

Remorse green and despair yellow are very much worn in the land.

The pen is not only mightier than the sword, but it can give the boycott points.

The barber is the greatest of modern travelers. He roams continually from poll to poll.

Tennyson paraphrased to suit Miss Anderson: Faultlessly faulty, nicely irregular, splendidly dull.

At the breaking up of winter nature seems to be pensive. Even the babbling brooks are thawed full.

If a fellow steals a kiss from his girl, would it be just the right thing to call him a male robber?

The miser is universally detested, but almost everybody envies him one of his characteristics—his wealth.

Anxious Reader—No. You are mistaken. Burns did not write a poem called the "Boycotters' Saturday Night.

Is it fair to suppose that when Paul found the thorn in his side he had been leaning up against a barbed wire fence?

"Did you hear the lecture last night?" asked Williams of his neighbor Bailey. "No," replied Bailey, "my wife wasn't at home."

"Few sons take after their fathers," remarks an exchange. True, but a great many fathers take after their sons.

If any skeptic should feel a doubt as to Solomon's reputed wisdom, let them remember his number of women he lived with. That fact ought to settle it.

Boggs—I see that blind people are educated now by means of raised letters. Fogg—That's nothing. Why bank cashiers are often educated by means of raised checks.

Pocket Gold Hunting.

The pocket-hunter is a comparatively newcomer in the California country, and only made his appearance during the last year and a half. He, too, is a prospector, but he despises quartz. He prospects for gold only, and does not desire to find a lifetime of it in the masses of fluty rock. He expects to dig a hole in the earth the size of a barrel and take therefrom a fortune in the pure article. His hopes are neither groundless nor without foundation. A number of pockets and seam deposits have been found, some containing a few ounces and others thousands of dollars. The pocket deposit quartz square from which $2,700 was recently taken. The deposit was found within a foot of the surface on a hillside. These pocket deposits are found in various formations, and "scientific fellows" don't succeed well in locating them, either. They are usually found in decomposed quartz in clay seams and sometimes in wash gravel. The mode of prospecting for pockets is simple, but it is, requires hard work and faith. The pocket hunter selects a section where extensive placer-mining has been done and where the yield was rich. He conjectures that the gold came from somewhere, and he follows the gulches up stream as far as they have been worked, and then he sinks a shaft or drifts from the surface and hillsides. If he obtains a "color," or speck of gold, from the surface it is a fine prospect, and he follows the gulch carefully, taking the next panful of dirt to be washed from higher ground, and so on until the prospect fails; then he digs a hole and sinks a prospect shaft in the place.

Indications are often found where weeks of planning fail to locate from whence they have been washed or thrown; and pocket deposits are found by mere accident that have thrown no trace to the surface. A good prospect may be obtained from every spot on a hill-side, and yet nothing be found beneath the surface.

A pocket hunter will carry and wash dirt for days without obtaining a color. When he obtains a speck of gold, however, and if it is the rough, unwashed pocket metal, his chances for a fair or finding a deposit—perhaps a fortune. The winter season is the most favorable for prospecting in this manner, as every gulch then contains water, which is for panning, while during the summer the prospector must either follow water-courses or carry dirt long distances to water, or dry streams, and there pan it. There are those who frequently find pockets, and, even though the deposits are small, they follow them and succeed to proper moderately well in the uncertain occupation, and appear cheerful, confident and hopeful, as ones of a little money. I am inclined to think, however, that, considering the number engaged, the fortunes made are few, her engaged, the fortunes made are few, and the labor performed I am forced to believe that both prospectors and pocket-hunters are scantily paid.

Iron Ocean Steamers.

The first iron vessel was launched in 1817, and is still in existence. But not till 1832 did the work seriously begin. At that time the Great Britain was built, and was success for short voyages. A certain amount of prejudice had to be overcome, for there were many doubts as to the iron hulls floating, but it made its way, and the first successful iron steamer made a Transatlantic voyage in 1843, the Great Britain, launched by the Cunard, the Western Company. In these days the Great Britain was rated as an unusually large sized ship. It was a ship of 3,000 tons burden, and was an iron screw steamer combining the new methods of propulsion and construction. The voyage was successful, and the ship is still in existence, and, till within a few years at least, ran to Australia, and was kept in habitable condition at the Ins. Her success led to 1850 the Iceman line was established between Liverpool and New York of iron screw steamers. It had no profitable mail contract, and was purely a commercial undertaking, but under skilful management has been very successful. In the United States iron shipbuilding has never taken root the way it has in England. Americans began early to build small iron steamers, and do now, but only for coasting lines. They only use iron in cases where they are entirely cut off from communication or where they are driven to it, as it is impossible to use wood for much of the coastal service.

ADVERTISING NOTICES

In the local column will be charged as follows:
To Regular Advertisers.—Three lines and under, 25 cents each insertion; over three lines, 7c. per line. Matter set in larger than the ordinary type, 10c. per line.
To Transient Advertisers.—10c. per line each insertion. No insertion less than 25c.

HOME MATTERS.

The examinations for admission to High Schools will be held on July 5th, 6th and 7th.

Mr. Abbott, of Sidney, has a calf which at 9½ months old gave milk. This is certainly a curiosity.

Green's roller skating rink in this village will be open on Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week.

Good Friday was generally observed as a public holiday in this village, all the places of business being closed.

Mr. W. A. F. Campbell left here on Wednesday last for Belleville, where he again enters the law firm of Flint & Sherry.

An attempt was made to hold a meeting of the School Board on Tuesday evening last, but a quorum could not be got together.

Mr. P. McIninch, lot 7, in the 3rd con. Rawdon, has three ewes which have seven lambs, all smart. This is profitable sheep-raising.

The parlor social held at the residence of Mr. C. F. Stickle on Friday evening last was attended by a good number and a very pleasant and enjoyable time was spent.

The late James Montgomery having been a member of the Stirling School Board, out of respect to his memory the members of the Board attended the funeral in a body.

If you want to get your pictures framed in the best style and at lowest living prices, leave your orders at the NEWS-ARGUS office. A full assortment of mouldings now in stock.

The North Hastings voters list was revised at Madoc on Thursday of last week. About 24 new names were added and 50 changes made. Judge Fraleck is the revising officer.

On Good Friday a cricket match was played between eleven of the Public School and eleven of the villagers. At the close of the match the score stood 44 for the village and 50 for the school.

There was an accident on the C. P. R. not far from the Central Ontario Junction a few days since. A couple of freight trains ran into one another, badly smashing a number of cars. One man had nearly all of one hand cut off.

There are rumors of a change of time on the railway to take place about the 1st of May, by which direct connection will be made with Toronto *via* Peterborough. Up to the present, however, nothing definite can be learned.

The fourth regular quarterly meeting services for the present conference year will be held in the Stirling Methodist Church next Sunday (May 2nd) morning, commencing at 10.30, the pastor officiating. The official board will meet on the following Wednesday, at 2.30 p. m., in the lecture room.

Mr. Charles Wilmot, of the Newcastle fish breeding establishment, has lately been stocking the waters with fish. A large number were recently put in Lake Ontario, near Toronto, and on Saturday last half a million whitefish fry were put in the bay at Belleville, and 8,000 speckled trout fry in Craske's pond, near this village.

Sunday last was observed as the anniversary of the introduction of Oddfellowship to America. Appropriate services were held wherever there is a Lodge of the Order. Many of the members of Stirling Lodge attended service at Reed's Church, Huntingdon, where an excellent discourse was delivered by Rev. J. A. McCamus.

On Monday afternoon last Mr. John T. Hart and Mr. Sager went to Trenton on a fishing expedition, and succeeded in hooking what at first was thought to be a young whale, and which after some difficulty was landed and proved to be a sturgeon, weighing 75 pounds. The fish was brought to Stirling and exhibited the next morning.

Mr. W. Mackintosh, Inspector of Schools for North Hastings, has issued a circular urging the observance of "Arbor Day" by the teachers, pupils and all interested in the improvement and beautifying of school buildings and grounds. Friday next, the 7th of May, is the day set apart as Arbor day, and we have no doubt the teachers, pupils and friends generally will duly observe it.

The annual vestry meeting was held in St. John's Church, on Tuesday evening, when Chas. Boldrick and Albert Chard were elected clergyman's and people's wardens, respectively. Chas. Morrow was elected lay delegate and Mr. Berry collector of stipend arrears. The incidental account of the church begins the year free of all debit balance, thanks to the retiring church wardens, Jas. Boldrick and H. Warren.

The License Commissioners for West Hastings have decided to grant an hotel license at Tuftsville. There was strong opposition made to the granting of a license at that place, but notwithstanding this the Commissioners decided to grant license. The following are the licenses granted in the township of Sidney:—Geo. W. Clarke, Patrick McCambridge, Mrs. Matilda Sweetman, Miss Mary E. Tufts and Dennis Brennan.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Co's Exhibition car, containing samples of the products and soils of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories will be on exhibition at Tweed on May 4th from 10.30 a. m. to 4.47 p. m.; at Ivanhoe from 5.01 p. m. on the 4th to 10.46 a. m. on the 5th of May; at Cent. Ont. Junction on the 5th from 11.03 a. m. to 5.18 p. m.; and at Trenton from 6.40 p. m. on 5th to 1.15 p. m. on the 6th. All are cordially invited. No charge for admission.

The people of Stirling will be pleased to learn that Miss Jennie McGarry, of Montreal, queen of elocutionists, who visited our village on April 6th, but did not appear before the public on account of the fearful snow storm of that night, has kindly consented to return to Stirling and favor us one of her highly interesting elocution entertainments, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, in Bennett's Hall, Thursday, May 6th. Let every one attend, as it is a rare treat for the people of Stirling.

After prayer meeting, in the Presbyterian Church, Stirling on Thursday evening, 14th inst., Rev. J. M. Gray was the recipient of a purse containing $23, from his congregation. Mr. Fred Ward, after a few appropriate remarks, made the presentation, which was wholly unexpected by Rev. Mr. Gray. Mr. Gray's remarks were brief, but so earnestly given that many in the congregation were deeply affected, as well as himself, and urged the people in their kindness to him to not forget their Father in heaven who is the life and light of men.

The funeral of the late James Montgomery, which took place on Wednesday afternoon last, was one of the largest witnessed for some time. Having been a member of the Orange order the funeral was conducted by them, a very large number attending to do honor to their deceased brother, headed by the Frankford Brass Band. Besides the large number on foot there were some sixty carriages in the procession. Services were held in the Methodist Church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Gray, of whose church and congregation the deceased was a faithful and consistent member.

On Monday last a number of Oddfellows from Belleville, Stirling and Madoc visited Campbellford to join the brethren there in celebrating the anniversary of Oddfellowship. There were some 43 from Belleville, besides the silver band, 22 in number. About 30 went from Stirling and as many more from Madoc. They were met by the Campbellford Lodge and escorted through the principal streets of the village to church, where an excellent sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Hay. A sumptuous dinner was then partaken of and then the procession reformed for the homeward march, accompanied by about half the population of the village. The brethren from here greatly enjoyed themselves and speak in the highest terms of the pleasures of the visit.

The pink maple sugar social in the Methodist Church on Easter Monday evening was a most successful and enjoyable affair. The windows of the lecture room were tastefully draped with lace curtains, with pink fastenings and decorations. The lamps were also shaded with pink tissue paper, the whole effect being both pleasant and attractive. The spacious lecture hall was comfortably filled with what some one called "a stuck up crowd." (This was of course after the sugar had been served.) When all had partaken of the abundant supply of "nature's sweet thick stream," the following excellent programme was admirably rendered by the parties herein named:—

Chorus	Over Jordan	Choir
Reading	Before the Wedding	Miss Smith
Song	Old Arm Chair	Ethel Embury
Duet	Maude & the Birds	The Misses Girdwood
Recitation	Papa's Letter	Maude Lambly
Chorus	Wondrous Love	Choir
Song	Let the Angels in	May Paddy
Sacred Solo	Rescue	Rev. O. R. Lambly
Song	Where are the Old Folk	Miss Ward
Reading	Mrs. Bean's Courtship	Miss Smith
Easter Anthem		Choir
Solor & Chorus		Mrs. Geary and Choir

Miss Brydon presided at the organ. The proceeds, amounting to $21, are to be applied to the Superannuation Fund of the Methodist Church.

Suicide.

On Thursday morning last Mr. Wellington Smith, who lived in the township of Sidney, some two or three miles from this village, put an end to life by hanging himself in his barn. He was for some time supposed to be of rather unsound mind and had been unable to sleep soundly, seeming troubled in his head. Early on Thursday morning he got up quietly and without disturbing any one, went out to the barn and there hung himself to a beam by a chain. His wife, on awaking some time after, finding he was not in the house, went to look for him and found him as stated, quite dead. He was an old man, probably about seventy years or more. Dr. Parker, coroner, was immediately notified, but as there is no suspicion of foul play, no inquest will be held.

St. John's Church, Stirling.

During the season of Lent cottage lectures have been held weekly from time to time by the Incumbent, Rev. T. Godden, and have been well attended. A collection has been taken up at each service. The Sunday School children have given a lent offering for the Algoma Indians, and the parochial collections of Stirling and Rawdon far exceed last year. The Easter services were bright and impressive, congregations large, and singing excellent. The anthem, "The earth is the Lord's," and the "Story of the Resurrection," sung at both services, were very beautiful. The interior of St. John's Church put on the Easter apparel, which consisted of handsome banners with appropriate texts and designs. The ladies of the congregation sent pots of lovely flowers. The Sunday School children brought May flowers, and one little girl presented a beautiful bouquet for the altar. Most excellent sermons were preached by the Incumbent. Holy Communion was celebrated at morning service, and that grand hymn, "The King of Love," sung by a full choir, brought the day to a close, which will long be remembered.

Interesting Social Event.

On Tuesday evening, 20th inst., an interesting event took place at the residence of Mr. Wannamaker, on the Frankford road, being none other than the celebration of the nuptials between David Rogers, of Murray, and Ettie Wannamaker. A large company of neighbors and friends were present to do honor to the occasion. Rev. O. R. Lambly, of Stirling, was present and tied the gordian knot, pronouncing the happy couple no longer twain, but one flesh.

The bride was the recipient of a number of beautiful presents, as the following list indicates:—

China Set	Mrs. J. Wannamaker
Glass Set	Miss Kate Wannamaker
Large Lamp	Mrs. Jno. Chase
Large Fruit Dish	Mr. & Mrs. McCann
Glass Cheese Dish	Mrs. Morrow
Stew Kettle	Miss Mary Smith
Glass Egg Dish & Salt Dish	Miss Goodhue
2 China Cups & Saucers	Mr. & Mrs. C. Wannamaker
Glass Pickle Dish	Miss L. Ferguson
Glass Cake Dish	Miss Nettie McCann
Set of Glass Dishes	Mr. Jno. Chase
½ Doz. Goblets	Miss C. E. McCann
Glass Water Pitcher	Miss T. Vandervoort
Carving Knife & Fork	Mr. Geo. Detlor
Point Lace Tie	Mrs. Lambly
Large Lamp	Mrs. McNary
Silver Butter Knife	Mr. Geo. Smith
Pickle Cruet	Mr. S. McCann

Marmora News.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MARMORA, April 27th, 1886.

The sudden change in the weather causes a dearth of news, at least so it seems.

Last Thursday afternoon Miss Aggie Hubbell, of Battle Creek, Mich., arrived here on a visit to her uncle, T. M. Bell, previous to taking her departure for Nebraska.

Yesterday forenoon, about eleven o'clock, smoke was seen issuing from the roof of the house occupied by W. & D. Mitchell, and in an almost incredibly short time nearly the whole village was there, and every one worked with might and main to save the contents, it being impossible, on account of the way the house was built and the headway the flames had already made, to save the building itself. The house being new, and the timber green, they succeeded in getting everything out, saving even the doors and windows, and it was all done with such speed and care that only one window pane was broken. The greatest loss was sustained in the factory. The wind being in the south-east it was feared the factory would take fire, so a line was formed from the tank in the lower story to the roof, and pails of water passed up, the roof being kept wet all the time. The damage was caused from the water leaking down through the floor and wetting the carding machine, injuring it to the extent of about $100. The building was owned by T. P. Pearce, Esq., who is the heaviest loser, there being no insurance on it. The loss will be some six or seven hundred dollars. Both families moved into other houses in the afternoon. There is considerable talk now of fixing up the fire engine, but as this was caused by a defective chimney, it would be well to look to the *building* of houses. An ounce of prevention, etc. G. E. M.

Notes from the Country.

The farmers are busily engaged in seeding, and the weather of last, and so far this week, has been just the right kind for the business. Fall wheat and meadows are looking fine, better than they did at the 15th of May last year.

The bridge across Squire's creek, which was damaged by the recent high water, was repaired last week.

The first milk of this season was delivered at Enterprise cheese factory last Monday morning.

The editor of the Madoc *Review* thinks he has found the longest parsnip on record. It was dug from the garden of Mr. Thos. Roberts, and measured 43½ inches, and a part of the root was then broken off.

The Madoc *Review* says:—"On Tuesday Mr. Joseph Liberty, of this village, started on a long drive to Michigan, accompanied by his son, in a canvas-covered wagon in which he takes his supplies. He expects to make the first stage of his journey, to Collingwood, in about five days. From there he will take boat to Port Arthur and will drive the balance of the way to his destination. It will be a long drive but we trust he will make it successfully."

Spring Assizes.

The Hastings County spring Assizes opened at the Belleville Court House at 1 o'clock on Monday, Chief Justice Cameron presiding.

The following Grand Jury was sworn in: Sidney Way, Alfred Brignall, Randel Cronk, Forbes Sherry, Chas. Rupert, John Cooley, John M. Ashley, Andrew Meiklejohn, John Rankin, Thomas Leslie, Daniel Ross, John B. Fox, Bartholemew Callary, Hercules Rollins, Thos. Foster, John Russel, John Fuller, Allen Reed, Samuel J. Clarke, James H. Salisbury, David Clapp, Wm. Ward, Foster John Doolan, Philip Haight, Mr. W. D. Fuller was chosen for foreman.

The docket shows 5 criminal cases, viz., Mr. Thos. Pell and wife, arson and purjury; Patrick Kelly, forgery; Dennis Cowan, killing and poisoning cattle; John Turley, rape; and Myron Jones, larceny.

Close *vs.* G. T. R., action brought by the administrator of Mrs. A. W. Challen for damages for death of husband. Settled before trial by G. T. R. Co. paying $4,000. P. J. M. Anderson, for plff., John Bell, for defts.

The Judge addressed the Grand Jury saying he could not congratulate the County on its freedom from crime, as he had been able to do at other places on the circuit, as he was informed by the Sheriff that there might be cases added to those already on the calender. At Whitby and Napanee he had been presented with kid gloves. Freedom from crime might justly be taken as an indication of prosperity. Depression caused crime, although it was no excuse. In speaking of offences, forgery, larceny, arson and perjury, the learned Judge said perjury was one of the most serious offences. It sapped the foundation of justice. He had been frequently attacked by newspapers, he said, in speaking on the matter at considerable length, and the *Globe* had said that a newspaper had the same effect upon him that a red rag had upon a bull. He said he was only opposed to papers for making immoderate assaults upon public men. Papers had no right, because a man differed with the editor in opinion, to slander and attack him personally. Articles had been written against judges on the bench which, were political feeling not so strong, would have been proceeded against for contempt of court. He reviewed the duties of the Grand Jury, condemned labor strikes as injurious to all parties concerned, and read portions of a letter received by him from New York attacking him for opinions expressed by him at Kingston, the writer accused him of speaking against laboring men. He must have misconstrued his remarks, as he considered a laboring man as good as himself, with as many rights to be protected. The laboring man was the backbone and sinew of the country. He would not give the name of the writer, as he believed he was seeking notoriety, and he would not aid him in attaining that end.

The Grand Jury entered Court near noon on Tuesday and presented three true bills against Patrick Kelly, charged with forgery. In response to the query "Guilty or not guilty," the prisoner said, "Your Honor, I am sorry that I am guilty. It is my first offence, and I ask for the leniency of the law." The Judge said if he had any statements in mitigation to make he would hear them. Sentence was deferred till close of the court.

C. W. B. AYLMER, *vs.* JOHN DRENNAN and JOHN HOUGHTON.—Action of ejectment to recover possession of south ⅔ of lot number 24 in the 13th concession of Rawdon, containing 150 acres. Plff. claims as heir of the late Alex. McDonald. It is a wild lot, plff. has paid taxes on it. Defence:—Deft. claims possession for improvements. Verdict for plff. Aylsworth for plff. Colville Solicitor, Clute counsel for deft.

On Tuesday evening the Grand Jury brought in true bills against Thos. E. Pell for perjury and obtaining money under false pretences and a bill against Martha Pell and Thos. E. Pell for arson. The prisoners pleaded not guilty. Their trial was fixed for Friday.

"I Gave Them Myself."

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk to them, to teach them, to pray with them, and to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times. I had no time to indulge in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel, my grown-up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to rest, plenty of time to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—myself."—*Selected.*

The Campbellford *Herald* says:—"Farmers in this locality are looking with pride and pleasure over their wheat fields, the appearance of which at present is as pretty as a picture. The plant has escaped winter's storms and the cutting, withering frosts of spring unusually well and the blade is looking fresh, vigorous and thrifty. Never did the fall wheat in this part of the country look better than it does now and the prospect of beautiful fields of golden grain is very encouraging."

Married.

On the 24th inst., at the Methodist parsonage, Stirling, by Rev. R. M. Pope, JOSEPH F. CHASE, of Belmont, and ANN E. CARR, of Marmora.

Deaths.

In Rawdon, on the 18th inst., JAMES BAILEY, aged 100 years.

In Rawdon, on April 26th, JAMES MONTGOMERY, aged 63 years, 2 months and 11 days.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The New Brunswick Government was sustained in the elections which came off on the 26th.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
Geo. W. Platt, of Picton, says he can confidently recommend Burdock Blood Bitters to any who suffer from loss of appetite, constipation and general debility, that remedy having cured him, after severe illness from the same complaints.

The Municipal Council of Port Hope has petitioned the Dominion Parliament for repeal of the Scott Act.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.
Mr. Frank Hendry, writing from Seaforth; says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it, and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B.B.B. is always successful.

A hungry bear stole a chunk of mess pork from under the head of a Port Arthur man who was out camping.

CHOLERA PREVENTIVE.
In order to withstand Cholera and such like epidemics a perfect purity of blood, and the proper action of the stomach are required. To insure that end, in the cheapest, most available and complete manner, use McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia and Impure Blood. [illegible] Dyspepsia, Costiveness, etc. [illegible] bor or any person who has used it. [illegible] PARKER & BUTLER. Trial bottle given free.

Another cyclone has devastated a portion of Tennessee and Alabama.

Quantity in medicine is no indication of value. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is concentrated and powerful; requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other Sarsaparilla. It is the best of all blood medicines.

Toronto License Commissioners have resolved to limit the sale of liquor to the hours from 6 a.m. to 11 p.m., except Saturday, when the closing time is 7 p.m. by statute.

By the use of Buckingham's Dye, the whiskers may be easily made a permanent, natural brown or black, as desired.

The strike in the sugar refineries at New York has caused a boom in sugar; the prices have advanced one cent per pound.

DR. LOW'S PLEASANT WORM SYRUP—An agreeable, safe and effectual remedy to remove all kinds of worms.

The Boston Globe says:—'Sir Leonard Tilley, Governor of New Brunswick, is a patient at the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston.'

FOR Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and Skin Diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

The Dominion Government has decided to reduce the St. Lawrence canal tolls and Montreal harbour dues this season to the same rates as were charged last year.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS destroy and remove worms without injury to adult or infant.

Fifteen passengers were killed and nineteen very seriously wounded by the explosion of the boiler of the steamer Colombia at the island of Tumaco, South America, on the 28th ult.

OBSTRUCTIONS of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, are promptly removed by National Pills.

The President of the United States, in a message on the labour question, suggests the creation of a permanent labor commission who shall be regular officers of the Government.

JACK FROST CONQUERED.
Although during the cold season "Jack Frost" gets in his work lively, yet Hagyard's Yellow Oil beats him every time, curing chilblains, frost bites, and all their painful effects. It also cures croup, sore throat, rheumatism, and most painful affections.

Sir John Macdonald will probably take a trip to British Columbia after the prorogation of parliament. The Ministers of Militia and Interior, and Sir Fred Middleton will also visit the Pacific Province.

THE LOST RESTORED.
Ira McNeill, of Poplar Hill, Ont., states that his brother aged 12, was afflicted with a terrible cold, from the effects of which he lost his voice. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cured the cold and restored his voice in the most perfect manner. He says it cannot be exceeded as a remedy for coughs and colds.

The Dominion Government have ordered an investigation into the Montreal floods.

COMPELLED TO YIELD.
Mrs. Salter, of Franktown, Ontario, was for four years afflicted with a fever sore that baffled all treatment, until she tried Burdock Blood Bitters. 4 bottles cured her. All chronic sores and humors of the blood must yield to B.B.B.

Boyd Smith, an American capitalist, is to work the phosphate mines on the K. & P. road, near Perth, with a force of 200 men.

A VALUABLE FEATURE.
One of the most valuable features of Hagyard's Yellow Oil is that unlike ordinary liniments it can be safely and effectually taken internally as well as applied in cases of pains, inflammation, sore throat, rheumatism, and all painful complaints and injuries.

Rev. Sam Jones' revival season in Toronto will, it is announced, extend from Oct. 3rd to 24th.

HORSEMEN, ATTENTION!
When your horse is galled, scratched or cut, or has an ugly sore, bathe twice daily, and apply MCGREGOR & PARKE'S Carbolic Cerate. It is undoubtedly the finest healing and cleansing application for it. Be sure you get McGregor & Parke's. Sold for 25c. per box, at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Parnell and his friends are so confident of the passage of the home rule bill, that they have already begun to forecast an Irish ministry.

FLUID LIGHTNING.
All sufferers from that terrible torment, Neuralgia, can be made happy in one moment by a single application of Fluid Lightning briskly rubbed on painful parts, and without using any disgusting medicine day after day with little or no result. Fluid Lightning also cures as effectually Toothache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Headache, and is only 25 cents per bottle at PARKER & BUTLER'S Drug Store.

Four mounted policemen deserted from Prince Albert recently, and were captured near Humboldt by Sergeant Macpherson. They were sentenced to one year's imprisonment at Regina.

AT DREWRY'S

We have been quietly perfecting our arrangements for some weeks and we now propose to drop the bottom right clean out of the prices of fine ordered clothing.

At 50c. on the Dollar.

Some of the largest tailoring houses in Canada have been too ambitious this season to do the trade and have bought too heavily and are badly overstocked, and are now compelled to realize at some prices and turn the goods into money, and two of these houses accepted our offer of fifty cents on the dollar for some case lots of the choicest of their stock. These goods will be in and opened ready for inspection on Thursday of this week.

We propose

To make up these suits to order, with better trimmings than any house usually keep, at prices never before heard of for fine ordered clothing. Every suit will be made on the premises by skillful workmen, under the supervision of our cutter, Mr. Loveless, and workmanship, fit and style equal to best

City Work.

We will make Halifax Tweed business suits, to order, for $8.75.

We will make fifty patterns of clean, nice, all wool Tweeds, to order, for $10 per suit.

We will make eleven different patterns of nice effects, in Tweeds, to order, $1

Two cases of Scotch Tweeds made in Scotland, (not Canadian Tweeds sold as Scotch), we will make to order for $12 per suit. Think of it! Realize it! A genuine Scotch Tweed suit, made to order, for $12.

Novelties

In Fancy Suitings, Velvet Checks, Fine French Worsted Suitings, and all the latest styles in the market made to order for $13.50 a suit. They are sold by every house that handles them from $18 to $22.

For $16.00

We will make to order the finest Tweeds that Scotland manufactures. The newest, nobbiest, best quality of Scotch Tweeds we will make to order for $16 per suit.

We acknowledge

No cutter in Canada as superior to our cutter, Mr. Loveless, for style and fit.

We will give you our prices on Pantings next week.

A. H. DREWRY & CO.

CALL AND C

J. BOLDRICK'S!

NOBBY ARRAY OF

SCOTCH SUITINGS and PANTINGS

FOR THE SPRING.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I AM NOW RECEIVING MY SPRING STOCK OF

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready Made Clothing

—A-N-D—

MILLINERY.

I have the finest stock of **CLOTHS** in this section, and parties wanting suits made to order are requested to inspect my Stock.

A lady of long experience has charge of my Millinery department, and I am now showing the latest styles in everything connected with that department.

All kind of produce taken in exchange for goods.

G. W. FAULKNER.

April 21, 1886.

WELCOME!

Welcome to call and see the fine lot of TRUNKS of different kinds and prices.

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

Men's Hand Made Shoes, $2 75 to $4.50. Women's Hand Made Button Boots, $3 25.

We always keep Boot Blacking and Boot Polish for sale.

CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

W. S. MARTIN & CO.

NEW SPRING GOODS

New Prints, special value.

New Shirtings, from 10c. to 15c., extra good value.

New Wall Paper, finest ever brought to this market.

New Hats, all styles, from "hats that are hats" to hats that are scarcely more than a June Zephyr.

New Scotch Tweed Suitings.

New English & French Worsteds

New Scotch & English Trouserings

ALL AT ROCK BOTTOM FOR CASH.

MILNE & CLUTE.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

NOW IN!

New PRINTS, GINGHAMS and SHIRTINGS.

All Winter Goods at Cost for Cash.

TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE.

E. F. PARKER.

W. C. REID,

DEALER IN

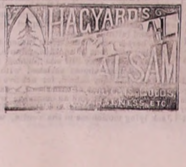
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines,

—ETC., ETC., ETC.,—

ENTERPRISE, ONTARIO,

Wishes to inform the public that he is the authorized agent for the Niagara White Grape Co., as they are now selling it for the first time without restriction. Vines to be good two years old at $2.00 each. Vines delivered by mail when price is sent with order. See salesmen for full particulars.

Enterprise, Ont., March 4th, 1885.



VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE

SEEDS

ONLY VICK'S SEEDS, AT HEADQUARTERS.

JAMES VICK, SEEDSMAN, Rochester, N. Y.

HARDWARE.

Tarred and Felt Paper,
Axle Grease, Castor Oil,
Paints & Oils,
Buggy Tops,
Buggy Gears,
Buggy Wheels,
Garden Rakes,
Hoes & Forks,
Springs & Axles,
Grindstones,

A car of Land Plaster just arrived.

JAS. MILNE & CO.

FARM TO LET.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL LET FOR one or three years that valuable farm known as the Johnston Farm in Sine's Settlement, being parts of lots 9 and 10, in the 5th Con. of the Township of Rawdon, in County of Hastings, one hundred and twenty five acres, stone dwelling, good drive house, two barns and shed. One hundred and ten acres under good state of cultivation; within one hundred rods of good school, near cheese factory and church. Farm well watered, etc. Apply to JAMES JOHNSTON, owner,
or to A. GLASS, Stirling.

CHEAP

Furniture

—AT—

MARTIN'S.

10 per cent discount off for Cash only.

APOTHECARIES' HALL.

All our remaining Stock of

FANCY GOODS

SOLD AT REDUCED RATES.

P. S.—All outstanding debts must be settled either by cash or note.

PARKER & BUTLER.

STIRLING

TIN SHOP!

H. & J. Warren,

CRAIGE'S BLOCK.

All accounts and notes due and past due must be settled at once.

H. & J. WARREN.

MONEY AT 6 PER CENT.

After January 1st, I am lending money on Farm Security at 6 per cent.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
BARRISTER,
McAnnany's Block, Belleville.

IF YOU WANT A GOOD

PIANO, ORGAN,

—OR—

SEWING MACHINE

—GO TO—

JOHN CONLEY,

STIRLING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The most direct and best equipped route between Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Manitoba, and all points east and west.

TIME TABLE:

Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to Toronto.

STATIONS.	Toronto Express.	Exp. from Winnipeg.	Toronto †Express
Montreal	9.00 a.m.		8.00 p.m.
Ottawa	12.35 p.m.		11.40 p.m.
Smith's Falls	2.10 "	7.55 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ivanhoe	5.01 "	10.46 "	......
Cen. Ont. Junc.	5.18 "	11.03 "	4.13 "
Blairton	5.32 "	11.19 "	
Havelock	5.50 "	11.35 "	4.45 "
Norwood	6.02 "	11.45 "	4 55
Peterboro'	6.42 "	12.31 p.m.	5.31 "
North Toronto	9.10 "	2.44 "	7.55 "
Toronto, U Stn	9.50 p.m.	3.20 "	8.27 a.m.

Toronto to Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec & Boston.

	†Express.	Express.
Toronto Union Stn	9.25 a.m.	8.00 p.m.
North Toronto	10.05 "	8.33 "
Peterboro'	12.31 p.m.	10.56 "
Norwood	1.04 "	11.29 "
Havelock	1.20 "	11.49 p.m.
Blairton	1.28 "	......
Central Ontario Junc.	1.44 "	12.13 a.m.
Ivanhoe	2.00 "	......
Smith's Falls	4.55 "	3.28 "
Ottawa	6.32 "	4.48 "
Montreal	10.00 p.m.	8.18 a.m.

† Runs daily, Sundays included, Toronto to Montreal. Other trains, week days only.

For rates and all other information apply to J. A. BELL, Station Agent at Central Ontario Junction.